

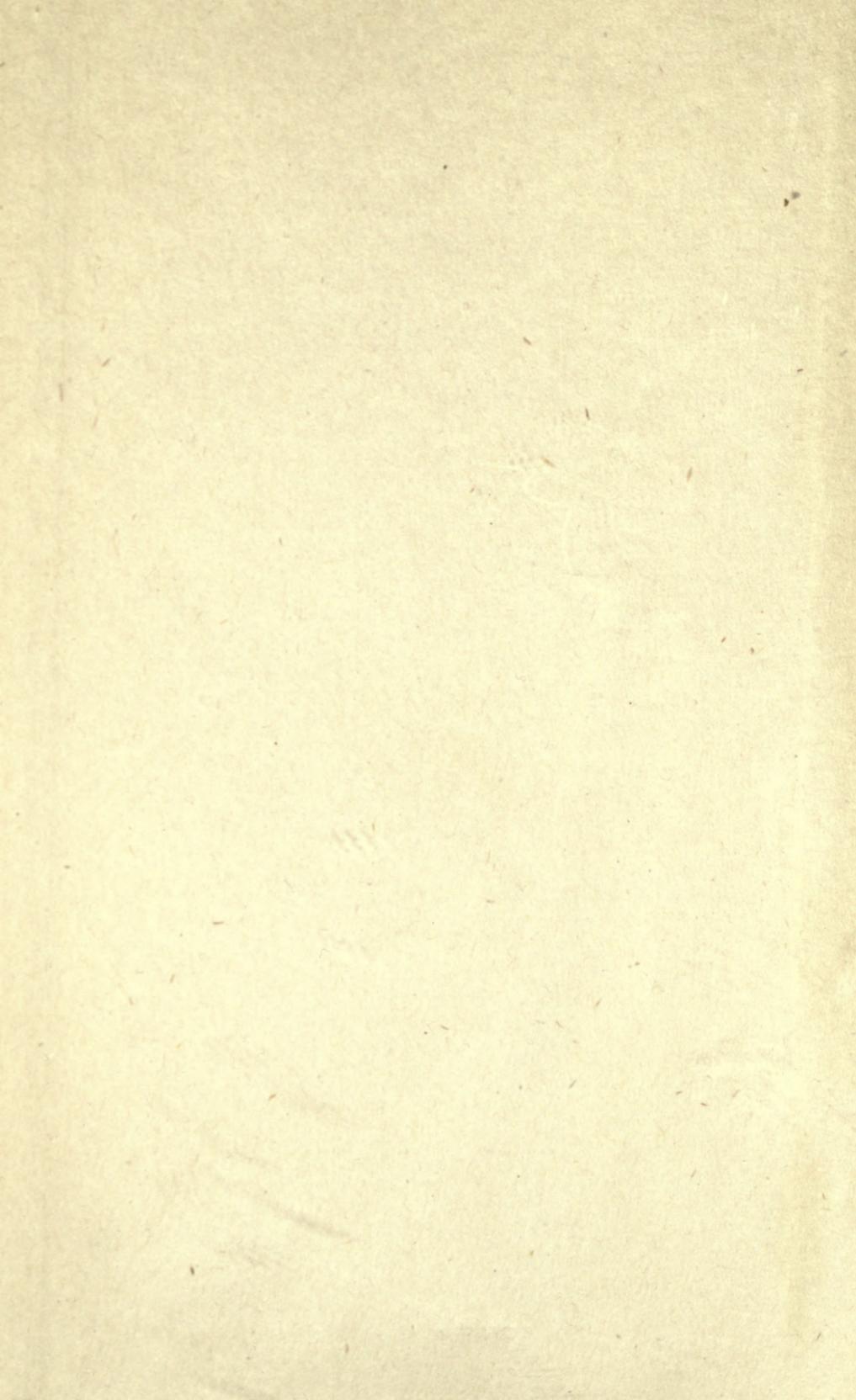
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THE CANADIAN CLUB
OF MONTREAL

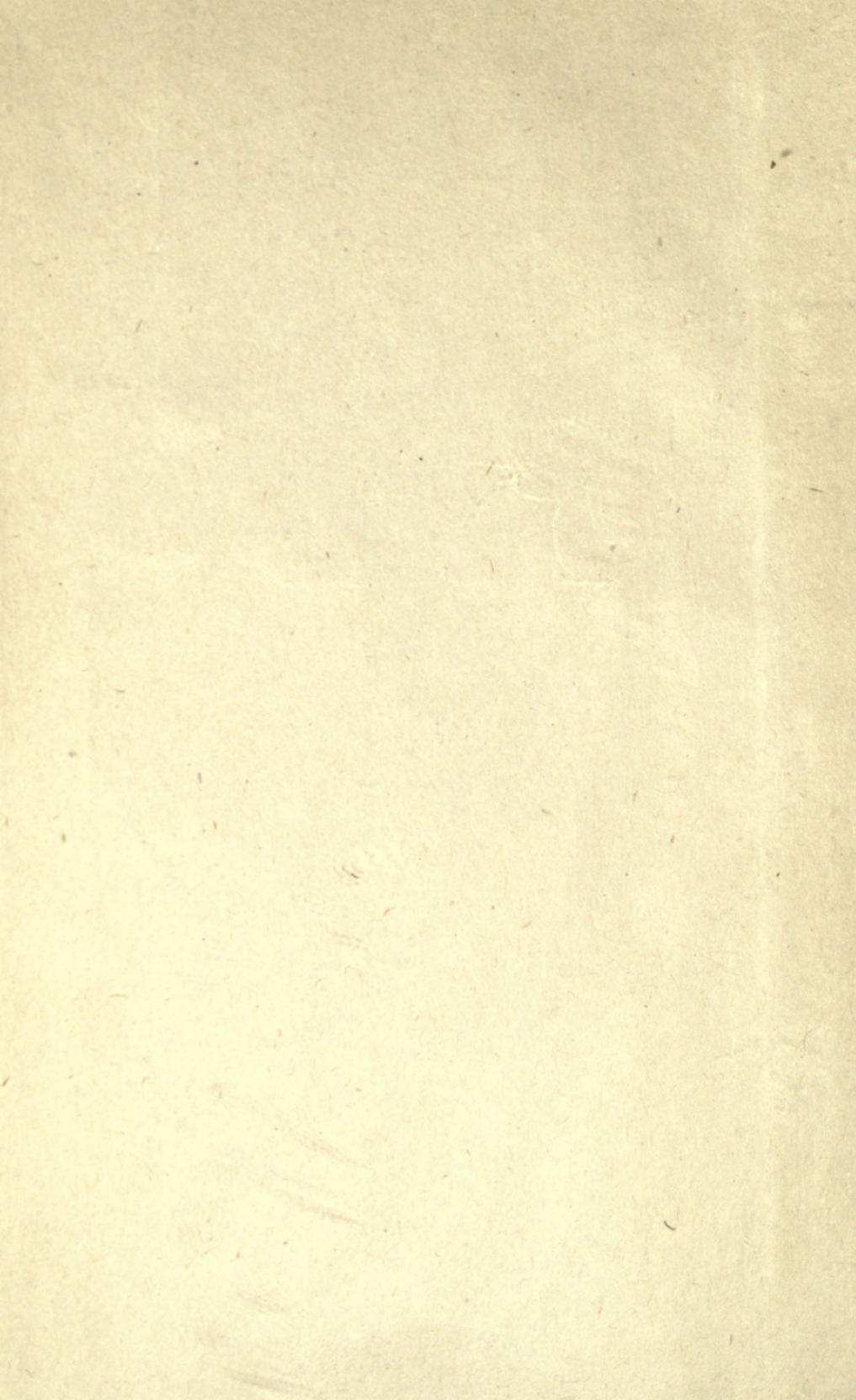


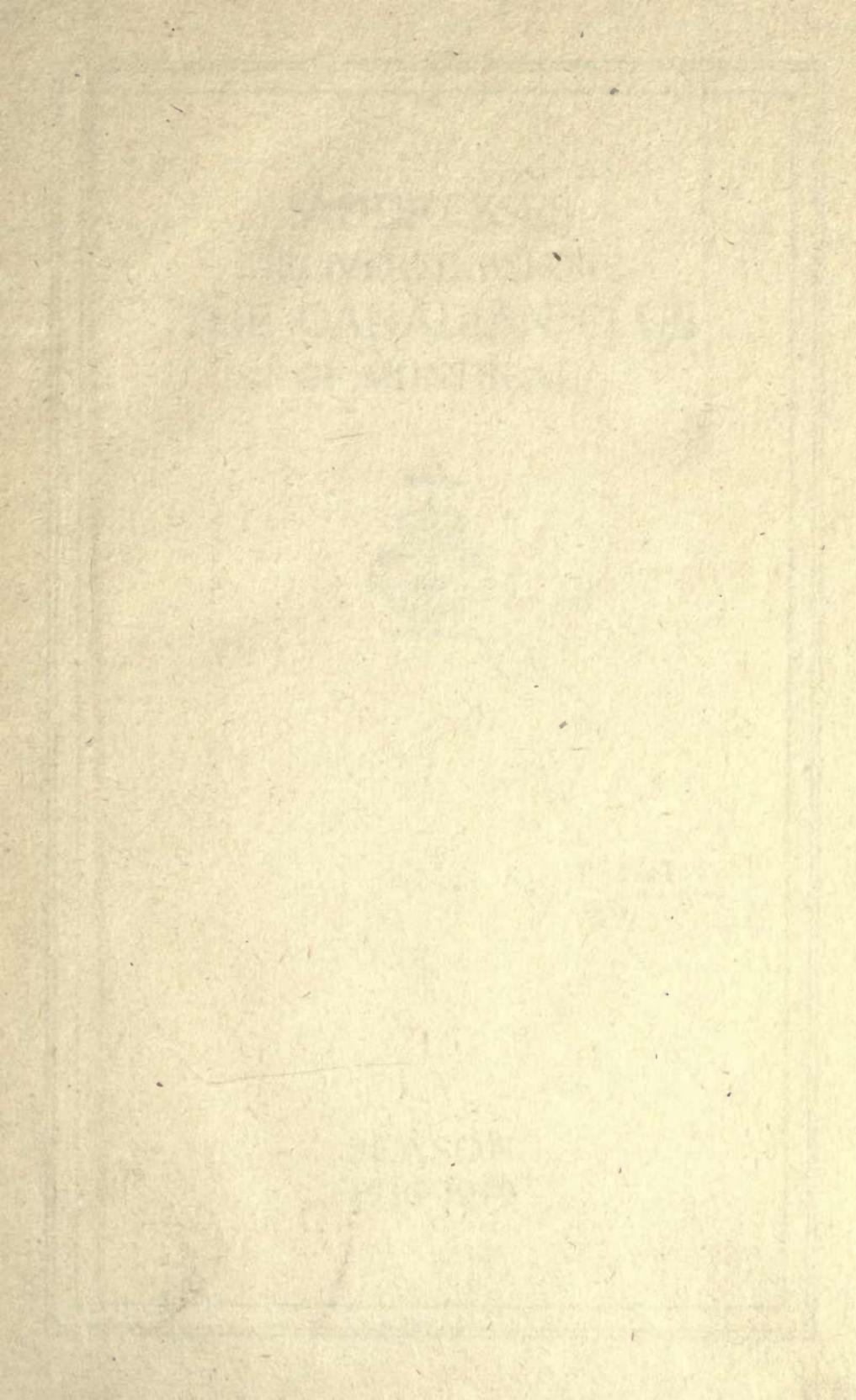
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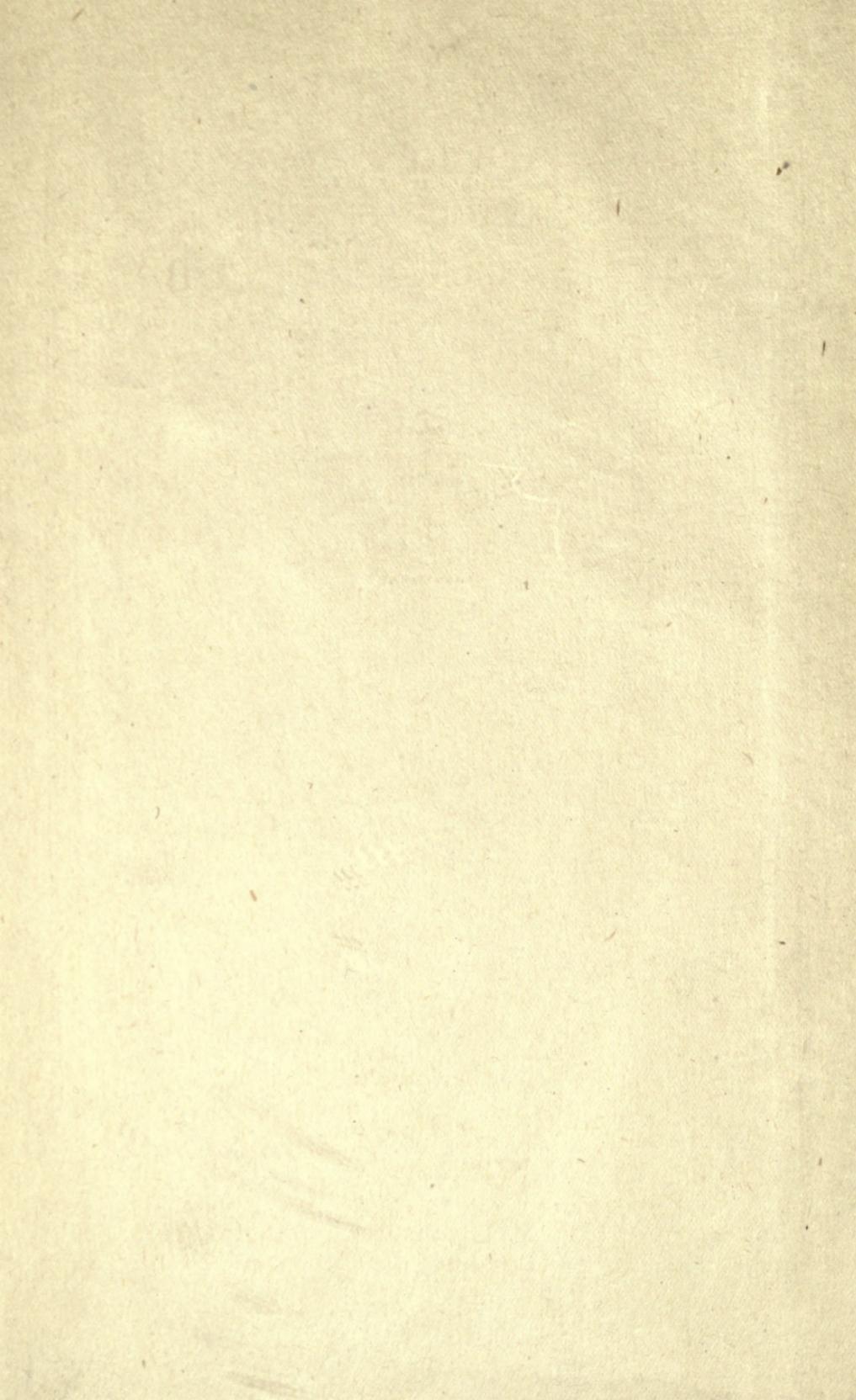


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P R E F A C E

IN the absence of the Club's Literary Correspondent, Professor J. A. Dale, it has fallen to me to edit this record of the addresses delivered to the Club during the season of 1918-19.

The volume will, I think, be found to maintain fully the high level of interest and value which was established in the early years of the war. Even more than those of the three previous years, it exhibits the remarkable broadening in the interests and sympathies of Canadians, which has resulted from our participation in the World War.

Early in the Club's season the all-absorbing problem of victory over the forces of autocracy and brutality, as represented by the Central Powers, was happily solved by the abject surrender of the enemy. The attention of the Club and its speakers was immediately transferred to the innumerable problems of the reconstruction of a devastated world.

Some of these problems had already been discussed in previous years, but it was difficult to concentrate the mind upon them while the struggle was raging. As soon as it was over, the Club was able to provide a platform for the discussion of many different kinds of post-war problems, from the re-education of the wounded soldier to the respective claims of Italy and Jugoslavia in the Adriatic.

Not the least important and gratifying of the Club's functions during the season has been that of welcoming back to Canada a number of brilliantly distinguished officers, representatives of equally distinguished units, who have been returning to their homes and to civil life in large numbers since their glorious task was completed. Some of them have addressed the Club, with characteristic brevity and modesty; some of them have declined all efforts to induce them to do so. But their presence has been a continuous inspiration, both to speakers and to audience.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

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Fourteenth Annual Report of the Canadian Club of Montreal

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—

I have the honour to present the fourteenth annual report of the Club, covering the Season 1918-19.

It is a pleasure to be able to report a healthy condition in respect to finances and membership. We now have a total membership of 1998, with a waiting list of 236.

The past year had some perplexing features. Several early meetings were postponed on account of the Spanish Influenza epidemic; and after the armistice was signed, it on occasion seemed almost impossible to secure speakers of international standing. Despite these comparative disadvantages, we had 29 meetings, which, while somewhat less than in the previous year, was well above the average of the past few years.

The average attendance during the year was 459, contrasted with 552 in the previous year.

It may be interesting to report that over ten per cent of our membership enlisted for overseas services.

Respectfully submitted,

T. KELLY DICKINSON,

Honorary Secretary.

Officers and Executive Committee of the Canadian Club of Montreal

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1917 - - - - -	W. M. BIRKS.

(May 18th, 1918)

LESSONS OF THE WAR

By THE EARL OF READING, G.C.B.

ALL that I wanted to say to you has gone out of my head. I am carried back by your Chairman to the days when I ran away to sea. As he talked to you and recounted to you various events of my life, my mind always remained on the time when I was before the mast. However, I must not be at sea any longer.

He has told you that attempts were made to induce me to come to Montreal. May I tell you that nothing was necessary excepting the time, which, in my position as Ambassador at Washington, is not always easy to find.

May I tell you, without preface, how glad I am to be here as His Majesty's Ambassador to the United States, to find myself in Canada where we are all at home, to be able to speak to you from my country, in order that I may tell you what you have learned so often before, but what I have longed to say to you myself, and that is, that whatever may happen in the future, whatever may betide us as an Empire, we shall always remember with the deepest gratitude how Canada, from the first moment of the danger to the Empire, threw herself into the battle, of her own initiative, of her own free will, not because she was bound to it, but because she knew the Mother Country was in danger. Canada at once said—and she has never hesitated from the beginning to the end to maintain her position—she at once said she was heart and soul with us and would continue with us until the end. And with Canada were the other Dominions of the Empire, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and let me add, not a Dominion but a dependency such as India has contributed a million forces, voluntarily recruited there, for the purpose of continuing the war and defending the Empire.

At the beginning of the war we were told that the moment had come for the dissolution of the Empire. Germany had

sedulously created that impression in her own country. Why, I remember, not more than some nine or twelve months after the war had started, Maximilian Harden had a strong article in which he said: "What we want to know of the German government is who was responsible for the statement that as soon as Germany should go to war with England the British Empire would crumble and Canada would secede, Australia would announce her independence, South Africa would revert to a Boer Republic, India would be in revolt and would be scheming to get rid of this hated British rule." Well, we must leave Mr. Harden to settle that account with the German government when the war is over. We know that there was not one iota of truth in it and we know the reason. It is because, although we use the term which universally describes our great institution as the British Empire, we are in truth as democratic a body of people as exists in this world. You are with us, not linked up in fetters, but simply tied—if tied is indeed the word—by affection and love of the Old Country, of its traditions, of its ideals, and above all of the liberty which exists wherever the Union Jack flies. I have often asked myself the question, as no doubt have many of you, why is it that this great aggregation of nations remains so true to the British flag? Why is it that no propaganda, however insidious, no bribes, however good, can manage to separate our people from the affection and the love which they bear to the old Mother Country. I will answer it, if you will pardon me for a few brief moments, giving you the result of my own analysis for your judgment if you agree with me, and for you to discard if you think it not accurate. The fundamental genius of the British character is a sense of justice. It is a love of fair play which translates itself sometimes into the language of sport. It is what we call, colloquially, being sportsmanlike. That means that you play the game fairly, that you are ready to play it on the square, as the expression is on this side of the Atlantic, and it is from that sense of justice that the strength of the British people is drawn. It is from that that we have managed to fight the great struggle of individual liberty. It is only in countries where you have a strong sense of justice amongst the people that you ever can get individual liberty, which means not only respecting your own freedom but it means above all respecting the rights and the liberties of others. If you trace through the history of our Empire, which I have not

the time to do to-day—I will content myself with having given you the thought—but for your own instruction, if you will go back into the history of the English people, you will find that the struggles which we had to undergo, which have continued for centuries, have all been for individual liberty. Our common law is, after all, nothing less than a people's will for individual freedom, that individual freedom of the people must prevail. It is that which has made us what we are; it is that that you brought over here to Canada; it is that that the early colonial ancestors of the great United States of America took to the new world when they went. It is that that they took with them, our old common law, with our old regard for this individual liberty, with this desire, also, to administer with due respect and regard to the rights of others, and it is that which has made the United States of America, when the time came, the great power she is at the present moment, and which has ennobled her with a strong, virile manhood, developed in the great continent in which she was finding her own way to set up her own political institutions upon English ideas of liberty and justice, which prevail at this moment, adapted and modified occasionally, but the basis of our own laws applied to the American situation. The same principles are there, and it is because they are there, because we see with the same eye when we come to consider the great things of the world, because we each see from the same ideal standpoint, that the United States of America finds itself in this struggle with us heart and soul, with us as you in Canada have been, from the moment war was declared.

And, after all, it is well just to remember that when we went into this war, at the very early outset, on the 4th of August, 1914, I doubt very much whether any man, however strong and powerful his judgment and foresight could be, was able to measure the immensity of the problem which was before us. Although I may doubt that, we have never doubted, either in England or throughout the British Empire, and certainly you have never doubted in Canada, that from the moment that Germany entered Belgium there could be but one answer of the British people, and that was that we must struggle to the end, until we had conquered this power which regarded nothing as sacred. Whatever the cost may be, it is one which we willingly pay. Let us remember, also, that as the war developed, as the mists cleared, as we began to see with greater discernment the issues involved in the war, it

became apparent to us that this was not only a struggle between Germany and Russia, France, England, the British Empire and the other nations associated with us. It is a struggle between two systems of government. It is a struggle between the government of Germany, which has taught now for the last forty or fifty years at least that moral right counts not; the only power that does count is that of brute force. Brute force, guided by science, all that knowledge can do for it; brute force assisted by cruelty, oppression, tyranny, lust of conquest, disregard of treaties and disrespect for any word of honor given, that is what the German system has taught. It is what they stand for; it is the doctrine of terrorism, to use our English word for the awful German one; it is the doctrine preached in Belgium; it is that that has made the Belgians suffer so cruelly. There is really no use in any Christian civilization for such a system of government. It is a system for which there is no use in any world where morality and ethics are thought to be the real guides of human conduct. It is a system for which there is no use wherever men have respect for other men's rights, and, above all, wherever men have respect for the lives and the liberties of women and children. Ours is a system opposed to it. It is one which makes of the government the protector of the weak and oppressed; which makes it the guardian of the rights and liberties of the individual, whilst at the same time it passes laws to restrict interference with the rights and liberties of others. It is a Government which exists upon the basis of democracy, which is really only another way of saying that this is a system of government which is founded on the really great pillars of justice and liberty. It is that system which prevails now in the United States of America. It is that system which prevails with you and with us at home. It is that system which makes us say that we all see together and that we have these same ideals; and it is that system of government for which we are struggling now and pouring out our very lives. It is that system which must prevail. There is no room in the world for these two systems to co-exist, and I have no hesitancy in saying, constituted as we are, animated by a faith which has become part of our religion, believing as we do in something superior to all these notions of brute force and cruelty, that faith which animates our men in the trenches and wherever they are, it is that which will enable us to conquer in the end, so that the ruthless system will be destroyed,

I trust forever, and that our system of justice and of right will prevail, not only in the United States of America, not only in Canada, not only in the United Kingdom, not only wherever the Union Jack flies, but everywhere where there is a civilized community who realize what it is to have it.

Mr. Chairman, I am just reminded of a great vindication of the part which we have played in this war. I recall the disclosures recently made by Prince Lichnowsky, the German ambassador in London for some time before the war, who has now revealed throughout Germany and the world that we were right in the views that we professed, and the German government was wrong. He has challenged the German government, and there has been an answer made by the man who was the German Foreign Minister at the time of the outbreak of the war, and everything that has been said, if I had the time to tell you of it, has been confirmatory of his statement. I happened to be, as you have heard from your Chairman, a member of the cabinet at the time of much of what was recently discussed by the German Prince. I had left politics only for a few months and become Lord Chief Justice when the war broke out, but nevertheless I am familiar with all the events that happened in our country, and there has never been a better vindication of the English position and of the straightforwardness, the frankness, the integrity, the truthfulness of the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, than this statement made in Germany. It is difficult, at this moment, for us to get a true perspective of these things. They are perhaps read in the newspapers to-day, and at the same time, in another column, we read of what is happening in the trenches. We all of us have probably everything that we hold dear there, and naturally we turn to these columns and are more interested; but when the history comes to be written of this war, I will venture to prophesy that nothing will hold a more prominent place in that history than this most remarkable vindication of British policy at the time of entering into the war, and, above all, will redound more to the credit of the British people than the immense efforts that were made by the British cabinet and Sir Edward Grey, as its Foreign Minister, to prevent the war, to have a conference which would avert a war, and so prevent this cataclysm which has happened. We must leave it now to history. I will only say to you, in this and in other respects, remember that we have a great trust to perform.

As I said to you a little while ago, we have never hesitated. I know very well that we never shall hesitate. We shall never falter in this war. If we should, it would be completely strange to the British temperament. We shall pursue it to the end, until we have obtained that victory, until we have obtained that justice which we think is so essential. And, Mr. Chairman, I will pass over, if you will permit it, lightly some thoughts that crowd upon me with regard to Canada, with but very few references, asking you to bear in mind that if I make but few it is because there is little time, because I am animated, as we all are, by that feeling of gratitude and affection to you with which I opened my remarks. I know very well—perhaps there are few who know as well—what Canada has done in the war. It has been my lot to be associated with it not only in the important matter of men to be sent over, but also with reference to the munition manufacture in this country, and in saying that I cannot help just mentioning one name to you, if you will forgive a personal reference. I would like to say, as I see him sitting there—Sir Charles Gordon—that I have knowledge of the work that he has performed for you and for us, and that no man has deserved better of his country or of the whole Empire than Sir Charles Gordon. Helping me as he is now at Washington, taking charge of important departments which I am content to leave to him and never trouble about unless he comes to me with reference to them, he has deserved every praise, and it is only right, when I see him here, that I should tell you, who must be just as proud of him as we are.

And now, gentlemen, may I say also one word only upon one of the dullest subjects man ever had to discuss—Finance. I want to make this one observation, because I would not like it to appear as though I did not fully realize it all. Your Finance Minister, Sir Thomas White, Sir Vincent Meredith, Sir Edmund Walker, and all those associated, have on each and every occasion responded splendidly to our requests, for we have had to call upon them to help us out; and when such problems as Foreign Exchange, not the most dazzling and brilliant of subjects but nevertheless an extremely important one, are up for solution, how to turn the golden produce of your wheat production into the silver dollars with which you have to pay, I am convinced that we shall arrive at the solution of even that as we have of the other problems which have puzzled us in the past.

And now, Mr. Chairman, I would just ask you to go with me, in your mind, to where your soldiers, both in Flanders and France, and everywhere, are not only doing their duty but have acquitted themselves so magnificently. Courage is a quality which, after all, one is inclined to believe every human being possesses. I had a notion, before the war, that courage, physical courage, was possessed by comparatively few. When I see the millions of men fighting in every country, I have come to the conclusion that physical courage is an attribute possessed by most in every country, but that it is a question of degree. But the courage which ascends to heroism is the rare courage. That is the courage which your Canadians have demonstrated so often when they have been called upon in France and Flanders. They have done so splendidly that indeed it has become quite a thing to be expected; and if you are told of wonderful things that they do the answer is in the form of a question: "Yes, wonderful indeed, but are they not Canadians?" So it has been with them. That is the spirit brought into the contest, one which is emulated by all of the other Dominions. And let me not forget to say this, for I should reproach myself if in speaking of valor and heroism I should forget to refer in speech, because I never forget in thought, to the glorious deeds of France. Again let me say that when history comes to be written, when the great epic is penned, France will bear a noble part, for France has indeed played a noble part. The whole of the French soldiery, the women of France, the population of France, have given an example of fortitude only equalled, may I say, by Belgium. Belgium, the poor—poor only because its position at the moment is one of such suffering—the quiet, industrious, peace-loving people who had no quarrels with any other country, who never prepared for war because they relied on the plighted word of England and of Germany, amongst others—a country which found itself in the midst of this terrible invasion which resulted in the terrorism I have already described. Let us not forget our Italian friends, too, who in spite of the tremendous attacks they had to resist, have held on and have given another example of the resistance possible with a valiant and heroic people. They are all our allies. We are proud of them and proud to be fighting with them.

Now, in France, we have recently had a terrible onslaught to meet. There is no hiding it, and indeed we are not accustomed

to conceal from ourselves the true facts. We like to face them. The truth is that the gigantic attack upon the British army was devised by the German army to separate the British army from the French in order that the British army might be destroyed, because I do not believe any German ever expected that a British army would surrender. This would leave the rest of the Allies over in France at the mercy of Germany; and Germany could turn to France, and then having made another great meal of France they would then turn, with Austria, to Italy, and so become masters of Europe. She dreamed that she would be able to do this, and she thought that meanwhile the United States of America could not help us; and she thought that because she was under the impression that her ruthless submarine warfare had the effect of preventing the transport of troops from America to our assistance in France. One of the striking characteristics of the German temperament is that they never seem able to understand how other people's thoughts work. If they had they never would have made this war. Now, again, they make the same mistake. They failed to realize that if the demand was there, if the emergency existed, two things were certain to happen. One was that the British troops, with the French supporting them to the best of their ability, would, with all the Allies helping, with their backs to the wall, keep at bay the German hordes. Then they thought that America would not come, that American troops could not be transported; but America, at the request of the Allies, immediately responded that her troops should be sent over as fast as they could possibly go, the only limitation that was placed upon them was one due to nature, or indeed science, that was the shipping accommodation. Whatever else could be done was done, and let me tell you as one who knows something of what is happening there that in America it is being done with that whole-heartedness which would make you rejoice and honor the American people, if you knew it as I do. As shipping accommodation increases—and you may depend upon it that we are taking care that as much shipping accommodation as possible is provided—the troops are embarked, and so they leave from the United States just the same as from your shores. That is the truth of the matter. There, again, Germany will see that she made another big error, and what is more important, those troops are transported protected by the British and the American navies working as if they were one unit,

with such close co-operation as augurs well for the future, with a British Admiral flying his flag on the Potomac River at Washington, as Commander-in-Chief of the North American Station, and an American Admiral taking command, at times, of the British fleet over in British waters, neither pausing to think whether it is right for a British Admiral to fly his flag there or whether it is right that an American Admiral should command in the British Navy, because they are animated by the one thought, the one idea, and that is that the war must be won and will be won only by the closest co-operation. Let me remind you, also, with regard to these troops that have sailed across. There, again, you have an example of unselfish devotion to the great cause for which we are fighting, which is, I think, as magnificent an example as you will be able to discover. It was the American ambition, which I think is natural, laudable and legitimate, that there should be an American army with an American Commander-in-Chief taking his place at the head of American troops, so that whatever of honor and glory they should win should be recognized. When the call came, in this emergency, to allow the American troops to be brigaded with the French and British troops, the answer, unhesitatingly given, was: "Certainly, nothing else counts." And one last example I will trouble you with. It is one which does credit to us. We, in the same way, with our British army, we have consented, as the other Allies have consented, that all our troops and armies should be commanded by the great French general, General Foch, as we are all only animated by the one unselfish hope that we shall win. Never caring whether it may be said afterwards: "It is the British," or "It is the French," or "It is the Americans that have won"; only caring that we shall be able to say, all together, all of us who have fought in this great war, all nations that have taken part in this great common cause, we shall be able to say in the end, "It is we, all of us associated together, who have won the victory." We are not going to pause to consider who had the greater part in it.

And one word, and the last, I will say to you. After the war problems will come and will give great food for thought. In the seats of learning, represented by your Universities here and ours at home, and in the Universities of the United States of America, France and Italy, wherever the allied cause is represented, there will be the centres from which great teaching must radiate so as

to give to the people of every community that knowledge which alone will enable us, in the future, by applying it to industry, to our daily life, to get the best out of our country. The great question will be how to become more productive in the future than we have been in the past, when we shall have the great lessons of the past, and equally the great problems of the present and future to study and consider, when ordered thought, when co-ordination, co-relation of action in industry, in the activities of life will mean everything to us. Let us never forget that if this war has taught anything, if you look at all that science has done in it, it has at least taught us that we must apply our minds to gain the knowledge that will enable us to win in the hard struggle of the future. I say to you as the last message which I give you, let us be ever on the alert, never relaxing in our preparations, never comforting ourselves in the belief that the crisis is past, because there is a lull in an offensive, because it appears for the moment as if armies are no longer attacking. Let us always remember that there never can be a lull, a real lull, one which can comfort us, until we have won the victory which is assured us if we only remember to keep in mind that precaution. And let me say to you, let us not, here or elsewhere, be diverted from the course we have mapped out for ourselves. Let us continue along the path we have chosen. Let us be true to the British spirit which never falters, however hard may be the road. Let us remember that in the end the war will be won by him who holds out longest, because I know that is true. The nation that holds out longest is the nation who will win, and with that knowledge let us continue until we have won that just and lasting peace which alone will endure and will bring justice and liberty for the world, for the benefit of mankind.

(September 30th, 1918)

UNITY OF COMMAND AND RESULTING UNITY OF PURPOSE AND IDEALS OF ALLIES

By COLONEL EDOUARD REQUIN,
of the French General Staff.

THE CHAIRMAN first called upon His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire to open the meeting.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

It is indeed, as the Chairman has said, a happy omen in more ways than one that the Club has found it possible and advisable to open the season of these meetings at a somewhat earlier date than usual. We are indeed fortunate to-day, not only perhaps after a rather long month in seeing something more of the sun than we have been accustomed to, although I am informed by those who have a far wider and greater experience of Canadian weather than I can claim to have after a short two years' living amongst you that the September we have witnessed is an unusual one. Apart from those considerations, however, to-day, the 30th of September, may indeed be a very memorable one, not only in the history of the club but in the history of the world as well. To-day we see for the first time the official announcement of, as far as one can gather, the unconditional surrender of one of the enemy powers. We have been waiting for it for a long time, but we have been waiting in the sure and certain hope that with concentration and a solid unity of purpose, the concentration which has characterized the Allies throughout the war, that day was bound to come. We have never been depressed, even in the darkest days of adversity, but just as we have never been depressed, so now, at this moment, thankful as we are for what has been and is being done from day to day, we must not be unduly elated by the primary success. We can all hope that what

is taking place may be considered to be the beginning of the end, but we have to realize that it is almost more for us at home than for those in the fighting line to realize in the fullest possible degree that far from there being any relaxation of effort, there must be still more determination and still more work thrown in, until that victory is definite, permanent and lasting.

It is also a happy combination that to-day we have, as the guest of the Club, the distinguished French officer, whom we welcome for his own sake, whom we welcome as a representative of his great country, and last but by no means least, whom we welcome as a representative of his great and distinguished chief with whom he is so intimately thrown in communication, namely, Marshal Foch. I know that I am not only voicing the opinion of this Club, but as a representative of His Majesty the King, I am voicing the true and genuine opinion of Canada as a whole, that Colonel Requin can take back with him the full assurance that Canada stands as strong and true as ever she did at the beginning of the war. The pledge that we gave that we would consecrate ourselves and give everything that we possessed to that great cause stands as true to-day as ever it did, and I would say one thing more. We shall stand not only with the Allies in war, but we in Canada know very well that the horror of this war, apart from the very heavy casualty lists—and I know how very heavy they have been—apart from that, the tragedies of this war have not come home to us in Canada in the same degree as they have to the devastated areas of France; but we, in Canada, have determined not only to render such assistance as we can in the active prosecution of the war, but whenever the happy time may be that we are able to render assistance to that great country in her great work of reconstruction and rehabilitation, I hope that we, in Canada, shall not play an unworthy part in that great work. It would indeed be presumptuous of me if I should attempt to make anything like a forecast, but I can only hope that before the year now inaugurated by the Club comes to a conclusion, we shall be able to look back with ever-increasing pride and gratification upon the work which the year is going to produce.

I thank you for the reception which you have given me. It is a very great privilege for me to have the opportunity of being here, and I wish you all every prosperity and success in your great work.

COLONEL REQUIN.

It is both a great honor and a pleasure for me to be so kindly called upon to-day to say to you a few words upon that all-engrossing topic of the war. It gives me a double opportunity of visiting your country and of meeting so many of its distinguished inhabitants. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, I thank Your Excellency, for the many charming things which you have said of my chief, Marshal Foch, and of myself. I beg to apologize for my poor English, gentlemen. It is really a great difficulty for me to speak in English, and it is probably increased by the fact that, as you know, soldiers are very much more trained in silence than in speech.

Although everything has already been said on the subject of the allied co-operation necessary to win the war, I would like to tell you something more of this subject. It is specially near to me, for it has always concerned me on account of my duties both with Marshal Foch and with General Joffre on the Western and Eastern fronts, and then in the United States, since they entered the war. Gentlemen, the Allied co-operation is nothing but the application to a world war of a very old principle of war, the principle of concentrating forces for a battle. But on the battlefield everyone realized very early the value of this principle, because when it is disregarded, the punishment is immediate and sharp. The difficulty was to get it extended beyond the actual military domain to all the branches of the national activity, and get every activity strained towards the war. I would like to record to you, very shortly, through what phases we have passed before reaching this very close and general co-operation which has had such splendid results to-day. First of all, in order to fight successfully, it is necessary to concentrate one's forces, but in olden times armies of limited strength fought more or less with peace-time resources. It was enough to concentrate on the same battlefield the greatest quantity of men and ammunition. In a world war between two groups of armed nations the mere means of fighting that war change or increase constantly, as well as the method of conduct. The war material has to be renewed and constantly improved. Thus, in France, for instance, our factories have been obliged to increase their daily production of material. In 1914 they were turning out thirteen thousand rounds, in 1917 three hundred thousand. Instead of three

hundred heavy guns at the front in 1914, we had last year six thousand, and France provided two thousand for the Allies. When we began to fight the battle of the Marne we had four hundred rounds for the whole French army, to-day we begin an offensive with at least three thousand rounds per man. Without this material there is no possibility of winning the war. Human energy is not enough, and this is amply demonstrated by the fact that in 1914 we could do nothing but check the enemy, by sacrificing many men and a lot of material. The strength of an army, its life, its death, depend upon the productive energy of the nation. Therefore, I say, the workers in the factories and the trenches are of the same importance and they are fighting the same battle. But in the industrial field the results of the nations are not all the same. Their experience is not equal; their resources are not necessarily in proportion with the army they put in the field; therefore, to obtain the maximum of war material in the minimum of time, the co-operation of industry must be called upon, and the same principle as concentration in the battlefield must be applied. This principle, gentlemen, led England, after having provided for her army, to help her allies in 1916. It led France to provide war material for the Serbs and for the Greek army. Don't you think that this war material has been well used, to-day? You know France is supplying the war material for the American forces this year, to enable the United States to send her troops over before she is industrially ready to do so. This only shows that the industrial co-operation to be efficient must take into account the factor of time. What was needed by the United States last year to enable them to take part in the 1918 campaign was the necessary time to get their war factories under way, to train their troops and transport them. Well, with the British and French co-operation, this precious time has been saved and without this co-operation the present victory, as well as the other victories, would have been perfectly impossible.

Industrial co-operation is accomplished when the best brains of each nation are at the work they can best do, when every man is working in the domain where he is most competent; the doctor studying to find the best means to cure the wounded and return them to the front, the chemist studying the best way to use gas during warfare, the technician of all kinds constantly improving

the method of production in order to increase the output and diminish manual labor, and finally, I think, all the nations must keep one another constantly informed, without afterthought, of the results of their experiences of production and of their research. This war is not only made with a well-equipped army, it is made with all the means at the disposal of the nations, and in all lines, political, financial, commercial, the co-operation must extend. You know, for instance, what precious assistance is given the Allies by the United States in the financial and economic domain, and what invaluable and indispensable assistance has been given the United States by Great Britain for the transportation of their troops. This problem of getting the American troops over, gentlemen, which Marshal Foch considered vital for the issue of the war, last time I met him, would never have been solved in time without this co-operation. In the same way as France helped the United States to equip their army, Great Britain helped them with transportation, and both have given the best assistance they could for the training of their troops, and have thus given one more example of this moral union which has been their strength for four years.

I do not wish to infer, gentlemen, that this co-operation, which is gradually spreading from the front to the rear, is an easy matter. It has taken a long time to do all we did, in spite of the goodwill of all, but the result can go without comment. This co-operation proved itself in the most simple manner. First, the Allies achieved success only in those periods when the military co-operation, at least, was efficient, and secondly, their success was more extensive when this co-operation was extended to the whole activity of the nation. In 1914 the co-operation between the British and the French army at the front gave us victory on the Marne and saved the world. In 1915, with the trench warfare, the war became an industrial one, and the Allies found they could not obtain decisive victories before having organized completely their industrial co-operation. In 1916, at the same time when the military co-operation was perfectly sure on the front under Joffre, it was also assured in the industrial domain by the governments, and gave us the victory on the Somme, when the British and the French, fighting side by side, repulsed the Germans, and I have a document written by a member of the German staff itself, when they confessed that our material means were superior to their own.

In 1917, gentlemen, the ever-improving co-operation at the rear was unfortunately hampered at the front by the lack of unity of command. Since the departure of Joffre, who was morally, if not officially, the head of the coalition, no real co-operation existed, but there were merely agreements between the chiefs of the armies. There were many chiefs, each one very distinguished, doubtless, there were many plans, many battles, each one heroic, but no results. In 1918, actual co-operation has been established by the appointment of Marshal Foch as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, and the Allied governments came to realize that co-operation in the nations must be arrived at by pooling their resources in common. As to the military result of this, in two months the Allied offensive, which is still in full development, has resulted in the situation on the Western front being entirely turned to the profit of the Allies. One may say that the strategy of Marshal Foch has saved the present and prepared a fairly sure future, and perhaps a very near future. The result of this close co-operation is that the link between the British and French armies at the front has been maintained in spite of all the efforts of the Germans to disjoint them. Our railroad from Paris to Nancy, which may be so necessary to the future operations, can be used again. In two months' time the Germans have lost all which they gained in a colossal offensive, and have been driven back to their 1917 line in quite a different situation from that from which they started out last Spring to win the war. Their material exhaustion is enormous indeed. We have taken over 220,000 prisoners, over 3,000 guns and an enormous quantity of war material. After such heavy losses as this, for the first time the German staff has been obliged to disband several great units. They have been obliged to reduce the fighting strength of their army on the Western front by 200,000 men, and send them back to the depots, in order to supply the front in the future. The morale of the people is also very low. The German High Command have been making appeals to the people, and have also been misrepresenting the operations at the front. Such is the outlook for the Germans. On the side of the Allies, we find our armies in full strength and constantly upheld by the morale of the nations which back them, and constantly increased by the American troops. Finally, gentlemen, the splendid successes of the Allies in Palestine and in Macedonia are further

results of this allied co-operation. This offensive has been prepared a long time ago and was launched at the very time when the Germans were not able to help their Turkish and Bulgarian Allies, and probably the surrender of Bulgaria is the first evidence of the German defeat. I suppose at this point, because this operation is still in full swing, it would not be right to surmise the consequences.

Such are the splendid results in 1918 of this co-operation. It is the same co-operation which, after the war, will permit us to rebuild the ruins left to us and develop our country, but in rebuilding we will always remember the deeds of the glorious soldiers in these Northern places of France where the fate of the nation has so often been determined. Though four years have already passed since I first met the Canadian troops, let me tell you under what tragic circumstances it happened. On April 22nd, the Germans launched their first gas attack on a sector north of Ypres. Our troops were so surprised by this unexpected and unheard-of proceeding, they were without protection, and they were coming back spitting blood. The battalion of my former regiment was practically annihilated. My best friend who was in command of a battalion, could bring back only 170 men out of eight hundred. It was at this moment that the Canadian battalion launched their splendid and spontaneous counter-attack to relieve us. The Canadian men, after having lost their own officer, asked another officer to lead them again and to attack again. No superior command obliged them to do this, gentlemen, but themselves they realized their duty. The following day Marshal Foch told me to write a letter of thanks and admiration and felicitation to Field-Marshal French for his troops. Since this time the deeds of the Canadian soldier can no longer be counted, but this one will ever remain in my memory. I am very proud to recall it here, as a tribute to your glorious soldiers.

(October 3rd, 1918)

THE WAR FOR RIGHT

By THE RIGHT REV. HENRY RUSSELL WAKEFIELD, B.D.
Bishop of Birmingham

I AM here to-day for the purpose of saying a few words to you with regard to the absolute righteousness of this war. I do not think it would be a good thing for a Bishop, retiring and modest, to come here as a kind of swashbuckler and trumpet forth his desire that the people should keep on fighting, unless he had a very good reason for so doing. I believe this war to be God's war. I believe it to be just as truly, and in many respects more truly, God's war than any crusade ever undertaken in long centuries ago, and I feel also that I should be perhaps serving you best by just trying to show and repeat to you what I have already published, though it has never reached as far as Canada, and that is a fortunate thing for me to-day, because I am able to repeat myself without your knowing I am doing so.

I am going to put before you what I have already printed and published for the purpose of encouraging our soldiers, and I have had many letters from soldiers thanking me for what I had set out. Before I go directly into that I must thank you for the welcome given me to-day and express my very earnest hope that some day some of you will find your way to the city of which I have charge and that I may to some extent reciprocate your kindness to me. I believe that some of you do know that little city of Birmingham. I understand that some of you are engaged in great businesses and in the great business which is one of our great businesses, although in Birmingham we have so many you can hardly strike a business which is not being conducted there.

Now, it is a difficult thing, is it not, ever to associate war with Christ? It is no use saying: "Yes, war is horrible but it is a necessity, etc." To the ordinary individual, looking at

the thing quite calmly, it is not always easy to see how a Christian can be a warrior. They say it is absurd on the face of it. Here we hear all the beautiful things being said about peace being associated with Christ. How can war be in any way justifiable? It seems an absolute contradiction of the divine intention that there should be war between nations, but we forget two or three things. First of all, national wrong-doing is worse than individual wrong-doing, because national wrong-doing influences to a greater extent than does individual wrong-doing, and therefore just as truly as individual wrong-doing must receive its punishment, so must, in a Christian State, national wrong-doing be rebuked and punished. Just as in the social life of a nation there are certain people called police, and certain institutions—probably not required in this country—called prisons, just as those things are necessary in the ordinary social state, so in international matters it does become necessary to have the dread arbitrament of war. You cannot get away from it. You cannot regulate the earth on the assumption that everybody is going to co-operate in the purpose of the Almighty. We are living in an imperfect world and we must strive to defeat the intentions of the unworthy and bring nearer to the mind of God the general mass of all the nations. A war is punitive, reforming and may be educative—do not leave out the punitive sense. What one is afraid of is that directly we begin to be going up hill and getting, as it were, some sight of the top, directly victory is in sight, a number of people will say: "Well, now, cannot we look around and see whether we cannot compromise this matter?" May one who was educated in Germany and who knows the German people fairly well and has had a good deal to do with them in his youth, may I say that the most cruel thing you could do to Prussia to-day would be to let her off too easily? I have a son in this assembly to-day and I feel he would have been a much more delightful personage had I exercised the punitive side a little more. The time has gone by when I can do so. Indeed, the boot is on the other leg now-a-days, but, quite seriously, I say this, that if any of us looks forward to the time when Prussia—because the strong, central power in all this war has been Prussia; the whole thing would have collapsed but for Prussia—if we are going to let Prussia off easily and to weaken at the critical moment, then I am certain you will never make that country what we would

like that country eventually to be and what the Allies on the whole have shown themselves to be throughout this war.

Now, for what reasons may a nation justify a war? First of all, if it is attacked without provocation. Jealousy at the sight of the prosperity and growing strength of a people has often determined some neighbor on aggression it may be even before the conditions have raised it to the rank of a dangerous rival. There are many people who are opposed to this war, to our taking part in it, who nevertheless are ready to admit that we might take up arms for the protection of our own particular country. Those people do not see and have not seen and will not see that a nation that really is attacking with the idea of gaining world power through force, and cares only for the principles of force, that nation sooner or later will attack every other nation. You cannot say in that connection that such and such a nation is going to war with such another but that does not affect me over here. It is the principle upon which the nation started the war, it is against this principle that every other people whose ideals run in the other direction is fighting. Of course, the approach of an enemy to one's borders must remain the strongest argument for war, the protection of hearth and home and the safe-guarding especially of the womanhood of the land must stir into flame even the slowest fire of patriotism. We are told in Great Britain that we have not got the same glowing love of country that other nations have, but the fact that we are seagirt islanders, that not for centuries has an enemy's foot trod on our soil, this has tended to lull apprehension and make us forget what an invasion might be. A good many of us in the early stages of this war would not have been at all sorry if that had happened which we were told might happen, if the Germans had set foot on our soil, because not only would the Germans have had a welcome that would have been good to know about, but it would have aroused a certain number of people as they never have been to the present day aroused. I remember, once, in the very county in which I was born, the Zeppelins came and dropped bombs and did considerable injury, and a miner in that district said: "Blimy, we are at war!" Well, he was right, but it required the Zeppelins to make him realize it. Of course, I do not suppose it is the same over here. You are a youthful country and youth is more able to grasp all

these issues and see them in the right light. With us, even in our island to-day, there are a certain number of people in certain districts who have not quite realized what the war means, because it has not been an invasion of our land.

War is also justifiable, surely, when any nation has undertaken responsibilities towards other nationalities which are in danger from a foe. I am taking what I call absolutely Christian reasons for this war. If we had not entered upon this war, considering what Germany had done and was doing to Belgium, I should never have been able to hold up my head again, and we must not forget that so sluggish sometimes runs the stream of life within our veins that there were people who said: "Such and such nations are going to war. There will be a lot of business doing. Cannot we keep out of it and do business with all those who happen to be engaged in it?" Had that principle prevailed, I should not have dared to come over here to Canada and speak to you. I should not have dared to go to any country where honest men live and speak of patriotism, and of justice and freedom. I should have been ashamed.

Then, I think war is justified again against a nation which has deliberately set up ideals which are a moral danger to humanity, which work against the freedom of the other peoples of the world. What are the ideals of a nation? You and I, gentlemen, do not do business if we can help it with a man who we do not think is straight, who has not high notions with regard to the work he is engaged in. We hate the idea of dealing with anyone who has a deceitful point in his character. I ask you, if you choose to read what Germans themselves have said with regard to the ideas they hold in connection with the war, whether everyone of them have not been ideals that make for the protection of the wrong and the destruction of the right. Dr. Muehlon, who was Managing Director of Krupps, in his diary, says himself that the only justification for his nation of the invasion of Belgium was that they were the stronger. He says himself that the English think of war as though it was an agreement between gentlemen; the French never consider it right to drag through the mire their opponents, but the Kaiser makes the war a personal matter and speaks of it in that respect. Dr. Muehlon says that no physical power in violence can make up for the lack of moral superiority. Now, these things are not said by a wild, harum-scarum Bishop.

running around loose, but by a man who was one of the managing directors of a great firm who gathered together all the machinery which was used against the Allies. That is his view. He says that the whole thing is from end to end wrong.

Gentlemen, I would have you bear this in mind, and I am still speaking as a minister of the Church of Christ: Let no one lead you to believe that the founder of that Church to which I belong was a weakling. I do not know whether you have been struck with the failure of the artists as a rule to express the ideal of the face of Christ. They make Him so constantly one who shows weakness, shows patience, readiness to suffer, etc., but they show a want of strength. Do you think that the Man who drove the people out of the Temple, who rebuked the ruling authorities of His time, who was ready to die upon the Cross, that He was a weakling or one who would say, let nations do wrong but remain at peace with them? Of course not. It is absurd. Our country, and you, who can see quite as clearly as any people upon God's earth what is the right, and who in your youthful powers have greater fire and readiness to be as it were at attention and struggling for the right, than we older ones at home, we have all seen where our duty lay, and please God we intend to do it. War is horrible. I am not saying for a moment that it is not, but war for the causes I have mentioned becomes not merely justifiable, but rather more. It becomes a duty, and as I say you cannot possibly stay your hand or weaken your efforts just at the time when as it would seem success is going to crown those efforts. We rejoice over the news of the last two or three weeks. One of the deprivations of sea travel at the present time is that you get a wireless each day which gives you the very bald details of what is going on, and you long for something more, for your paper, and my companion on my journey used from day to day to wish for his paper, with the result that as soon as we had reached New York and got to an hotel the sitting room in which we resided was so filled up with every edition of every paper that one had almost to swim through them. As I said, we only got those wireless communications, but they did stir us and we did thank God. A good wave seems to be rolling steadily in our direction and everything seems to be going so well, and it does encourage us to feel that, after all, though we are engaged in a war, it will make, God grant, for a lasting peace for the world in the days to come.

You will expect me, possibly, to say something as to what is called the League of Nations. My friends, we have a league of nations and we have to keep that league going. If you keep that league active and living, if you keep the United States and Canada, Australia, France, Italy, Great Britain and all the component parts of that league of nations, keep them together, what other league of nations will dare again to disturb the world's peace? Let us begin the League of Nations by keeping those nations together who are now one, and then in time, no doubt, but I cannot help but think that it will be some time, but in time no doubt we may have been able to train and teach our foe to be worthy to be allowed to enter such a League of Nations; but do not hurry. Do not run away with the idea that if you take away the Kaiser and one or two other individuals who are called the military party in Prussia, that you have then got a beautiful, A1, copper-bottom, perfect residuum for peace. You have not. I was a schoolboy in Germany in 1870 and '71, and at that time the British nation was not liked. At that time even we used to be told something about, "It's your turn next." We used to rather interfere with the conversation that was indulged in, by certain methods not closely associated with pacifism, but at the same time those statements were made, and steadily and determinedly, from that time forth, there has been, in certain parts of Germany, the idea that the British Empire was the obstacle to Germany having full and complete domination of the civilized world. You cannot get away from it. It is a fact and you will have to re-educate the German people before the German nation can be admitted to that League of Nations. But do not be in a hurry. Hasty conversions may occasionally succeed, but I prefer the steady, quiet development of national character in the right direction.

Now, what the war has done for us all is another moral support to the war. The war has done for Great Britain a very great thing. We were a divided nation at that time. Even the sexes were not getting on as well as they should have been; but one of the great results of the war has been to bring woman into her proper position. This century is called woman's century. Woman has gained her rightful place in this century, and it is a great encouragement for me to feel that the influence of woman is going to grow as the century goes on. I believe from my heart

that the war has had this effect on woman, that it has developed her energies, has given her something outside herself to think of and to look upon. It has strengthened her whole fibre, as it were, and made her not merely instinctively choose the right, but given her a kind of reasoning capacity in regard to the right which is very necessary if you are going to take your great part in public life. But it is not only in regard to that matter that Great Britain has been blessed. We had our difficulties in regard to social things, the difficulties of capital and labor. Well, now, I am an optimist with regard to the future of that. I may not be justified, but as I happen to take a good deal of interest in social questions, as I am in the curious position of being vice-president of a great labor organization, and also vice-president of a great employers' association, I feel this, that the very fact of our people of all classes having suffered together in a trench, having found out the real bond of interest that is between them, that this is going to be a very great help toward keeping union in the days that lie before us. So people go about saying: "There is bound to be a row between capital and labor when this war is over." Let us rather say: "How can we ensure as complete peace within our borders as we have ensured through our efforts against wrong outside, through the war." I am positive we shall be successful.

Another thing that has been done for our country. We were all running around before the war and saying: "Poor old England, she has seen better days." On the Continent, we used to meet suave people who would say: "Ah, so glad to meet an Englishman. How delightful! Well, you have taught us all the wonderful things that we now know. But you, of course, are played out. We thank you very much for the inspiration you have given us." I hope the Germans are doing so now. We have plenty more to give them. But I will say this, that to me it was a revelation, this war. The young chaps at home who used to walk about like this, one shoulder up there and the other down here, with both hands in their pockets, the inevitable cigarette between their lips, slouching along, that person does not exist to-day. He is not to be found. He has turned into a man, a man with feeling, a man with understanding, a man who has an ideal, something to live for, and who has seen something. You know, I am nervous to think, when the soldiers come back again from Mesopotamia, Jerusalem, the Dardanelles, and so on,

those who have been all over the world, and when they come to me and say: "Do you know all about so and so?" I shall have to take a back seat. My only hope is that I shall be able to say: "I have been to Montreal." That will be my best trump card to play. But, quite seriously, think how these fellows' minds have widened. Think what a different view they will take of life, altogether. They will think of the world as something more than the small island on which they were brought up. They will think of something more than the particular village or town or pub or lamp they have been accustomed to. It is doing that for our people. It has made them heroes during the war and men for the time of peace.

My time is over, but I should like to say this as a final word. As we have struggled together for a great ideal, your young ones and we older ones, I hope and pray with all my heart that in the long vista of years that lie before us, that time that I shall not see, but many of you here will see, that the links that bind together in a confederation the land from which I come and the land where I am now, that those links may not be severed, but that side by side, as we have fought for a great common cause, side by side we may fight for the world's betterment all through the ages, that we may give one to the other of all that we have to help the world. I pray God may grant prosperity to both our nations, unity and love between us, and an ever-growing desire to spread all that is true and upright.

(October 7th, 1918)

WITH THE BOYS ON THE FIRING LINE IN FLANDERS

By THE REV. DR. THOMAS TRAVIS,
of Montclair, N.J.

IT IS a great personal pleasure, and a privilege and an honor, to me to speak before you at this time and on this great day, for now at least one of the dreams of my life has come true. Whatever the rest of my fellow Americans may have thought at the beginning of the war, I wanted my Stars and Stripes side by side with the Union Jack and the Maple Leaf in this war from the beginning. But you, who are men of large affairs, will quite understand that we must not think, in these days, in terms of individual psychology, but in terms of national psychology. We must also understand the kind of nation that we call the United States. It took a long while and will take a long while and a great issue to get one hundred and ten million people of diverse births and training to agree on one main issue. All of you, I suppose the majority of you, are married men, and you know how difficult it is sometimes to get even your wife to agree with you. I do not know how you feel, but I am very fond of negro stories, and at a munition plant near Wilmington, Del., one of the managers told me the following story. There was a negro at the plant and one day he came running into the nearest station to the plant and fairly flew up to the wicket and said to the man behind it: "For de Lawd's sake, give me a ticket." The station agent said: "Where to?" The negro replied: "Man, don't you keep me waiting. Give me a ticket." The station agent persisted: "Where to?" The negro again asked him not to keep him waiting but to give him a ticket right away. The station agent said: "How can I give you a ticket when I don't know where to or whether you have the money for it." The

negro held out some money and said: "Give me a ticket for as much as that money will buy." While the agent was making out the ticket, he said to the negro: "You look excited. What's the matter? Why are you in such a hurry." The negro said: "Well, you see, I was working at the DuPont Powder Works when suddenly something went 'bang,' and all of a sudden I got an inspiration from the Lawd. He said, 'Nigger, travel!' So, for the Lawd's sake, mister, give me that ticket." Now, I have an idea that there is some such state of psychology among the German leaders to-day. They want a ticket and they want it badly.

I have been asked to interpret this fourth Liberty Loan speech of President Wilson. I am so glad that your President gave me a text, because a clergyman always feel more comfortable when he can preach from a text. You will understand, of course, that I am not speaking in any official capacity, not at all as a diplomat; I know nothing of diplomacy. Not at all as a politician; I have never held a political office in my life. I am speaking not on behalf of the great people who are thinking and planning this war. My part in this war, from start to finish, has been with those men who are doing, not the heavy thinking, but the heavy fighting. I propose, therefore, to interpret this speech of our President from the standpoint of the greatest politicians, the greatest statesmen and the greatest fighting men in all this war, namely, your boy and mine, Tom, Dick and Harry in the trenches, and from my viewpoint and in all my speech I shall deal not with the great ones of this war, in the sense of well-known names, but with the man I love, Tommy Atkins and the Yank.

You will understand, as men of affairs, as business men, as men prominent in Canadian thought, you will understand that the President of a great nation has to have his eyes focussed on certain things that may not and probably will not be clearly focussed in the minds of the mass of people. In the nature of things, he is in close contact with the forces that make the wheels go round, therefore, many a time he can speak only in certain terms, and with that in mind as a starter I want to interpret the words of our President. It has been my privilege, since I got back from the front, to be on the staff of the Emergency Field Corporation, and I have been sent out by them through the Eastern United States, speaking in the factories, in the camps,

to the men in the mines and in the shipbuilding dockyards, to thousands and thousands of them, to their managers who are doing things, to their leaders; and so I answer to this text with all the more enthusiasm because I feel this, that whatever else I may not know, I do know the spirit and soul of the American soldier and the American workingman who is backing the soldier up. This I say to you, you may think we were a damn long time coming into this war, but by Heavens we are in it now and we are in it to the very hilt. Men of Canada! No President, diplomats or politicians can stem the tide that is rising and has already risen. We have one object in this war. I have seen it in the spirit and the eye of our men, I have heard them sing it at the front, and this is it: "We are in this war, to smash beyond the possibility of restoration, the military power, the military class of Germany, and no matter what happens, we shall not stop this war one hour before that thing is accomplished. When our President said no man and no class of men made the issues of this war, and no man and no class of men will determine the issues of this war, he spoke the very soul of the American fighting man and the American common people. We are in this fight for one thing. We are going to lick Germany, we are going to take all the teut out of Teuton and all the Hell out of Wilhelm before we get through with this thing, and there are two things we are praying for. We are praying that the Germans will stick to their guns until we lick them. We do not want any diplomatic peace. We are praying, also, that the politicians and the diplomats will not even try to put over any secret agreements. We want everything above-board, so that the men who have fought this war and suffered for it shall know from the beginning and to the end what the propositions are that are laid before the Allied Governments. The spirit and the meaning of our President's words, therefore, should be interpreted from that standpoint. The spirit of America all the way through is this, that it would be a ghastly crime to prolong this war one hour beyond the moment that is absolutely necessary for the accomplishing of our purpose. Secondly, it would be a still more ghastly crime, the crime of history, to stop it one minute before this purpose is accomplished.

I know that it is easy for men three thousand miles away from shells to talk about a fight to the end. I remember very vividly sitting in the trenches, with shells bursting around me,

and reading the speeches of the leaders of the governments about our going to fight to the last man. They were in London, going around with silk hats on their heads and eating very good dinners, and I was one of the last men. But just the same, with that thing vividly in my mind, men of Canada, I say to you this, the spirit of America, from top to bottom, is this: We do not intend that your boys, splendid lads, shall have suffered and been wounded in vain. We do not intend, gentlemen of Canada, that your dead and our dead shall have died in vain, and the thing that we intend to accomplish is the total demolition of the military ideas and military class of present-day Germany. We want what we got in Bulgaria, practically an unconditional surrender, and without intending to make a ghastly pun, that's what U. S. stands for, isn't it? Unconditional surrender. I say you are leaders of Canadian thought and you are men of affairs and you must realize that the head of a great nation cannot always speak in public things that he would speak in private, for the simple reason that there is an awful fool streak in human nature and in some people there is a positive genius for misunderstanding plain statements, and so we must trust to the spirit of big men, accomplishing big things in a big way, to understand what these things mean. When our President made the statement which your President has read to you, we of the fighting line, of the trenches, understood our President to mean by that this thing. We do not believe in hatred as a constructive force. We are not in this war on the basis of hatred, but on the basis of justice. I, personally, have absolutely no hatred of the Germans, as Germans. I was President of the first German club in my home town and founded more German clubs than any other man in that town. God forgive me for the waste of time, but I did it, and so I say, it is not hatred that actuates us. If you talk to some American officers they will tell you that you have to have hatred to carry this thing through. That is only a matter of terminology. It is not because we hate Germany that we want to smash her, but we want to see Germany getting just exactly what she deserves, and this I say to you to press home what I mean. It is not Germany as Germany, but the cunning, the rapacity, the cruelty and the aggression of Germany that we are fighting, and if our own President and our own Government were guilty of the things that present-day Germany has committed, every man of us would

fight them as hard as we are fighting the Germans. If there is any man here of German antecedents, if your name is Holtzberger or Sauerkraut, if you talk of our boys and are back of our cause, you are a friend, and we want you to know it. If you are a Canadian, a Britisher, an American, and you are half-hearted, then by the same token you are our enemy, and we would like to kick you. So I say, with regard to this last peace proposal from Germany, I do not know whether it is sincere or not. But this I say to you, that if I understand the spirit of our President; and I certainly understand the spirit of our people, the answer will be: "We do not propose to stop fighting one second while you are on Belgian soil. Any peace proposal you have to make to us, make it openly, and we will consider it openly, but we will not stop fighting, and when you get down to actual rock bottom, when you are ready not to dictate or suggest terms of peace, but to accept them from us and our Allies, then and only then we will take serious notice of you; but even then we are going on with this fight until we knock the sauerkraut out of you.

Now, we in the United States feel that we know Germany. We thought we knew her before, but we do know her now. We came late in the war and under divine providence that was not altogether an evil thing. There is an old saying that if you give a calf enough rope it will hang itself, and that was certainly true of the Germans. In those days when we were supposed to be neutral, the black soul of Germany revealed itself in its own deeds and works beyond doubt. Secret codes were sent through trying to involve us with Mexico and Japan; German officials who were guests in our country were making trouble among our working-men, and they thought we were just too plain thick-headed to find it out, and all the time these codes were being deciphered and filed away until when the time came we said: "There are your own works, your own official statement of your own case, and you are guilty as charged by your own actions." So it left us in no doubt as to our understanding of Germany. Even now I find men who will not believe the stories of German atrocities, for instance, and brutalities. Well, when I first went to the front I had the same reaction. I thought it must be exaggerated, but talking with Germans here in this country, as well as with German prisoners over there, slowly the clouds passed away and I saw the thing from the German standpoint, and once you get

your eye on that you have your understanding and it is plain sailing after that. I shall spend a few minutes here in trying to illustrate to you the German standpoint. Suppose you owned a splendid farm of ten thousand apple trees, planted, say, by your grandfather and handed down to you. They are wonderful old trees from the standpoint of sentiment but still they are not the last word in scientific horticulture. Also, on that farm, you have some good stock, also handed down to you, but they are not pure-bred stock. There are buildings on that farm and they are dear to you for the sake of their memories, and you have working-men on that farm who are not trained farmers but they are fine men, and they and their families have always lived on that farm. The Germans come along and they wipe out the whole thing. You rise with your heart on fire and you say: "You beast! Why did you do that?" And the Germans reply: "Calm yourself, friend. Your farm was not very much. It is all very well from the point of view of sentiment, but this is not an age of sentiment. True, we cut down your trees, but we are going to replace them with ten thousand German pippins, the finest thing in the way of apple culture ever developed. True, we killed your stock, but it was worthless. We propose to replace that mongrel stock with fine German cattle, the best in the world, and in the end you will be better off. We killed these people on your farm, but what were they? They were not scientific farmers. They did not have that thing which we call German Kultur. We are going to replace these people we killed with fine Teuton stock, and when you have men there who know how to do things scientifically you will be better off and the world will be far better off." Do you get it? We are familiar, we religious men, with the Jewish idea of the chosen nation. We are familiar with the Roman idea that all the world except the Romans were barbarians, we know what it means to "make the Eagle scream" in Yankeeland. We know the Irish say that Ireland was made out of chunks torn from heaven, and we are familiar with the Scotch, English and Canadian nationalism, but we never got our eye on the Teuton kind until this war. They have devastated neutral Belgium and they admit it, but they say: "What were the Belgians? They were only a secondary people, they never could have made a first-rate nation, and we are going to put in there, in the places of those we have killed, Teutonic stock." Just as they say about

the Armenians. They say, "Yes, we killed them off, but they had to die some time, anyhow, we will replace them with fine, Turkish-Teutonic stock."

Now, then, gentlemen, you understand what you have to face. It is something about which you cannot argue. There are certain situations that come up between individual men when we do not see things in the same colors. That is what happens also with nations, and that is why our fellows say they cannot talk to Fritz except over the barrel of a rifle. I suppose you sometimes think that America has done enough talking, don't you? But here is the fine thing; and I, born in England, can say it to you. I wore a uniform and offered my life for the Old Country and I feel at liberty to say it. We are making good. After all, our talking is only a way of advertising, and the difference between the English and the American is that the American does his own advertising, and the Englishman expects somebody else to do it for him. In this war I have learned the everlasting difference between an idea and an idea set on fire with an emotion and reality that makes your very blood thrill, and when you have seen your Canadian boys as I did, at Ypres, under fire, the thing changes entirely. Somehow, your blood never runs quite the same way again. I walked on a road one and a quarter miles long, every foot of it laid down on the bloody bodies of your boys, shot down in the fight, and your boys and our other Allies marched over there and fought over there and they made the Germans do the goose step backwards eleven miles. Never have men stood up against the things that your boys and ours have stood up against. They can give the Spartans and all those other old, heroic nations aces and spades and then some. I say, if you had seen those men in sunshine and storm, you would feel as I do. God bless the dear lads. They are the finest things on the face of this earth. The things they have done cannot be put into words. They will say, if they hear this, that I am exaggerating. Just the same, the simple truth is they are magnificent and we love and honor them all. Until you have been to the front and you have seen the thing as it is you do not get the kind of enemy we are fighting, you cannot understand the things we have to smash.

I know you are men accustomed to sift out facts from mere general statements, and you would ask me, did you actually see with your own eyes the atrocities that are talked of. Germans

have asked me that thing. Some I did see, but most of them I could not see with my own eyes. Nobody else could, except the victim. You can quite understand that no husky bunch of Canadians or Yankees or Britishers would stand there with arms in their hands and see a woman violated without giving something back for it. If they were in a position to see with their eyes there would be nobody left to tell the tale afterwards. All we can do is to pick up the victim. Then you would say: "Did you hear their stories? Did you cross-examine them." Yes, in many respects; no, in others; simply because it would have been, in many cases, an insult to human intelligence to cross-examine them. The thing was so vividly so, there was never the least vestige of doubt thereof. I want to call to your mind what they did to your own boys and the Belgians and the French at Ypres. They gathered together the women of that town and drove them ahead of their soldiers in the narrow streets, at the point of the bayonet, right into the lines of your men. Some of your officers signalled to the women to jump into the ditch and the women who tried it were bayoneted not by drunken German soldiers, but by sober soldiers under orders from their officers, and the rest of them were driven right on to your boys until our officers had to give the order to fire. Now, then, I am a parson, a Christian, at least I am masquerading under that title. You may say I am brutal, but this I say without apology, that if we could have got their men that day not one of those Germans would have eaten one mouthful of sauerkraut this side of Hell. I make no apology for such a statement. I would carry it into effect personally if I had the power. Some of your Canadians, just outside of that line, were left helpless and wounded in the trenches. I am not speaking of men who could fight but of men who were incapacitated, and when our stretcher bearers got to them three-quarters of them had been murdered on the spot, and this is known to all your men, and you have either to say that your boys are liars or the Germans are and I have a good idea of what the world thinks of the latter at this date.

I was with your man, Major McLeod, on the occasion when your three Canadians were brought in crucified alive. You might say: How do you know they were alive when they were crucified? Ask our medical men. They made a post-mortem examination and brought in a verdict that the men had been

crucified when alive. And then as to the atrocities committed in Van, in Turkey. Of course, they say they were perpetrated by the Turks, yes; but the Turks were officered by Germans in the German uniform.

What shall we say about the spirit of our boys? I know that you are thousands of miles away, and however much you may have read about this thing it does not come home to you, does not get into your blood as it did into ours. I know many of you will say: "This man has simply been brutalized by this war." Well, I know what I know, and I make no apology for anything I say. The Germans have shot at me and I have shot at them, and I would enjoy taking another shot at them. Oh, the spirit of our lads! How can we express it, and the spirit of the fight they have put up. My right-hand man in the trenches was an Anzac with a family. He had been over the top twenty-two times. My left-hand man was a little English lad whom we had five times dug up out of the mud, given up for dead, and when I said to these two fellows: "You have done your bit and you ought to go home," they said: "We intend to go on fighting until we get them or they get us." That is the spirit of your boys at the firing line. Back of the lines one day I heard a pounding, and on going to investigate I found a woman chopping, a French woman over seventy years of age, with a little, thin, wrinkled face, and I thought she did not know where she was, but she finally told me she had lost her husband in the early days of the war. She said: "I had four sons and I lost two of them at the battle of the Somme, the third at the Marne, and to-day I have just lost my last, my youngest, and I alone am left." She is a widow, and I was wondering what I could possibly say to the woman, so I blurted out: "My heavens, woman, you certainly have suffered." She said: "Monsieur, I am an old woman. What I have suffered does not matter, but, oh, may God save France." These are the things we see and hear. I do not know whether any of you will go away to-day doubting the German atrocities, but I say this, that if Germany had got into Belgium, in Pierce-Arrow automobiles, and had laid Brussels carpets in the streets, but had taken all the machinery and the guns and the women and the children, and simply appropriated Belgium, that is enough to brand her as a highwayman worthy of hanging up. All the time that our missionaries were coming in telling us of the atrocities at the Eastern front Armenian women

hung naked to the trees, some of them flayed alive, some of the rivers dammed by their dead bodies, and all the time we were getting those facts from eye witnesses, the German Ambassador at Washington was saying over his own signature that the Germans were not committing any atrocities in Armenia but were doing only necessary military acts, and the devilish thing is that from his standpoint he was telling the truth. If you have the German idea you will realize that they consider these things necessary military acts. When men of God went to the German officials and begged them to do something, the German missionaries and officials said they could not do anything, and I made up my mind that if ever I got back home to America where white men lived, I would tell them the whole truth and by the name of Christ we would do something about it. So I say to you, men of Canada, in closing, when you think of what the Allies are doing, England has never since the beginning of the war given less than thirty thousand men a month, and France has given her all, and when you have been in the thick of it yourself, you can realize that the moving spirit among our men at the front is a determination to smash the Kaiser and the military caste, and your job is to stand ready, in a spirit of living sacrifice, prepared and ready to give your shoes, your earnings, your brains, your genius, your religion, everything, and not half-heartedly, but at white heat, standing back of the old flag and back of the boys, until we have put the Kaiser and the whole Potsdam crowd into a good, hot, scientific, German hell.

The Chairman then called upon Major Thorne, who had been a prisoner for three years in Germany, to say a few words.

MAJOR THORNE

I did not come here to-day prepared for a speech. I arrived here to-day and I was asked to come to lunch with a friend, and so I do not feel inclined to give a speech. I may say that for three years I was a prisoner in that God-forsaken land called Germany. All that the Rev. Dr. Travis has spoken about the Germans I may say is absolutely correct. In the first place, I was taken prisoner at Ypres on the 24th April, 1915, and during the time I was in Germany I made repeated attempts to escape, once disguised as a widow, and I was afterwards known amongst the Germans as the Widow Thorne. However, after being made

love to by German officers, which is not a very nice experience, I was captured near the border. At another time I managed to escape from the camp as a German soldier and after walking 210 miles through their cursed country I was caught again. However, I am alive, and I hope one day to get even with those sons of guns. I started to get even in England. At a little station I happened to see fifty German soldiers, looking very sleek and fat, a contrast to our own men who are prisoners in Germany, walking along the platform smoking, under the care of a British soldier. It was like a red flag to a bull, and I called after them in German and made them salute me, each individual man. I was told by an English colonel that that was not done in England, and I said: "Sir, if you had been in my place in Germany and had seen the way our men are treated, bayonet wounds in their back, half starved, their parcels taken away from them, you would want to kill every son of a gun you saw," and if ever I get the chance, after my three months' leave is over, I am going back to get another shot at them. I am sorry I cannot go into details to-day about my experiences, but should I have time on my return I should be only too pleased to give you one or two of my experiences during my exile, and of my escapes disguised as women and various other things.

(November 18th, 1918)

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR WITH REMINISCENCES OF GERMAN PRISON CAMPS

By LIEUT.-COL. D. RYKERT McCUAIG, D.S.O.

I CANNOT tell you how much I appreciate the reception which you have given me, and which is entirely undeserved. It gives me the greatest happiness to be back here once more, in Montreal, with my fellow citizens. I have been a considerable time abroad. I have seen the most cultured country in the world, according to their own ideas, anyway, and I can assure you that after that Montreal is good enough for me.

Now, gentlemen, in the notice to-day, I was billed to speak on the early days of the war. Well, that is a long time ago, and with your permission I would prefer to speak about my experiences in Germany. As regards life in Germany, from what I can gather, a good deal of misconception exists. I think most of you, in thinking of a German prison camp picture an enclosure of barbed wire, surrounding a few huts, and you are right so far. There are German sentries around it, but when one comes to picture a lot of miserable, emaciated human beings looking out longingly through the wire, and doing nothing else, that conception is not correct. When we had the misfortune to be taken prisoners of war we felt that we were in no way relieved from our obligation to uphold the honor and traditions of our country, any more than at the front. If we had let ourselves go, we would simply have been objects of scorn to the Germans. We did our best under the circumstances. Of course, the question of clothing was then a difficult one. I know when I was taken my riding breeches were rather cut up by bullets and by the doctors who looked after me, and the result was that when I went to a Belgian hospital they threw them away, thinking they were no good. Some gentleman

appropriated my boots and puttees, and when my turn came to go to Germany—fortunately I was travelling on a stretcher—all I had to cover my nakedness was the lower part of a pair of Belgian pyjamas surmounted by my jacket. A good many of the chaps who got into the camps had some difficulty in putting up a good appearance, but as soon as we got clothes from home we dressed as smartly as we had anywhere else. It was a point of honor to appear properly shaved and properly turned out, and I must say our fellows, all races, but in this respect particularly the British, put in a pretty fine appearance.

Another point in regard to our supposed idleness in captivity. Quite the reverse was the case. Everybody with intelligence realized that it would be impossible to cling to life very long if one did nothing, so we went in for all sorts of activities. First and foremost was language study. That was very easy, because for the first two years we had Russians, French and Belgians in the camps, and we made affiliations with these nationalities, and it was very easy to carry on lessons; in fact, once an affiliation was made with a Russian it was pretty hard to shake him off. If you were billed to give him a lesson at ten o'clock in the morning he stuck around from 9.30 and waited. In Germany, I think most of the officers at least learned one language; in fact a man who knew only one language besides his own was not considered. You had to get up three or four to be thought something in the language line. One had a great opportunity to study languages in the camps. In a half-hour, one day, I spoke in French, German and Russian, translated for a Russian who wanted to communicate with the Germans, so we got pretty fair practice, you see. In addition to languages, a great many other studies were gone into. One morning, I was sitting in the dining room—it was the only room in the camp that was heated—and looking around the table I was struck by the diverse nature of the activities going on. One officer was giving a lecture on chicken raising, another one was giving a lecture on engineering, various others were having instruction in French and German, another officer was studying history and I myself was reading economics, so you can see one kept pretty busy in the camps; in fact, I used to find it difficult to find time enough to do all I wanted to do. I used to be on the rush from one engagement to another. For awhile, I worked eight hours a day, and I say this without boasting because dozens of others did the same.

Of course, a very essential thing there was to keep oneself fit physically. The most simple thing was to walk around and around the wire fence. But as that was rather irksome, we went in for other things as much as possible. Any help we got from the Germans was got after a great deal of fighting and was only conceded because we were compelled to buy the materials for our purposes from them at double the ordinary price, and from time to time our neutral representatives came around to the camps and when they came around the Germans would point to the tennis court we had built ourselves, and say: "Just look at what we do for our prisoners!" We had in our camp two tennis courts and a golf links. I think the golf links was the smallest on record. It was 30 yards by 40 yards. It contained six holes, laid out by a well-known golfer, Hutchison, who is now in Switzerland. The game was made doubly interesting, however, by the fact that we had a neutral zone in the camp, and if any balls went into this zone, we would wait until the sentry's back was turned and fish them out, and, of course, if you were caught, you ran the chance of being shot, and, of course that added considerable zest to the game. In winter we had a rink, and the last two winters we had slides. I was President of the slide myself for the first winter, and I may say that in order to make it exciting we built them entirely different from those here. Instead of having a chute, we had them built on a curve, and the result was that unless you went carefully you shot off, and as it was all surrounded by ice if you shot off you struck trouble. I know one man broke his nose, one man's face was supposed to be ruined beyond repair, and so we got considerable fun out of that. Another danger was of getting into the neutral zone and being shot by the sentries. These different sports kept us fit and kept us going, particularly the slide which took, every afternoon, twenty people to fix.

Another thing in the camp, which was very good, was the theatrical club. This club had two officers who had been professionals in England before the war, and we put on several shows, such as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Charley's Aunt," and "The Little Damozel." These shows were very well done, the ladies' parts being particularly well taken; in fact, one of the officers was positively pretty. We had various people who always took the same parts; one took the part of a young society matron, another took old ladies' parts, and so on. We were

allowed to get the costumes for these shows on parole on the understanding that they were not to be used in escapes, according to an agreement made with England. These shows were particularly valuable because they kept a large number of people rehearsing for a long time and this was in accordance with the general idea which was to keep busy as much as possible in the time of captivity.

Of course, gentlemen, I have drawn a cheerful picture of it all, but one did not feel so very cheerful to be out of the show so early and it was particularly galling when anything important was going on at the front. But it was considered a point of honor to be cheerful, and particularly with regard to the Anglo-Saxons there was very little to complain of in this respect. The officers, as much as possible, took everything that came in a cheerful spirit, and an officer who told his woes to other people got no encouragement. I know I had a friend of mine who used to feel very sorry for himself. One morning he decided that he was too sick to get up. As he happened to be in my mess it was rather a serious matter, as we had to bring his meals to him. I said to the other member of my mess: "If Smith is really sick he does not need very much to eat for breakfast, and if he is not really sick he should get up and get it himself." Now this particular officer was very fond of his breakfast and as we gave him little or nothing to eat we cured him in two days.

Of course Christmas, St. Andrew's Day and all public holidays were always celebrated duly, that was considered a point of honor, also, and many wonderful dishes appeared on these occasions, made up from tinned food; in fact, some of the officers who will come back from Germany will be able to look after that part of the household themselves if maids are scarce or if their wives are engaged on munitions—they will be able to reverse the roles.

Gentlemen, I would like to speak particularly about the work of the Red Cross in Germany. We and our men received very little food; in fact, if we had had to battle along on the German food, we would have pretty nearly starved. With other nationalities who did not receive parcels, such as the Italians and the Roumanians, the number of deaths from starvation was very large. The Canadians and the English, thanks to the work of the Canadian and English Red Cross, were well looked after, and particu-

larly by the Canadian Red Cross. In fact, it was a recognized thing in Germany that the Canadians were better looked after than anybody else. I would like to pay this tribute to our Red Cross, as one who has benefited by it and knows what it is, what it has done. In saying this, I do not want to depreciate what our families and friends did for us. I can say nothing strong enough to express what I feel in this regard. It is really wonderful how our families and friends looked after us in Germany, and it was not only the way they looked after us, but also the knowing that we were not forgotten.

I come now to a part of the subject which I think will be of interest to all, the German treatment. As I said before, once last week, the treatment by the Germans was bad. There are exceptions, but the treatment as a whole was bad. In describing the treatment I will divide or separate that of the officers and of the men. The bad treatment of the officers consisted in petty persecution, and humiliation and insult. That of the men consisted in actual bad treatment. Any officer who infringed any of the petty rules of the camp was at once given solitary confinement for varying periods. In my camp, an English General, because he protested against the German treatment, was given eight days' solitary confinement. It was not so much the confinement but the idea of the thing. That shows how much respect they paid to our senior officers. Then again, a German in Africa somewhere was given life sentence at home for using dum dum bullets; at which, as a reprisal, four of our officers were sent to a German criminal prison. They were not allowed to receive their parcels, they were given very little food, and they were dressed in convict garb. As regards persecutions, for example, they would not allow us to have any light for a given period, and no light at night in winter is a serious thing. You have to sit from 4.30 in the afternoon until 10.00 in the dark, and this is particularly trying when there is no heating. Or for a given period they would not allow us to have any amusements, or they would not allow more than two officers to be seen together on pain of shooting.

However, all this seems small in comparison with the treatment of the men. In the treatment of the men, the very bad treatment started when they were taken prisoners. There were numberless cases of men wounded but able to walk, going back

from the front, who were not able to keep up and were bayoneted, either wounded or killed. That can be substantiated beyond all question of doubt. Then, when they got a bit back from the front, if not wounded they were made to work under shell fire, getting comparatively nothing to eat, a little bread and thin soup, and when they were no longer any use, when they were completely reduced in constitution, they were sent back to Germany. In Germany they were forced to work in the munition factories. Many of our men refused to do so, but I am sorry to say most of them were compelled eventually to give in, but you cannot blame them, for they were first starved, and if that did not work they were beaten with the butt ends of rifles, given solitary confinement—solitary confinement in the dark is a favorite pastime in Germany—and a man does not have to be confined in the dark very long to go mad.

So, gentlemen, I think we do not want to be too sentimental in the case of Germany. Some people say that the officers and the military class were responsible for this treatment, but I do not think, myself, that this is so. Unless the whole nation had felt the same way such treatment could not have gone on. If a man commits a crime here he is punished. If a whole nation commits a crime, is there any reason why they should get off? So, I think we do not want to forget the treatment meted out to our prisoners by the Germans. God alone knows what suffering they have cost and I think they should pay for it.

However, I cannot speak too highly of the spirit of our men, the way they stood up in the face of this treatment. Some of the things done in Germany have compared with the things done at the front, in heroism. It is one thing to do a brave deed in an attack, and another thing to resist when you are starved and beaten over a period of time. That takes great strength of mind and great moral courage and I hope that when our men come back you will give them as kindly a reception as you have given me. I think they deserve it. Believe me, as Canadians, they have done nothing in Germany to lower our prestige. The British, and particularly the Canadians, held out longest against working in these factories, and even when they got in they did as much damage as possible. Mind you, in spite of the chance of five or ten years' imprisonment, or of being shot, when they got out on the farms they played the devil with the cultivation. After

a while, they ceased sending the British to the farms, they sent them to the salt mines where the Germans could keep an eye on them.

After speaking about the more serious aspects, I would like to refer to some other aspects of our camp life. One of the worst things about the camp was being imprisoned with the same people and not being able to get away from them. Some of the people were very amusing and some were not. If a man is a bore, it is very hard to get away from him, and some of us had to suffer. Some of the worst of the bores were the optimists. I am an optimist myself, but I do not see any object in being optimistic about everything that happens. One officer, for example, came around the camp one day and said that he knew the German high seas fleet had been destroyed—that was in 1915. We asked him where he got the information from, and he said he had just got a letter from someone in England who said that he saw Admiral Jellicoe dining at the Carleton, and he said: "That convinces me that the fleet must be destroyed, otherwise he would not be there." We had one or two Canadian orderlies in our camp. We had one called Rae from Winnipeg. Rae was a very good fellow and very respectful to Canadian officers, but one day one of the English officers came to me and said: "Your Canadian orderlies, or privates, are very funny chaps." I said: "Why?" He said: "When they come into our room in the morning, they say: 'Good-morning, you fellows!'" Mind you, this was often done by Rae, although with Canadian officers he was absolutely correct. Then there was another fellow, McLeod, who had been a cook in a lumber camp before the war. One night we were having a concert and McLeod happened to get hold of a couple of bottles of wine, and after putting away these two bottles he felt good. There was a Russian General there who was very fond of speaking English and had become too familiar with the orderlies in order to practice his English. McLeod came into the dining room where the concert was being held and saw this Russian General, who was an immense man, standing up at the back. McLeod goes up to him, slapped him on the back and said: "Hello, old fellow," placed his arm around his neck and leaned on him, starting to talk confidentially to him. In order to understand the effect this had on our Russian General, I must explain that in the Russian army a private is almost less

than dirt, and the Russian General was so petrified that he did not know what to say, so he did not say a word.

In our camp we had a very poisonous commandant, and I may say he is proscribed, and after the war I hope we get him. As to escapes, some of the work along this line was wonderful. In our camp two tunnels were built. The first one ran for about fifty yards and then it was found to be impracticable, and a second was built which ran seventy yards through solid rock. It was built underneath one of the huts. The Germans constantly searched underneath the huts but they could not find this tunnel. Officers worked on it constantly for five months. Every night the tunnel was filled in to a depth of three feet and this made it very difficult to find the entrance in the morning, and every morning it had to be searched for. In order to work the tunnel they constructed an air pump and an electric light system which was tapped from the camp electric light system. Unfortunately, the Germans discovered it before our people had a chance of getting away. I believe you had the pleasure of meeting Major Thorne while he was here. He is a Canadian from Vancouver and he was one of the best known escapees in Germany. His escape as a widow from one German camp is almost a classic. He made five attempts and should have got away, but he had bad luck. In escaping, a great deal depends on luck. Some people get away the first attempt and others make many attempts and have no luck. One escape was particularly fine. There were two English officers in my camp, Reed and Nichols. About three years ago, all the French officers were sent away from our camp, and Reed and Nichols disguised themselves as French officers, and planned to escape en route. Most of the parties who had gone so far had made many stops en route, but their train was a through one, and despairing of any other means of getting away, although there was an armed sentry in the car, while the others were trying to distract his attention, Nichols prepared to jump off the train, but the sentry saw him and raised his rifle to fire. A Frenchman knocked it up, and Nichols dashed head foremost through the window of the train, which was going at thirty-five miles an hour. This was a pretty nervy thing to do. He broke his ankle and yet crawled a mile before he was captured. That is pretty good grit.

Having been in Germany for three years and Holland for seven months, I occupy the same position as Rip Van Winkle,

being out of the world, and coming back here many things seem rather strange, and one of the strangest is the present Victory Loan. We prisoners in Germany, who were on the shelf for three to four years, doing nothing, must take off our hats to the people here for what they have done to support the troops at the front, for the magnificent organization and for the magnificent spirit which have made possible this Victory Loan and the previous one. It makes me proud, gentlemen, as a Canadian, to come back here and see a condition of affairs like the present. The people at the front naturally get all the credit for the war, but the people at the front would be able to do nothing if it were not for the people here who provided the means.

Gentlemen, I thank you very much for listening to me so attentively. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your reception, and I hope that when our prisoners come back from Germany that you treat them as well as you have treated me, as I think they deserve it.

(November 25th, 1918)

OUR COMMON CONTRIBUTION TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By THE REV. ALEXANDER MANN,
Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.

LET me thank your President for his very kind introduction of me, and for his more than kind reference to what Massachusetts and the city of Boston were able to do at the time of that great and sudden disaster which befell the city of Halifax. I am glad to bring to him and to you the friendly greeting of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and of the city of Boston. Perhaps you will allow me to say, gentlemen, just in passing, with reference to Halifax, that we did not feel in Boston, when that train of nurses and surgeons and supplies started out, that we were undertaking anything in the nature of foreign missions. Now, I believe in foreign missions, but, gentlemen, that particular bit of work appealed to us in a very much more personal and vital way. We felt simply that we were going to see and to bring what assistance we could to a friend and a neighbor, and I will go further and say, not to cousins but to our brothers here in Canada. I have been thinking, ever since I have been the guest of your city, since yesterday, I cannot help but think of the tremendous change which has taken place since the time that I received the cordial invitation of Dr. Symonds, the vicar of the Cathedral, and of Mr. Sise and Mr. Dickinson, your President and Secretary, to come to Montreal. Dr. Symonds' letter reached me the latter part of last March, and, gentlemen, I suppose you felt here, as we felt on our side of the line, that those were dark and discouraging days. It was the time of that tremendous German offensive, which had swept the Allies back over some thirty miles of hard-fought ground, and we were looking forward to the second, and, according to the Germans, still fiercer, offensive which

they proposed to launch, and which should end only when they entered Paris. Those were the days, and if I had been asked to come at that time I do not think my speech could have been much more than merely the words you were saying to yourselves at that time when you set your teeth and squared your shoulders after the old-time English fashion, and said you proposed to carry on and see the thing through.

But what a wonderful change? No exhortations of that sort are needed to-day. I cannot forget, and I am sure you have not forgotten, that it is just two weeks ago to-day that the news was flashed across the ocean that the German military commanders had signed the terms of an armistice, which while called an armistice, was in fact a virtual surrender on the part of their Empire. And so, gentlemen, instead of coming to men facing a stern, hard task, I come, I feel, to brothers, who are rejoicing with all the family over the successful completion of one of the greatest, the most stupendous tasks that ever fell to the lot of the English-speaking people and all other free peoples of the world, to make safe, as we pray God it has made safe for all time, those common possessions of freedom and justice and humanity, which are common and dear to us all. So I come in a thanksgiving mood, and I think I come to men who feel the same. It is a very happy coincidence, it seems to me, that our great national Thanksgiving day falls next Thursday, and if I am rightly informed, your Government has set next Sunday as a day of national thanksgiving for you, so next week, all over the North American continent, we people of the same race, the same traditions, the same speech, the same ideals of freedom, are going to join within two or three days of each other in what I believe to be at bottom a great common thanksgiving.

And may I—I am not going to preach a sermon if I can help it—may I say at this time, gentlemen, very simply, a few of the things that we in the United States, next Thursday, are going to be thankful for? And may I ask you, when I say this, to believe that I am speaking for the great mass of thoughtful, earnest, patriotic Americans? It is probably needless to ask you not to judge us by some of the headlines that you see in some of our papers. Possibly you might object to our judging you by those same headlines. It is not to those headlines, and not even to the editorials of exuberant editors that we look, or I judge that

you look for the sober sense and the thoughtful, reasoned conviction of a country. But next Thursday, all over the United States, north and south, east and west, the houses of God will be open and over one hundred million American citizens will meet to thank God for the great blessings which have come, and I should like to tell you a few of the things that we are grateful for.

Deep down in the heart of every thoughtful American there is to-day the clearest recognition of the tremendous issues which have been at stake during the past four years, and of the magnificent service which has been rendered to the world by the nations which, like yourselves, have been in that conflict from the very beginning. We are grateful to that little State of Belgium, for the moral courage which enabled her to stand true to her plighted word and to offer herself a sacrifice to those invading and relentless hosts of the German army. We recognize what that two weeks' delay meant to France and England, and we are going to thank God for that, my friends, next Thursday. We are going to thank God for France—proud, suffering, uncomplaining and unconquerable France. I heard, the other night, a Captain of the French High Commission speak on French War Aims; a magnificent figure, six feet one, he spoke that night without a trace of extravagance, with no exuberance of thought and manner such as sometimes we associate with the traditional Frenchman, but with that beautiful clarity which marks the thought of the educated Frenchman, and without one trace of vindictiveness. He stated what France, in the interest of justice, and for the welfare of the Allied nations, must have from Germany, and as we listened to him we felt the absolute justice of his statements, and we are going to thank God, next Thursday, for France and all that she has meant to the world.

And then we are going to thank God for something that comes to us a little nearer home. We are going to thank God for glorious old England. There again, gentlemen, do not judge us by newspaper headlines or the occasional remarks of ambitious and self-seeking politicians, but judge us by the utterances of our thoughtful men all over the United States. My friends, there was not one American whose heart did not thrill with pride when we read that England had determined to stand by her word and to enter that tremendous conflict, and we have watched her since and we have seen her as she moved under the weight of

that tremendous burden, five million men of a population of less than forty million fighting on every front, financing all of her allies, and at the same time, with her great fleet keeping its sleepless watch all through those four long years in the North Sea and making the ocean a safe place for the commerce of the whole world. Yes, we are going to thank God for that, and a week from next Sunday, in Old Trinity Church, Boston, whose rector, in the days of the revolution, threw in his lot with the Americans, in Old Trinity Church, is to be England's Day, and Canada's Day, and a great congregation of English and Canadians are coming there and we are going to carry the Union Jack and sing "God Save the King," and the same thing is going to be done in Trinity Church, New York, where a week from next Sunday, also, it is going to be England's day.

And more than that, we are going to thank God for what was done by you, our brothers here in the North. The first thing in the way of aid that came from the new world to the old was Canada's contribution, Canada, who was held back by no Monroe Doctrine, by no caution as to embroiling or embarking on European quarrels, Canada who saw in that great conflict a loved and honored mother beset with foes, and who sprang instinctively to her aid with all the force she could bring. We are going to thank God for that. I have looked over the figures, and they are striking. The Dominion, with her little army of, I believe, three thousand men before the war, has sent overseas over four hundred thousand men, and in that casualty list some fifty thousand, about one man in eight of the Canadian force, was either killed or died of wounds. The salient at Ypres and other battles are household words in the United States as they are in the Dominion, and when we read about it all we felt that same thrill of pride that a brother feels when he has read of the gallant deeds of a member of his own family. That is the way we feel about it and that is the way we felt from the beginning.

And we are thankful for something else. We are thankful that we, too, had some small share in this great accomplishment. There were some of us who felt that we had delayed some time. Possibly, here in Canada and in England, there was some such feeling as that. It is not necessary, and I am sure you would not wish me, to go into any arguments about it, but, my friends, may I remind you of just one thing and that is that the imperative

thing for the United States if she were to throw into that conflict her full strength, the imperative thing was that we should go into that war a united people, and there were things that gave men pause. There was the old, honored Monroe Doctrine, there were the farewell advices of Washington about embroiling ourselves in European quarrels. There was more than that. There were agencies at work throughout the United States. Germany probably never went into a greater and on the whole a more losing investment than in the millions that she spent to becloud the issues and so far as she could make great masses of the American people uncertain as to what their duty was, and the President of the United States knew well that when he did move, if he was to move effectively and be able to mobilize the great material, physical, spiritual and moral forces of the nation, he must convince them first of the righteousness of the cause, and that, my friends, was what happened, and that is what we are going to thank God for next Thursday, that when the United States entered she entered as one man, and that there was nothing that she was not prepared to do, no number of men she was not ready to raise, no money she was not willing to expend, no sacrifice or privation at home she was not ready and glad to undergo in defense of what had at last been made plain, not only in the East, but throughout that great German-American Middle West, that we stood for those common principles on which the nation was based, and that we shared with the other great peoples of the English-speaking race these privileges and obligations. Now, when she did move she moved as one man.

I will just burden you with one or two illustrations. My mind goes back ten or fifteen years ago to one of my parishioners in New Jersey who was a Prussian officer and who had won the iron cross in the Franco-Prussian war when that decoration was not given in basketfuls as has been the case recently. He died before this war came on, but he left three boys, and they, with their German names and their German heritage, and their father a Prussian officer and decorated by the former Kaiser, could not wait for anything in the nature of national conscription. They were in Williamsburg College and all three of them enlisted in the army and navy of the United States. And then the ten million of negroes who enlisted under the American flag—and even there German propaganda was at work. Only the other day I met a

man from the South who told me how, before the war and in the early days after the United States entered the war, men passed through the small towns and villages of the south, ostensibly selling goods, getting into conversation with those negroes and explaining to them that this was a white man's war, and that the Kaiser, in his benevolence, was planning some sort of a black Republic in Africa. I recall a little incident. A sergeant was instructing a new negro recruit and was trying to explain to him what all this sort of thing, the war, meant to him, and he said: "Are you willing, have you thought that you may be called upon to give up your life for your country?" And the negro answered: "No, sah. Don't know as I'se thought about that." And the sergeant said: "What have you been thinking of, then, since you joined the army?" And the negro said: "I'se been thinking how many of dose Germans is going to give up dere lives!" That was about the way of it. No more loyal men marched under the flag of the United States than its negro recruits. To some of them the war came as an overwhelming revelation of what the Government might be for them. One recruit was taken in hand by his officer, who said: "Now, Sam, there are your clothes,"—pointing to a suit of khaki. The negro said: "Boss, what's I pay for them?" "Nothing, Sam. The Government gives them to you. Sam, here are a pair of shoes." "What they cost me?" "Nothing, Sam. The Government gives them to you. Over there is where you go for meals." "How many meals?" "Three meals a day." "What'd I pay for board?" "Nothing, Sam. The Government pays for you." "Boss, let me get this thing right. Dese clothes mine?" "Yes." "Dese shoes mine?" "Yes, Government gives them to you." "And dey gives me three meals a day over there. De Government gives me dat?" "Yes." "Why, boss, why didn't this war begin before?"

Well, gentlemen, the war, we believe, is over, but, gentlemen, our work has just begun, and I suppose it is quite safe to say that the task which confronts us all, you, here in Canada, us in the United States, Great Britain, all the colonies and Dominions; the task, in other words, which confronts the English-speaking people of the world, is, in its way, possibly more difficult than the mighty war which has been brought to a conclusion. We are hearing now and we are going to hear more of that great idea—the League of Nations to enforce peace. It is an ideal, and

somehow an ideal is something that seems to flee from you as you move towards it. It is never easy of attainment. It is always flitting on, just a bit ahead, and I suppose it would not be an ideal if it did not. We believe in the ideal. I know you believe in it. We know that England believes in it, that France believes in it. We are hoping that when those countries meet around the peace table, when the terms of peace are finally made and the peace treaty signed, the free nations who have stood together in the great conflict will stand together until some really great and constructive and enduring plan for this league of nations is worked out. But, gentlemen, something has been already attained. I cannot but think that a certain foundation has been already laid and that it would be utter blindness—I go further—it would be criminal folly to overlook or to ignore what has been done, and that foundation exists to-day in what is the spiritual and moral union of all English-speaking peoples of the world. My friends, we might have sent ambassadors from the United States to England; you might have sent them, South Africa might have sent them, all parts of the Empire might have sent them, and they might have gathered around the table and exchanged views and talked about the desirability of a vital union between the English-speaking people of the world who hold the same interests in common, and there would not begin to have been the same inspiration to the people at home as was given by the fact that for the first time since the expansion of the English people throughout the world, every branch of them has stood together in a great fight for their common spiritual and moral possessions. Gentlemen, let us never forget that, and let us all hope, and more than that, let us all resolve that no temporary differences of opinion, no acrimony of debate, no mere selfish local interests even shall ever from now on cloud our eyes to that great fact. A unity exists to-day between the United States and Canada, between Great Britain and the United States which has never existed before in the history of the race. It has come as such things must always come, out of common suffering and common service and common blood and common sacrifice. Not as a result of the deliberations of statesmen, but from the common contribution that not only our soldiers and our sailors have made, but that the sorrowing and proud fathers and mothers have made in every part of the English-speaking world. Back of the statesmen, back

of Parliament, back of Congress, is this great mass of people who will not willingly see the great issues for which they gave their sons, and for which thousands of them have died, will not willingly see those great issues lost sight of, or the ideals for which they gave everything that made life worth living go down, even though this may be the object of any deliberations which may take place in future between the ambassadors of the various countries.

My friends, it is a union of the most vital sort. That spiritual and moral union, it comes out of the hearts of all our people. It is the one thing that endures. Do not doubt it for a moment. Why, I am not conscious in speaking to you that I have crossed an invisible line. I am saying absolutely the thing here that it would be in my heart to say in Boston or Washington, and I am sure that you have the same feeling. Gentlemen, there are some things that we must all do to keep clear and bright before our minds this greatest fact in the history of the English-speaking people, this great spiritual and moral union which exists to-day. We have to re-write to some extent some of our text books. I know we have to, in the United States. As the Archbishop of York said—and he never said a truer thing; and England could not possibly have sent more clear-sighted and more effective ambassadors of international goodwill to the United States than when they sent Mr. Balfour and the Archbishop of York—speaking in the pulpit of Trinity Church, Boston, under the very shadow, one might say, of the monument of old Bunker Hill, His Grace the Archbishop said this to a congregation which represented, I suppose, the oldest and the proudest and I am glad to believe the best that Boston has. He spoke to men, some of whose fathers had been on that Hill during that late unpleasantness. “Gentlemen, we, in England, recognize to-day that you should have had your freedom. We ought to have given it to you. We are sorry now we did not, and you were right to take it; but, gentlemen, never forget that it was English freedom that you took.” I say we have to edit some of those text books. We must bring the history of the United States, especially in its international relations, a little more up-to-date. The Battle of Bunker Hill will stay there, other things will stay there, but we shall go on a bit and we shall include the recent small Spanish war and we shall unquestionably devote a whole chapter to what occurred

in Manila Bay, when Admiral Dewey, having cleared the Spanish fleet and established his blockade of that Bay, was waiting developments. There were some English men-of-war there who observed the blockade as officers and gentlemen would. Some German ships arrived a little later on the scene and were assigned to their anchorage in accordance with the laws of blockade, an anchorage which they changed the next day. Later, the German admiral had some animated conversation with Admiral Dewey, who told him that he would either observe the rules of the blockade or if he wanted to fight he could have it at the drop of his hat, and feeling somewhat aggrieved at the brusqueness of this American sailor the German admiral went over and made a call on the English captain and laid before him his grievances and asked the captain of the English man-of-war what he would do in case of difficulty between the German admiral and Admiral Dewey. The English captain made that answer which possibly he, modest man, has forgotten, but which the one hundred million American citizens will never forget: "Admiral Dewey knows what my instructions are." And the next morning that British man-of-war was anchored in the line of the probable fire of the German shells in case an engagement was begun. Yes, there are a good many things of late date that we are going to include in our new histories of the United States. I do not know whether your text books need editing or not. I should not venture to say they did. I only want to say that some of ours do, and it is no slight matter. I cannot forget a dinner I attended at the outbreak of the war, when Professor Wiener, a Slav professor at Harvard, had just come back after having spent a few years in Germany and he brought home some of the geographies which are given to the children to study, children of eight years. One of the questions I recall was: "Describe the situation of Germany," and the answer was something like this: "Germany is an Empire in the center of Europe, surrounded by proud and usurping and ambitious enemies." The Slav professor said: "What can you expect from education like that?"

(December 6th, 1918)

MARTYRED BELGIUM

By Mlle. SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS

THANK you for your reception. It is in the name of Belgium, in the name of my country, that I thank you for it. I am very happy to stand in front of you, this noon, to speak about my country. There are many ways in which I could speak about Belgium, and the way I would prefer to do it would be to speak about my people as they are to-day, more happy than they have been for four years, with their king and their queen again among them. But I think it would be better if, instead of speaking of joy and peace and victory, I should speak about the past. In days of joy, one sometimes forgets the days of sorrow, and therefore I am going to recall those past days, especially the first year of the war. I am going to try and get you to live over with me those first months. I am going to try to make you understand the feelings of the Belgian people when the Germans violated their neutrality, took their towns and killed their people.

Belgium was a very happy little country and very prosperous. In the beginning of July, 1914, I was visiting my sister who was living near Louvain. One day we took a drive around the country and as we passed a large chateau we saw a large van in the court of the chateau, which belonged to a certain Duke who was a German. We said to some bystander: "What, is the Duke going away? What is going on here?" And we were told that the Duke was taking all his things in his van and was going over to Germany. He being a German Duke, you see, he knew in the beginning of July, 1914, that the Germans were coming to Louvain. I had a girl friend who was living in a certain boarding school very near the frontier and she wrote to her mother to come and get her as the Germans could be seen on the frontier preparing to cross. Of course, the letter never got to her mother.

At the end of July, 1914, my parents and I went to our country home which is situated about twenty miles from the fortress of Liege. At that date, the boys of the town who were in the army were going back home for a month's leave to help their parents with the harvest, so you can see how far we were from the thought of war. All of a sudden, the night between the 2nd and 3rd of August, police on horseback rode through the country in the middle of the night, knocking at each door where there was a boy or a man, calling: "Join the army to-morrow morning, in the name of the King." They knocked at every little house and farm. Next morning, we saw along the country roads the same sights as, doubtless, you have seen here; the boys going away accompanied first by their mothers, their wives, sweethearts and sisters, and then the women going back all alone, crying. All the machines and horses were taken away by our government, and then we heard of the message received by our King from Germany: "Let us pass through your country and you will be paid. If you don't let us pass, you will suffer and die." And little Belgium chose to suffer. I was playing in the garden with some dogs on the 4th of August when I heard a noise such as I had never heard before, and I called "Daddy," and Daddy and I went to the little town near by, and as we came there very clearly in the night we heard the roaring of the guns. Those women there were rolling in the streets in despair, screaming and crying, and some of them rushed to my father and asked him what it was all about, and he said: "What you hear is the voice of the country calling the men to defend it. The Germans have violated our neutrality." On our return, we found my mother crying. My brother, the only boy of the family, went with the first regiment which met the Germans, and we had received a card from him that morning, saying: "My regiment has been directed towards the frontier. It is only a bluff. The Germans won't come." But that night, at the open window, we knew it was not a bluff. Mother and I knelt there all night long and we prayed for those boys who were fighting for us. Every gunshot stabbed every one of us in the heart, for every one of them was killing one of our boys, the 30,000 little Belgian boys who were holding off 80,000 Germans, and held them for eight days, too. Next morning, my father realized that he had to be back in the capital, and as we came to the station to take the train we found

the railway line had been cut and the train was to start higher up. We went back to our country home and finally escaped next morning at four o'clock in the street car, and about twelve o'clock we arrived in the village from which we had to take the train and as we arrived in this place we saw, in the middle of the road, boards and stones and Belgian soldiers and machine guns, and they shouted to us: "Run away because the Germans are coming!" and we ran into a hut by the side of the station and pretty soon the train pulled into that station and we rushed out and jumped in and arrived in Brussels at eleven o'clock at night, and as we arrived there we saw that sight which no one who has not seen it can realize, and everybody who does see it it makes them want to do something for the war. That day, the wounded were coming into Brussels; they were being brought in by the hundreds and were being carried through a crowd of kneeling women. I made my way through the crowd, hoping to find a face I knew. One of those boys I will always remember. He had a large wound in the side of his head. He belonged to the same regiment as my brother. He was all spattered with mud, his face was very pale, and just then a young regiment passed singing the anthem, and carrying our flag, and I wish you could have seen that man's face light up, and very slowly he tried to salute, slightly raising himself. Then he fell back and his eyes rolled in his head and he died, saluting that flag.

Well, I wanted to do something for the war, so I went to the President of the Red Cross. He said: "What do you want?" I said: "I want to enlist as a nurse." When I told him my age—I was not going to tell you but somebody else has told you—he said: "You child, go back home." I said: "Can't I do anything to help?" He said: "Well, if you want to go to the kitchen and peel potatoes and wash dishes you can do that." I said: "Very well, if I can do it well that is what I want to do." So I went to the kitchen and I peeled potatoes and washed dishes and I was proud to do it. A few days afterwards, as I came to the kitchen, I heard that the ladies in charge of our storeroom had had a fuss. You see, there were ten of those ladies and each of them was trying to be the boss of the whole thing. There was another girl and myself, just two of us, and while they were fussing we went in and took charge of the whole thing. A few days later, the President of the Red Cross called

me in and said: "Young lady, you are very young." I said: "Yes, you told me that before." He said: "Well, we have changed our mind. We will now give you a training in one of our wards, and you have been assigned to Ward No. 2 in the hospital of the Palace of Justice." Maybe some of you know the Palace of Justice Hospital. The first day of the war the left wing of the Palace of Justice was changed to a hospital, and there we nursed first the Belgian soldiers and when the German wounded arrived we were obliged to nurse them for three months. After our troops had held so well at the beginning, we thought the war would be over very soon and the day before the Germans arrived in Brussels we got information that all territory toward the center of the country had been invaded, and we received word to escape. My sister arrived in Brussels that day. She had escaped with three little children and she told us the Germans were coming, that they would be there the next morning. We would not believe her, but when it was no longer possible to doubt, our heroic and beloved mayor, Mr. Max, set out to meet the Germans, and they demanded one million and a half francs. Of course, one might think that was a very small payment, but it was only the first one. After that, every month, the city of Brussels had to pay to the Germans eight million dollars, and toward the end twelve million dollars. One might naturally ask: How did you get that money? This is the way we got it. We went to the banks and our banks issued paper and whenever we had to pay we gave the paper, which was naturally not backed up by gold, so it was a false circulation, and so it all depends, at the end of the war, whether we are going to get it back or not. It all depends on the indemnity.

The Germans, when they came through Brussels, knew the names of all the important people in the city, the location of the hospitals, the banks, every street, better than we did, they had such a thorough spy service. They came to our hospital and requested our services to help the German wounded. You know what a request by a German means. It means that you are obliged to do it under penalty of death if you don't. We did nurse them as well as we could, because we tried to feel that as long as they were wounded they were not enemies any more. They killed our children and our women, and burned our towns, and we nursed them as well as we could, in a way. One man had no less

than ten women's rings, beautiful diamond rings, in his possession, and when we asked him where he got them, he laughed the most beastly laugh and said: "I just took them off the women's fingers." That man, nobody would go to. We had to send a special nurse every time he had to be taken care of. Well, the Germans marched through Brussels, took forty-two guns, and marched toward the north of France. During that time our King, the government and our troops were confined in the fortress of Antwerp. A few days after that, at nine o'clock at night, the sky became all red, and next morning the refugees came in and told us that whole cities were on fire. That is another sight you have never seen here in Canada. You are lucky. Once you see it you never forget it—the sight of refugees coming in, small, little children, running, not knowing where their daddy and mother are, old women, rich people having all their remaining possessions in a bundle, cattle running loose.

A friend of ours came and told us of the atrocities that had been committed in the pillaged cities, and I will tell you a very few of these atrocities which I know of because I have seen the people themselves. I never tell anything I have not seen myself or seen the people to whom it happened. There were two sisters who lived in that particular territory with their father, who was a very well-known gentleman. They had a brother of thirty and a little brother of sixteen. The Germans arrived and stayed in their home for eight days. On the eighth day, at night, without any reason, they ordered everybody to get out into the streets. The older brother went to the Germans and explained that his old father was dying of pneumonia and asked that he be allowed to remain indoors until he died. The Germans refused and then the son said: "Well, you can't take him. You will have to shoot me first." They took the son away and told him he was to be sent to Germany as he spoke good German, having been educated in that country. Well, when the son got back to the spot a short time after, before being deported, he found that his father had died on the street, his mother had tried to get him back to the house, but the Germans set fire to it. Then they gave the order that all women must line up on one side and the men on the other, that the women and the men must kneel down, and then they shot a machine gun over their heads and if one were to try to rise he would be shot. One woman,

looking across the street, saw her old father, who was not very well, trying in vain to get down, and she attempted to creep over and help him, when a German officer stopped her and hit her over the head with the butt end of his rifle and pulled the old man down on the ground. Then the women were told to turn to one side and they were told that if one of them dared to look the other way they would be shot, and then they began to pick out the men for deportation. After three-quarters of an hour, during which time the women were not allowed to look to see if one of those they loved had been taken, then they were told to get up and get out, and they hurried to leave the city, and looking back they saw their homes burning. Some of the refugees came to our house and cried to my father, and he went to a member of the German army, General Von Bissing, and asked him to interfere, but the General only laughed and answered that it was none of his business. After six months the old gentleman of whom I told you, who could not kneel down, was sent back from Germany with his young son, a boy of about sixteen. I went to see them when they came back. When the boy left, he had been a fine, strong boy, but after six months he was just skin and bone, that is all. His eyes seemed to be coming out of his head. He looked at me vacantly, then he shook from head to foot and ran away and hid behind his father's chair. And I said: "What is the matter with him?" And they said: "He is crazy. He is afraid that the Germans are coming to get him to take him back to Germany." Then the old gentleman told me what had happened to the men, that they had been dragged to the station, that there were a few cattle trains waiting there and all the men were taken in those trains, and the men who could not get in were shot. He said that ten young men had been shot in front of his eyes. Well, the train started, and he said that no words could describe the agony of the four days and nights standing in that train. Can anyone imagine what it would be like to stand in the same place in a train for four days and four nights, and for no reason at all was anybody allowed to step out of the train. As the train passed through the German towns the women mocked them and threw all kinds of things at them. There were seventy-five in one train who died, and the old gentleman said these words: "A civilian camp seemed like heaven after the train." After six months the old man was sent back, because they knew he had

to die. A week after he died. Out of those deported to Germany ten per cent. died, and the rest who came back came back in an awful condition. I could tell you so many of those atrocities.

A month after all this I went to Louvain, and the day I went you could smell the smell of dead bodies in the streets, and in front of my eyes they gathered up twenty bodies of civilians.

The Germans had a special system of burning, and it was a thorough one. One wondered how it happened that only walls were left standing, but the Germans carried around with them something that looked like a small coin, and they would throw these into the houses and they would explode and burn the place so thoroughly that only the walls would be left standing. They went to my sister's house and they burned it, taking all the things of value over to Germany. A maid was employed in my sister's house, and she lived in a little house near the gate of the garden and when she heard the Germans coming she ran away into the woods, but when they were burning the house she came back. She spoke German perfectly, and when she came along she saw ten machines all around my sister's house and she asked what they were going to do with all the things and they said they were going to take them to Germany, so the maid asked if they would mind if she took a little statue of which my sister was particularly fond, and they said: "No, you cannot take anything, because everything belongs to us." She saw that they were even taking a portrait of my sister, and she said: "What is the use of that to you? Why are you taking such a thing as that to Germany? And they said: "You are mistaken. After the war the husband of that lady will pay to get his wife's picture back from Germany." They intended to get much money from the Belgians after the war, but we will get it from them instead.

I went around Antwerp after the bombardment. There were soldiers all around, and as we travelled farther we found in one place just four houses left standing. In another place they burned the town, killed over 650 people in the streets with machine guns. We knew a family, father, mother, four children, and of the whole family just the baby was left alive, because the Germans did not know it was in the house because it was upstairs sleeping. Of those 650 people who were shot there were two hundred little children. You can go to the cemetery there and see two hundred little monuments, innocent little victims of the war—little chil-

dren. You men here, can you imagine little children in front of you crying for life, crying for life in front of a man—a man? No. Not a man worthy of that name. No. A beast! Those Germans took pleasure in making people suffer. They made men dig their own graves. My brother came to a farm one day and found a girl pinned to a chair with a bayonet and a child on the ground, dead, in front of her. The Germans tried all they could to make the Belgian people suffer, so as to break down our spirit, but I want to say this to you, that even if they had stayed in Belgium a hundred years, even if they had killed every single one of us, if they had taken the last drop of blood, the Belgian spirit would still be alive. The Belgian people, in order to keep up their spirit, they joked and laughed all the time. When we are sad it does not pay, in this world, to cry. You know, "weep and you weep alone." And that is why the Belgian people did not want the Germans to know they were suffering, so they told jokes from morning to night. One of those jokes was that we called the Germans pigs. That was too good a name for them, but they answered to the call. One day, somebody in a street car saw a regular pig passing and he said: "Look at the cute little pig," and a German officer strode over to him and said: "What did you call me for?" A few Germans were in a market place one day and they wanted to be weighed, but the scale was broken, so one of the stallkeepers said: "I can tell you how much you weigh—you weigh about 250 pounds, and you weigh 260 pounds, etc." And the Germans said to him: "How do you know?" And he said: "I have been in the pig business all my life." Down in the south of Belgium they were trying to get all the Belgian men in the City Hall to work for them, and one Belgian man came along and said: "I will do any work you want me to do." The Germans said: "That is fine, my man. What is your specialty?" He said: "I am a gravedigger." You know we were not allowed, in Belgium, to do anything we wanted to do, and when Italy was triumphant at one time we were not allowed to wear the Italian flag, but we wore a piece of macaroni, instead.

The way we got the news in Belgium was this way. A man walks up to you in the street and he says: "I have got the 'Times' from England. If you are the right man meet me on such and such a corner." You go to the next corner and if there are too many there you get in a doorway, then you open your coat, he

opens his, he puts the paper in and you slip some money in his hand. It is carried by a ship to Holland, and then they get dogs to go over the frontier with the papers, and there are men on the other side who meet the dogs and take the papers. Sometimes those dogs are killed. The papers come very expensive. One pays sometimes fifty and eighty francs, \$10 or \$15, to get the news, and this will show you that we would rather pay \$10 or \$15 for English news than five cents for German lies. You know this: "What is a lie?" "It is a 'Huntruth'." That's an old one. An Englishman was once sent out to No Man's Land to bury the bodies of forty German dead, and when he came back to the trenches they asked him how he did the work so quickly, and he said he had dug one large hole and put them all in together. And he said one of the Germans had called out: "Don't bury me! I am still alive!" His comrades said to him: "What did you do?" He said: "Well, they are such liars I did not believe him." We issued a paper free in Belgium and for four years the Germans tried to find out who was responsible for it. They imprisoned people and punished people, but every day the paper was issued.

After the capture of the fortress of Antwerp two hundred German wounded and twenty Belgian soldiers were brought in, and soon we thought it would be a good thing if we allowed the Belgian soldiers to escape, so we allowed all the wounded who could walk to escape. We dressed them in civilian clothes and they left in the middle of the night. The Germans did not see a thing. Next day the German officers came and asked us where they were and we said we did not know where they were, and that was true because we did not know where they were at that particular moment, so they shut all the nurses up in a room and we were guarded by a man with a revolver in his hand but we were not a bit scared, because we thought it was great to die for Belgium. At twelve o'clock they let us go because they thought it would be an expensive business to kill us all, and then we were needed. But after they had released us they changed their minds and again issued an order for our arrest, but we stayed at home, hiding in cellars for a few days, and after that, when it had all blown over, we took charge of the little children in Belgium. I had charge of two hundred and fifty little children, and it is about those little children that I want to say just one word to

you now. If you could just think of them as they are probably lined up, as it is nearly six o'clock in Belgium, lined up waiting in the cold for their second meal. They know at the end of the waiting there will be a little bit of bread or biscuit, some soup or milk, and you can hear many of them whisper: "It is Canada sending this. It is the United States who are sending." Those little children have been taught the name of Canada by their mothers and fathers. You have done such a lot for us in Canada, and in the name of Belgium I want to thank you for it.

After a year I had to leave them as I had to go. Conditions in Belgium, insufficient food and the worry about my brother and also my rage at seeing the Germans around so weakened me that I had to leave. The doctor said if I stayed in Belgium I would probably not live a month. The Germans at first refused me a passport, but father had a way with the Germans. He always said that if you bullied them you could get something at the end, so after some delay they said I could get a passport if I would pay for it—you always have to pay to get anything from the Germans. After a few days I went to get my passport at the German quarters. I was shown into a long room at the end of which were sitting a lot of Germans. One of them got up and came to me and asked for the money, and he said: "Young lady, you are going to leave Belgium. Well, now you must leave Belgium, and you will never see your father again. As long as this is Germany you can never come back or you will be shot, and this will always be Germany." And the officer said to me (this was in October, 1915): "By Christmas we will be in England, and soon we will have the rest of the world." On that day, when they said this to me about not seeing my father again, when I thought of the British and the French, and of your navy, then I was comforted. I knew, as my father said when England came into the war: "Now we are sure of the end. The British navy has never been beaten." I left mother. She blessed me. I drove all through Belgium and came to the Belgian frontier, where they said my passport was no good as my picture was not straight on it. I spoke some German at the time, as I studied German instead of English at school, but I lost my time. Finally, however, I got things arranged. Daddy waved to me at the frontier, and I have not seen him since. The last news I had from them was last May. A little piece of paper came through

and it said this: "Dear children, we are well, but thin," and that meant a lot, that last word. Since then, I have not heard, and now I am waiting every minute to hear. As soon as I hear I will go home to my father and mother again. I travelled all through Holland and crossed over to England. As I came on the ship that morning, I had my first experience of English. I was handed a menu as I sat down at table, all in English. I looked it over and pointed to eggs and bacon, without knowing what was coming, but after I had eaten it I was so happy that I ordered it all day long. I arrived in Cambridge where I was to join my sister who had left Belgium in October, 1914. Her husband had been sent to Cambridge University, so I joined her there. Somehow, she missed me at the station and I arrived at 11 o'clock at night and the stationmaster called a hansom cab for me. That was the first time I had seen a carriage of this kind and I sat down in it and began, naturally, to reserve a place for the driver. The cab started and still no driver. I thought that must be the English custom, to start a cab and then the driver would jump in, so I edged up to give him still more room, and still no driver. Then I began to think that the horses were taking me of their own accord to the stables, and I was just about to pick up the reins to turn the horses back to the station and try to find the man who owned the cab when I heard the man clucking to the horses, and looking through the little window I discovered my driver perched up above me.

Next day, I went to college to study English and two months later I got a letter from my brother, who was at Columbia University but who is now at the University of California, to come to America. He said it was a wonderful country. So I came to America and I have been there ever since. My first talk in Canada I gave at the Women's Canadian Club, in Monteal, and this is my last talk in Canada and I am glad it is also before the Men's Canadian Club. I want you to remember me not as myself, but as a Belgian who came to you to ask you not to forget our country. I had wonderful news this morning. I have heard that Quebec has not done a lot for the war, but I talked there and this morning I got a telegram to the effect that they had collected a thousand dollars after my talk for Belgian relief, which I thought was very wonderful. I am going to leave you now, but before I leave you I want to mention the name of Cardinal Mercier

who said that he might come to you here to talk to you in a very short time, and I know you will love him as all Belgians do, and I want to mention all the unknown heroes of Belgium, many of whose names are not known but who did heroic deeds for our country.

(December 9th, 1918)

NEW CONDITIONS AND NEW PROBLEMS

By SIR JOHN WILLISON

IN the presence of Lord Atholstan, I disclaim any title to the position as the most eminent of Canadian journalists. As to any other distinction which your Chairman has ascribed to me, I think of the boy who attended Sunday school. The lesson was from the words: "Enoch was not, for God took him," but when the boy got home and he was asked the text of his lesson, he said: "Enoch was not what God took him for." But I trust, gentlemen, that you will be able to hear me. I am trying to speak as distinctly as possible, although I know my voice does not carry too well. A few weeks ago I was in Boston and I met a man who told me he had been present at a meeting where the speaker had been speaking at Victory Loan meetings down State, and he told them that at the back of the hall a man was continually rising and shouting: "Louder, louder," and finally a man rose from the front seats and said: "Sit down, you damn fool. If you were up here where I am you would be glad you cannot hear this man." Now, just one other word by way of introduction and that is this, that it is comforting to escape, occasionally, from a dry belt into an irrigated district. They tell me that during the last two months there has been an enormous increase in travel from Ontario to Montreal. People come to Montreal now with far greater pleasure than before, and go home more reluctantly. As for myself, I venture to subscribe to that statement.

The subject on which I want to speak to-day, as your Chairman has said, is "New Conditions and new Problems in Canada." The war is over. The seas are free and we mean to keep them free. The world is safe for democracy, so far as war can make the world safe for democracy. We now have to prove that the

world is safe under democracy, and that we are worthy of the sacrifices which have been made in our behalf.

What is the immediate situation in Canada? In a few weeks or months, between 300,000 and 350,000 workmen, who have been engaged in munition factories and upon war contracts, will have to seek other employment. As many soldiers will return from Europe and will have to be re-established in civil life. If we count the dependents of soldiers and of war workers, between one and a half and two million people, in a population of eight million, will be vitally affected by the cessation of hostilities. When the war began the public debt of Canada was \$336,000,000. It is now one billion two hundred million. The greatest revenue we have ever raised in a single year was \$173,000,000. Hereafter, we shall have to raise between \$300,000,000 and \$350,000,000. For the year 1914 the total value of the exports of Canada in manufactured products was \$57,000,000. For the last fiscal year the total was \$660,000,000. The increase was over one thousand per cent. The aggregate value of the manufactures of Canada in 1915 was one billion four hundred million. The estimated aggregate value for the last fiscal year was two billion. Our export trade which, before the war, probably did not exceed five per cent. of the total products of Canadian factories, has risen to six times that proportion. The total imports for consumption are now valued at nine hundred and fifty millions. If half of this total represented manufactured commodities and the full demand for imported manufactures could be met by Canadian factories at prevailing prices, the aggregate amount would fall one hundred million below the foreign business which the war brought to Canada. It is said that we have absorbed in Canada, in a single year, between three and four hundred thousand immigrants. That is true enough, but there is a qualification and a condition. Immigrants can be satisfactorily absorbed only in times of prosperity. In seasons of adversity, a flood of immigration creates unemployment and grave social problems and aggravates the ever-popular impulse to unrest and agitation.

Without interpretation and explanation, these figures and statements might cause uneasiness and alarm, but that is not my purpose. Three factors have contributed to the remarkable results achieved in Canada during the war. These were organiza-

tion, co-operation and production, and these factors are the factors that will maintain prosperity in Canada during the era of reconstruction to carry the country steadily, inevitably and triumphantly to greater achievements in the future, but it is vital that we should have confidence, that employers and employed should co-operate, that between the farm and the factory there should be sympathy and understanding, and that from the government at Ottawa we should have decision and energy and action. Sir, there should be immediate co-operation between the governments and the municipalities to determine what public works are necessary, and to get these contracts and works under construction as the necessities of labor require. There should be like co-operation to relieve the scarcity of houses and ensure that housing will be adequate when the soldiers return. This seems now to be assured, however. There should be prompt resumption of work on the Welland Canal and other public undertakings, and to this the Government is committed. There should be immediate plans made and carried out to reclaim waste lands, extend irrigation, build necessary highways and possibly certain branches of the overseas service could be wisely employed in some of these ways. The railways should improve their equipment and roadbed, there should be energetic development of water powers on the St. Lawrence and elsewhere. Land grants to soldiers should be expedited and we should, in addition, establish a system of cash credit for many veterans who have lost their old connections and must face a hard struggle in the near future if the state does not offer temporary assistance and support.

I will illustrate what I mean. In Battleford, two men went to the war. One was a farmer or was engaged about a farm and the other was a harness maker. Both served honorably, were discharged and returned to Battleford. One approached a soldiers' settlement commission and was told he could have from such land as was available a free grant of 160 acres and \$2,500 for necessary improvements under certain essential conditions. The harness maker's business had gone to pieces, he had reached middle life, he had nothing to start life again with and for him the government could do absolutely nothing. Now, I know how difficult the problem is, and I know how easily we may create conditions which might give us infinite confusion and trouble, but it does seem to me that since many cases of that kind will

arise, that we must have, under the best regulations that we can devise, some system of cash credits, as well as assistance for soldiers who go upon the land. Every undertaking should be a permanent national investment, employing labor in the meantime, but also improving the national estate and increasing national efficiency. If the country can be carried safely through the next six months, I honestly believe that we shall enter upon a long period of expansion and prosperity in Canada. Great responsibilities lie upon the government at Ottawa and I am not as yet willing to agree that they will be unequal to the situation. If we can maintain the exports of Canada at four hundred or five hundred millions of dollars a natural balance between agriculture and industry would be established and we could bear, without excessive strain, the burden which the war has laid upon the country. If we stop to think, we will understand that during the last four years the whole fabric of Canada, the very life of agriculture and of labor, have rested upon the industries, upon the financial institutions and upon the transportation companies. If we had not had such a tremendous return from war contracts, such extraordinary industrial activity and production could not have been carried on, and we could not have raised the huge amounts necessary to equip and maintain our army. We could not have produced from the farms in the West and of the older provinces wheat, oats, hay, cheese and other products for shipment to Great Britain and the other allied armies. Instead of excess profits from industry, out of which we have collected millions for patriotic purposes, we would have had general industrial stagnation. Think if that is not true, and consider if the facts do not suggest what is the sound national policy for the future. The huge war debt we cannot escape, but in proportion as the industries are prosperous, labor employed at good wages, merchants are busy, building flourishes and the taxable power of the country maintained and increased, as there is a steady and profitable demand for products, money is available for farm improvements and for general national development. You cannot have depression in the industrial centers and prosperity in the agricultural districts. That, I believe, is established by all the facts in this country and in every other country. Usually, a greater burden of taxation falls upon workmen and farmers. This has been backed up by huge contributions from the industries to war

revenue. Remember that the war has developed new systems of taxation. If there has been profiteering, in my own judgment, the degree of profiteering that has prevailed in Canada has been very greatly exaggerated. There have been many heavy taxes laid upon industrial and financial corporations for war purposes. In connection with profiteering, it brings to my mind the experience of the United States during the Civil War. During that war, all the charges of profiteering and so forth were made that were made in Canada, and those familiar with American history know that with very few exceptions the judgment of history is that those charges were not established. I believe that will be the judgment of Canada when all the facts are known. No doubt this excess taxation will continue, although if this taxation is so heavy as to prevent expansion and impair the reserve for labor only mischief can result. Taxation of profits and taxation of income are legitimate, but taxation of capital is perhaps the very worst form of taxation that was ever devised. Capital is never idle. It is the only thing that can expand and develop the production in the country. We talk loosely of the profits of corporate enterprise, but we forget that it is responsible for all national efficiency and production. A partnership established between the state and capital, under wise regulations, can guarantee good wages, low cost of production and fair prices to the public and it is doubtful if there can be efficiency with cheap labor or low prices without high production.

It is generally and universally admitted that there is now a great scarcity of raw materials. The nation, therefore, which best guards its raw materials will make the greatest advances in expansion and prosperity in the days ahead. It is legitimate that we should import factories, rather than that we should export raw materials, and it is desirable that we should have immigration into Canada rather than we should emigrate out of Canada. Industrial capital from abroad brings skilled workmen, and skilled workmen and farmers are the best classes we can bring into the country.

What is the alternative to conservation of our natural resources and development of our raw materials in Canada? We are situated as is no other country in the world. That is not merely an oratorical, after-dinner statement. That is a fact. In Europe, movement of population from one country to the

other is affected by differences of language, customs and social considerations, but in North America men pass naturally across the boundary and, except that they change their political relationship, Canadians are almost as much at home across the line as they are in Canada, aside from political considerations. Therefore, we must either manufacture raw materials of Canada within the country, thus employing labor, providing local markets for merchandise and strengthening the national future, or the sons of Canada will follow these raw materials out of the country, establish themselves in American industrial centres, and more and more, from year to year, the national burden will become heavier and the issues of the great political experiment in which we are engaged become more doubtful and uncertain. Every sound national and economic reason demands that the raw materials of Canada shall be manufactured in Canada and that the Canadian people be protected in the possession of their natural inheritance. It seems hardly necessary to emphasize the advantages of home manufacture of raw materials. About twenty years ago, in Ontario, an agitation began to prohibit the export of saw logs. The Liberal Government, with much trepidation, finally passed a resolution to prohibit the export of saw logs, with the result that new communities sprang up in the North, labor was employed, markets provided for local farms and a great increase of revenue resulted from that act of the Provincial Government, and no one in Ontario, no matter what may be his political creed or his fiscal faith, would be willing to see the old conditions restored. This should later be followed by restrictions on pulp-wood. The value of the wood exported from Canada was eight million dollars for the last fiscal year, an export value of nearly forty million dollars after it was manufactured into paper, and from this one sees at a glance what this would have meant in the employment of labor and the expenditure of money in Canada. We should respect existing contracts, but all that can be done should be done to ensure future manufacture of raw materials within the Dominion. It is declared that from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the total production of asbestos is mined in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, but only a short time ago not a single fibre of this production was manufactured in Quebec or any other part of Canada. In 1915, which was a year of small production in Canada, only 114,000 pounds was produced. The price

paid for raw product was \$3,500,000, and the finished product made from the quantity of fibre exported was valued at \$70,000,000. Why should this fibre go out of Canada in the raw state? Why should we not take the necessary measures to encourage the manufacture of it in the country?

Frozen meat is the great industry of New Zealand. We are closer to Great Britain than is New Zealand and yet New Zealand has secured tremendous prosperity through the development of the frozen meat industry, with the additional advantage of keeping up production. I was told by the Commissioner of Agriculture from Ontario, who came back from England a few weeks ago, that the British Minister of Agriculture said to him: "Go home, and use all your efforts to encourage the development of the frozen meat trade. In no other way could Canada now secure such a uniform steady market in foreign countries." Just as Great Britain accepted our bacon when we bred, fed and cured it properly, so our beef would be taken if we sent it over in like condition. Certain preferential conditions are being considered, and the certain result would be to bring factories to Canada and give us great advantages in exporting to Britain and perhaps foreign countries, and as exports expand shipping accommodation will increase and improve.

It is not my purpose, to-day, to discuss the illimitable demand from the ravaged nations of the old world for machinery and uncounted articles during the years of reconstruction, and the necessity for immediate and adequate organization to secure for the Dominion a partnership in the building of Europe. That cannot be done without the loyal and zealous co-operation of the Government and banking institutions, and as necessary, or even more necessary is the active organization of the industries of the country to assure that the assistance given by the Government and banking institutions shall not be wasted, shall not fail. The great idea is to develop a great export trade. The government is establishing a trade mission in London, similar to the War Munitions Board, to secure orders from allied countries, but a far greater degree of sub-division and standardization will be essential if the manufacturers are to be as successful in export trade as they have been in the manufacture of munitions. In the United States the war turned many manufacturers to sub-division and standardization, and the result, in almost every instance, was to increase

profits to the manufacturer and reduce prices to the public. It is understood that the credits necessary to successful export trade will be provided by the banks and the government in co-operation with the manufacturer, and there are evidences, too, very satisfactory evidences, that organized labor will be in full sympathy with the manufacturer in an endeavor to increase exports. It is plain, also, that it is vital to the efficiency of Canadian industries and the better utilization of Canadian raw materials that we should have a national research institute, and adequate post-graduate facilities at one or two of the universities. It seems to be certain that a Research Institute at Ottawa will be established, or elsewhere, resembling the Bureau of Standards at Washington. It is necessary, too, that we should have universities in which scientific workers can secure training equal to that available in the United States and elsewhere; and it is desirable, also, that grants of money be available for any of the universities which desire to investigate special conditions and problems peculiar to the districts in which they are situated, or exciting the particular interest of scientific workers in these institutions. It is further necessary that large industries with common problems be organized and take advantage of research opportunities. Few industries in Canada are equal to independent research and with small expenditure no adequate results can be obtained. In the United States the manufacturers have united readily and even eagerly for research. I had a long talk, a few days ago, with Mr. Stratton of the Bureau of Standards at Washington and he commented on the remarkable readiness with which American manufacturers united for research into common problems of their industry, and I think I see most encouraging signs that the same disposition begins to prevail among the manufacturers of Canada. As yet, unfortunately, there is no assurance that any of the universities can be equipped with facilities necessary to the best training of scientific workers, but it is of high national consequence that such facilities should be provided, and I am disposed to think that it is characteristic of the Canadian people, that when the need becomes felt and pronounced, that the remedy is provided.

Alberta furnishes a striking illustration of the value of the practical application of science to natural conditions and natural resources. In Southern Alberta there was a great scarcity of water, although a geological survey reported that within a radius

of 500 square miles there was plenty of artesian water seven hundred feet below the surface, but the sinking of a well was expensive, at least \$5,000 having to be spent, and very few farmers could afford it. Finally, through the persistent action of the President of the Lethbridge Board of Trade, the government at Ottawa was induced to appropriate \$15,000 for this work and water was discovered exactly as predicted, and there are now fifteen flowing wells in that country, and a well can be sunk, as a result of the first experiment, for \$1,500 instead of \$5,000, and the benefits are incalculable. That is the sort of work which a government ought to engage in.

A few years ago there was a wild oil movement in Calgary. Millions of dollars were put into oil stocks and many investors were ruined. It seems to me that when oil was first reported the government could wisely have withdrawn the district from public exploitation. One or two test wells could have been sunk to determine the exact conditions, and, subject to private rights, the land could then have been re-opened to exploitation and occupation, and failing to find oil credulous investors would have been protected against themselves. It is reported that in Southern Saskatchewan there is a district of high-grade clays suitable for the manufacture of stoneware, etc. I agree with a member of the House of Commons, for Regina, who said that one returned soldier making a single piece of pottery out of that clay is worth more to Canada than all the fire-eating speeches ever delivered by the bigots in Parliament. A friend of mine who combines much enthusiasm with a great deal of practical knowledge, declares that there is coal and iron in Edmonton and that that place will some day be the Pittsburg of Canada. It may be so or it may not, but why should we not have actual knowledge instead of speculation and prediction? Are we developing the Atlantic and Pacific fisheries with wisdom and energy and to the maximum of local opportunities? Do we know the country in which we live? Are we guarding and developing its resources as we should? Can we not set aside the old quarrels and set ourselves with energy and intelligence to the problems which are vital to our expansion, to our prosperity, unity and salvation as a commercial and political commonwealth?

There is vital need, also, for understanding and co-operation between employers and employed. The war has humanized

capital and exalted labor. In Great Britain and, in a lesser degree, in the United States, employers are forming industrial councils upon which the workmen have representation, and which confer upon all questions affecting working and living conditions, and consider projects for the common advantage. One can give many illustrations of the high degree of success which has been obtained, by these attempts to bring labor and capital closer together. The great advantage of these measures is to ensure continuity of employment to workmen, a steady supply of labor, and the high production which is assured through mutual sympathy and co-operation cannot be exaggerated. The chief object of employers should be to ensure continuity of employment, and with the assurance of continuous employment workmen should agree to recognition of efficiency and leadership as vital to production. By high production, labor is benefited, profits assured and the conditions of living for all classes are improved. There is no greater fallacy than that labor benefits by the reduction of output, and there is no greater source of loss to employers than continuous changes in the payroll. It is declared by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, that he looked into the conditions of one of the great industries employing 28,000 men, and that this industry hired and discharged that many men in a single year, and that during 1917, as a result of his personal investigation, fifty-seven plants in Detroit took on and let out two and a half times as many men as they carried on their payroll. There is blame somewhere and it does seem to me that if employers and employees would sit down around the common table, a greater continuity of work would be assured and great benefits would accrue alike to labor and capital. Lord Milner said that all the machinery of industrial conciliation, of boards and committees, important and necessary as they were, were not so important as the spirit of fellowship of men among different classes meeting together constantly to discuss, in a fraternal way, the difficulties they had to face in common and the difficulties which united and divided them. That spirit of fellowship, he said, was more important than any machinery in the world. I want to quote from the words of Dr. E. G. Dillon, who has the degree of Professor of Oriental Languages from the University at Petrograd, and in all that concerns Russia he speaks with much authority, as much authority as any man living. I quote this because it seems to me that

in the collapse and ruin of Russia we may read lessons which should set the world thinking in these tremendous days:

"Not ten per cent. of the factories of Russia are working at the present time. Industry is practically at a standstill, because under the system of the Bolsheviks the factories were seized by the workmen who have no capital to carry on the industries. Many workmen got a great deal of money. What happened was that they took the money and used it upon themselves and the things they were interested in and wanted to spend it for and then there was none left. There is nothing left, now. Economically, it is absolutely impossible for the Bolshevik government and their system of running things to last."

One does not easily believe that even the best efforts of all the people will forever end war between nations, nor can one hope that any machinery can be devised that will summarily end the long war between labor and capital. I remember when Gadias spoke to Herod of the coming of Christ to establish a heavenly kingdom among the people of Jerusalem, how Herod said:

"I hear a whispering of some new King,
A child that is to sit where I am sitting....
And he shall charm and smoothe, and breathe and bless.
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air....
And he shall still that old sob of the sea.
Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields
Shall without labor unto harvest come."

But Gadias answered: "No:—
The malady is too old and too long rooted.
The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,
Madness and death are not as ills that she
Contracted, but are in her bones and blood."

But I hope that we are moving on; that we are getting nearer the hill-top, and if we have sympathy and co-operation between classes, between farm and factory, between employer and workman, between east and west; if we endeavor to understand one another's problems, if we endeavor to have faith that the other man is as patriotic as we are, we will have, in the years to come, as a result of all these vicissitudes through which we have passed, a greater and a better and a happier Canada.

(December 16th, 1918)

THE ATTITUDE OF THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE TOWARDS GERMANY, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By MR. PETER WRIGHT
(President of the British Seamen's Union)

THIS, your first action, demonstrates to me how this world has changed quite recently. Not many years ago, I look back upon the time when I might expect a volley of stones instead of cheers. On behalf of Mr. Havelock Wilson, my chief, and one of the most able leaders in the United Kingdom, and of the Seamen of Great Britain, I desire to express to you my heartfelt thanks for the welcome which you have given us, and I would also like to express my gratitude to the Navy League who have helped and aided us during the last twelve months so nobly to bring succor and relief to our men. Personally, I have the highest admiration for the Navy League in Great Britain because during the last fourteen years they have fought in season and out of season to demonstrate to the public and statesmen in Great Britain that it was absolutely essential for Britain to retain the master hand on the seven seas. It was their agitation in bringing information to the electorate that strengthened the weak vertebræ of some of our statesmen and stiffened their knees at times of trial. Scores of men in Great Britain who have been most successful during the war felt that there would never be any more war; that we were coming into a millennium, when every sword would be made up into a ploughshare, but, due to the agitation of the Navy League, Mr. McKenna, in 1910, in spite of opposition, drafted and passed a naval programme which was completed in 1914, and which was very largely the means of bringing us victorious at the end of this war. It may be interesting to you

to know that in 1914 the total tonnage of the British Navy was two and a half million tons; in 1918 it was six million and a half tons. In 1914 the personnel was 146,000. To-day, it is 406,000.

Gentlemen, as an old seaman, I feel grateful to the Navy for what they have done, not only now but in the days of Queen Elizabeth, of Louis XIV, in the days of Napoleon, and now in the days of dirty Kaiser Bill they have saved liberty, democracy and civilization. I know that you will agree with me that even Canada, with all her greatness and all the hidden potentialities within your land, would be of very little use if it were not for the Motherland and all the ties attached thereto. Admiral Tirpitz, not long ago, with his dirty whiskers, said, only in March last: "I will bring them down to their knees, and then I will have the navy, and with our navy and theirs we will go to the United States of America and we will get what we want." Some of the people tell you, now you have beaten the Kaiser, to shake hands with them. I tell you, if the Hun had beaten us we would have been down on our knees for the next two or three centuries. They would have exacted the very necessities of life, every vital thing, every fibre and tissue from the present generation and from generations to come within the next three or four centuries. Thank God it did not come off, very largely due to our gallant heroes who fought and stood like a living dam between the Hun and the powers fighting for civilization. Due also to our naval men who in season and out of season, during the last four years, fighting with the winds and the waves against tremendous odds and terrible difficulties, stood to their guns and faced all difficulties, and as a result of the Tommy and the Blue Jacket and the gallant officers attached to these forces, we claim to be on top to-day. We of the merchant marine have done our bit in our humble way in spite of the fact that prior to this war a seaman or a fireman or a ship's officer was looked upon as an ordinary common commodity. Not long ago, I went steerage in a boat and there was a sign: "Sailors, soldiers and dogs, ten bob." Things have changed since then. The Empire has realized that seamen are great men, in spite of their shortcomings they are great. You know, in 1914, I remember Havelock Wilson, crippled to-day, as a result of his laborious efforts, gathered together the whole of his executive and he said: "Look here, men, we are at war. You and I know the difference between living under the

Hun and living under Great Britain. I want you to give me a pledge that until the Hun is beaten we will do all we can and have no stoppage, whatever the grievances may be." Our men, to-day, can claim that we are the only organization in Great Britain who has never had a stoppage of any kind during the period that we were at war. I want to explain to you that seamen, by their very avocation and training, are well-informed men. Seamen have received that university education which comes from coming into contact with all sorts and conditions of men and having a thorough grasp of all the various conditions existing in the countries at which they touch.

In spite of all the difficulties—and there have been many—there is no other nation under the canopy of the heavens where the workers enjoy the liberty that we enjoy here to-day. I know the conditions in Germany. I have been in the clink in Germany, in Russia and in Belgium for trying to do what I would be at liberty to do at home. Well, we went to war and there were 2,000 German seamen in our ships, and Wilson said to me: "Look here, Peter, there are 4,000 of our seamen interned in Germany, and I want you to do the best you can for those men we have here, because they are not Huns, they are like our own men." Well, I had my doubts. I was rather sceptical, but I said: "What do you want me to do?" He said: "I want you to buy an estate, as a trustee, harbor these seamen and look after them for the period of the war." Well, I went to see Mr. Asquith, who was then Premier, and he allowed me the liberty to intern all these men in our own camp and look after them for the period of the war. I paid \$85,000 for an estate and we did all we could for these men. Well, we went on and the Hun was pretty fair to start. I remember the first big ship they sank. The captain was a fair sport. He sank about seventy of our ships after that but he acted like a man and he went out for a clean bill every time. When he sank a ship he gave orders for his men to see that the crew was looked after and transferred to one of the colliers. Well, this went on and dirty Billy could see that things did not go as he thought they ought, so he got hold of Whisker Tirpitz and he said: "Look here, Tirpitz, you told me that this war would be all over in six months, didn't you? Well, it does not look like it to me." And Tirpitz said: "Give me a free hand to disregard all international rules and regulations, and let me have

my own way for six months and everything will be in apple-pie order." Bill said: "Go ahead. I will give you a free hand. Do as you like." Well, what did he do? He got hold of a newspaper reporter and he said: "Look here, I intend to sink everything that I can lay my hands on next month." And he did, and then we came in for all the knock-out blows. We had no guns. I went to Kitchener and asked him to supply us with guns. I told him it was mighty hard lines to fight a U-boat with only a spike as a weapon. He said: "Our men are fighting in the trenches without guns and every gun that we can manufacture must go to that Western front to stem the Hun and stop him getting into Paris." Well, we fought, and what did the Hun do? He started on our fishermen—and they have done great work. They have been the backbone of our navy. They knew every corner and creek round our coastline. I do not know what the navy would have done without those men. They started mine-sweeping, patrolling and guarding the British Isles. As a beginning, the Germans sank three trawlers. Well, that is reasonable, is it not? You cannot have it all your way when you are having a scrap. But after the men got out of the trawlers into a little bit of a cockleshell, the dirty, filthy Hun put his machine guns on them and killed these men, filled them with lead. Now we say that is not playing the game. Then the question arose, what were we going to do? For the last ten years the German labor leaders have been trying to camouflage the whole of the European and American democracy, stating that they wanted to create a millennium, that there would be no more war, and that in the event of war there would be an international downfall of politics. We, as an organized body, were allied to the International Transport Federation, and—you know the cuteness of the Hun—the head office was in Berlin. The international secretary was in Berlin. Wilson said to me: "Look here, Peter, you must drop a line to this bloke," and I did. I had met him in Berlin, I had spoken for him, although I did not like the twinkle in his eye. I knew what was at the back of these fellows. They did not believe in peace. They wanted world domination, even the Social Democrats. I wrote him a letter asking him to be kind enough to appeal to the military powers and ask them to play the game. I said: "We do not mind your sinking our ships, but for the Lord's sake, don't be so cowardly as to hit our men out, kill them and drown them when

they are in the boats." Well, you know how he replied, and if any of you doubt my statement, I have in my bedroom here the actual correspondence. The reply was as follows: "We have held a meeting of all the principal labor leaders in Berlin and we are of the opinion that on no account can we interfere with naval or military matters,"—but here is the crowning piece,—"and we consider that the commanders of the U-boats were justified in every crime that they committed."

Mind you, there are men in Canada who will tell you that it is not the average man or woman in Germany who feels this way, that they are peaceful, that they have no enmity against us, that it is only Kaiser Bill and his gang. We, as seamen, attack the whole nation. All of the labor leaders supported the German government in their dirty work. When the war started they collared 4,000 of our blokes, and what did they do? They shaved every hair off their heads, cut off half of their mustaches and whiskers, and exhibited them in public places to be spat at by women. Twelve months after they were there they transferred them to a camp which was filled with Russian people suffering from acute tuberculosis, and all our men were compelled to be huddled with these cases. What was the result? Eighty per cent. of these four thousand men are in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. People say: "Why don't you shake hands with them?" Well, you may, but we won't.

I have told you how we treated these German seamen. We supplied them with concerts and speakers every week. I went down in that week when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and I remember following Wilson down to that large dining hall, larger than this hall, and he said: "Men, I am extremely sorry to tell you that five hundred of your fellow members have been brutally murdered by the U-boat. As a result of that, we cannot possibly hold the concert we had planned, because I am broken-hearted." I naturally expected that one of these men—because some of them had been in our ships twenty to twenty-five years—would get up and say: "On behalf of our men here, I want to express my horror at the foul deed," but not a word, not a single sentence of regret was spoken. The moment that Wilson and I left that dining hall they started singing "*The Watch on the Rhine*," and then they shouted "*Deutschland über alles*," and they kept that up in wild madness till four o'clock the following morning. Wilson said to

me: "After that, I wipe my hands clear of the dirty hounds," and I went to the Home Office in London and told the Home Secretary and the military authorities to take these men over and deal with them in an effective way, as they deserved.

They went on sinking hospital ships. I remember the "Portugal" in the Black Sea, and one in the English Channel. Our authorities were pretty cute by this time, and we used to mix the Hun with our wounded, half and half, so that in the event of a U-boat sinking a hospital ship Fritz would get his share as well as our men. Well, there were three hundred of our men and two hundred were walking cases and a hundred were cot cases, and there was a similar number of the Hun on board the "Portugal." At 4.30 in the morning, in spite of that international code, that honor among seamen, which for four centuries has never been broken by any nation, not even the Turk at sea, these codes of honor and chivalry were besmirched and defiled by the dirty, filthy Hun. These ships were painted white, pure white, lights at both ends. The very moment the torpedo struck our officers told the men to stand at attention and there all the walking cases, in spite of their wounds, stood like heroes ready to go down into eternity, ready to obey the command. What did the Hun do? He made a mad rush for the life-boats until our officers said: "Get back, you dirty dogs, or I'll shoot you where you stand." Then they got down on their knees, calling on God. Some of them got into the life-boats, the life-boats capsized while in the water and they were trying to get on top of each other. The Huns fired on the lifeboats filled with cot cases, men who were unable to move. Gentlemen, they have been guilty of some of the most dastardly deeds ever recorded in the annals of history. I remember another case where one of our ships was torpedoed and our men went into the lifeboats. They were not very far off when the U-boat came up alongside and ordered the men to get on board. Then they smashed the life-boat, ordered the men to put aside their life-belts and then threw them into the water at the mercy of the waves. Brutal, hideous, fiendish! One of our boats was torpedoed off the coast of Africa. The men were in two life-boats. The U-boat came up and handed the men a steel hawser and told them to pass it along to the second boat, and one of the men said: "At last we have come in contact with a humane commander," and while the men were rejoicing because they

could see the land only ten miles off, the U-boat started steaming away and then submerged and took the two boats down with them. The men were unable to get the steel hawser off with their knives or hatchets.

A little while after that, one of our boats captured a U-boat, and our boat went alongside and ordered the captain and crew on board. When they got on board our captain said to the German commander: "Are these all the men you have?" The U-boat commander said: "On my honor, these are all my men." However, our captain told two of his men to go down and search and they heard a slight tapping somewhere, so the men reported and our captain said to the U-boat commander again: "Are there any men except these on board?" And the U-boat commander again said: "On my honor, these are all there are." So our captain said: "Come with me on board," so they went on board and our captain heard the same tapping, and soon they came to a locked door. He ordered his men to break in, and they found eight of our captains in the forward end and they would have been sunk with the submarine if it had not been for the care of our captain. They have a habit of taking our officers prisoners and letting the crew go to do the best they can.

Gentlemen, we have made up our minds to certain things. In spite of many difficulties, in spite of the fact that we have lost seventeen thousand of our gallant men who have been brutally murdered, we have stuck to our duty like men. To-day, now, when the war is won, we are out for justice and reparation, aye, one hundred per cent. We are determined not to trust in politicians. We are determined that no Hun shall sail in British ships. We are determined that, unless the Peace Conference can satisfy us, no raw material will be carried in any boat into any German seaport, and we ask you, men of Canada, to help us, and on behalf of the seamen, as a common seaman, I ask you to stand by us and to help us as we have helped you. People say, let us shake hands. No, we say, we must treat the Hun like a man suffering from smallpox, isolate him, then inoculate him with an effective serum that will eradicate every atom of Teutonic Kultur from his make-up. They are mad dogs, and we will treat them as such, and not until they are clean will we act or have any dealings with them, and we seamen ask you, men of influence, builders of this mighty Canada, not to let the Hun soil your sacred soil in Canada

until he has proven himself worthy to mix with you. Make him pay for the terrible crimes committed, use your intelligence and your power to put down the agents that you have working in your midst here to-day on behalf of Germany.

I have got a speech here, in this paper, with which I am going to deal to-night, to show you what is behind it, and I want to warn the workers not to be led by them and get into a similar condition as they have got into in Petrograd, but that they shall be left to work out their own salvation upon constitutional lines, not to be guided by these Hun agents who are merely playing to exploit the workers, to use them as pawns on the great chessboard of life. I have been to Petrograd and I will prove to the audience to-night just what Bolshevism means and what it has done, and it is rampant here in Canada through the I. W. W. I can see it every day. They are trying to get hold of our municipal authorities so as to create consternation, to destroy the powers that be to-day, to bring us into carnage and chaos similar to that which is existing in Petrograd to-day. My time is up, gentlemen, but I must say this. This paper says that the chap who talked last night begged the people in Montreal to select Ramsay Macdonald instead of Lloyd George. Gentlemen, I know what Ramsay Macdonald is. I have worked with him for a matter of twenty years, but when this war started I was a Briton first and a politician afterward. Ramsay Macdonald and Snowden love every country under the sun excepting their own, and these dirty dogs retain their position in Parliament and extract four hundred pounds from the rate-payers, and never moved a single muscle to the advantage of the British Empire, but at every available opportunity they have spoken of their German friends, and only last year the Labor Party in Great Britain—and let me tell you that the Labor Party has done magnificently. They have worked like Trojans—moved to have all rules and regulations put aside, and everything they fought and suffered for, for a century, so that this war might be won. In February, last year, the Labor Party, unanimously practically—excepting for those chaps who never had a conscience until 1914; they got a conscience, then, because they were afraid their dirty carcasses would be perforated with lead—the Labor Party unanimously agreed to stand by the war aims of the Government, but Ramsay and his crowd held a conference at Leeds—I have all the actual documents here if any of

you doubt it—where a resolution was to be moved to follow the war aims of Russia. Havelock Wilson said to me: "Look here, Peter, there is a resolution on that agenda, no annexations and no indemnities," and we were after that like a shot. The first thing we discovered when we arrived in Leeds was that none of the hotel proprietors would harbor any of the dirty carcasses belonging to the twelve hundred delegates, and I had to sleep in a police station that night. On that day, I tried to move an amendment. Smiley was in the chair, Macdonald was on his right and Snowden on his left. I was sitting six feet away. I stood up twelve times and they could see everybody in the hall excepting Peter Wright.

This bloke from New York who spoke here last night, he is asking the workers in Canada to join and down their tools until they have recovered their right of free speech, but all these mongrels in Leeds who are propagating that gospel now would not give me a hearing on behalf of our seamen. But we had our own back. They decided to send Ramsay to Stockholm and we were waiting for them in Aberdeen a week after. He walked up the gangway of a steamer and one of the sailors said: "Where are you going?" He said: "To Bergen." And the sailor said: "We won't carry your dirty carcass on this ship," and from the captain down to the cabin boy we walked ashore. I went up to him and I said: "Look here, Macdonald, you had your innings last Sunday. I have got mine to-day," and I told him: "If you want to go to Stockholm you had better swim." I believe that the Seamen's and Firemen's Union have done more in dealing with the pacifist element than any other organization in Great Britain. I went to Stockholm and there met all the German leaders, those blokes who were after peace, the chaps that Macdonald wanted to shake hands with, and this Scheidemann you hear so much about; I was introduced to him, so I said: "Look here, don't you think it's time you went back to Germany and tried to awaken the minds of the workmen with a view to stopping the foul crimes that are being perpetrated?" And he said: "Wright, I want you to remember that the German democracy support their military and naval powers and unless you are willing to accept a German peace we will fight until every man and woman is exterminated." Well, they did not do that. When they delivered up their fleet they did not do that, did they? Our naval men were broken-hearted. For four years they have lived

at a tension, kept in perfect and strict training, ready to deliver the final knock-out blow, and count ten seconds over the corpses of the Germans, only to find that the cowards surrendered. My God, our men would not have surrendered; and assuming that the men did the officers would have gone out and fought until they were at the bottom of Davy Jones' locker, and preserved the honor of the flag of which you and I ought to be proud.

Sir, to-night, I will deal with my experiences in the trenches. I have travelled down to the North Sea in the front line. Time will not allow me to deal with all the hideous atrocities that have been committed. To-night, I will tell you what I have seen, and then, by the evidence that I will submit there, by personal observation or by papers, I leave my evidence and my facts in your hands, asking you to carefully peruse it and weigh it and then to pass judgment on the greatest world's conspiracy ever recorded in the history of mankind.

(December 23rd, 1918)

IMPRESSIONS FROM A VISIT TO OUR CANADIAN OVERSEAS FORCES

By SIR ROBERT A. FALCONER

IT IS a very great pleasure, and certainly to me it is an honor, to be asked to come again and speak for a short time this afternoon to the Canadian Club of Montreal, because I realize that from Montreal there go out forces not only that are effective throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion, but are world-wide in their influence, and to have the opportunity of saying a few words to such a group of men as one meets at the Canadian Club is to speak to one of the finest audiences anyone can ask the privilege of addressing.

I do not intend, this afternoon, to dwell on the work the universities of the Dominion have done in this war. Suffice it to say that when the story of the war is written it will be recognized that a war that depended so much, as I hope to show before I come to a close, on the efficiency of the engineer and of the medical man, must have been a war that would draw very largely upon the resources of the universities, and, as a matter of fact, it has. I do not suppose I am far astray if I say that some eighteen thousand of the graduates and undergraduates of the universities and colleges of the Dominion of Canada have been on active service. I had the privilege of seeing something of our forces at work. It is a privilege that came to quite a number during the last few years, but certainly it was an opportunity which when it has once been given ought to be used by those who have had the privilege in order to tell their own countrymen something of the work of our men. Now, I have no right to speak to you as some have. Many who have gone overseas saw far more than I saw, and of course now we have our returning men, or we have had for some time our returning men, who are able to give us a first-

hand story that is really worth while, and therefore one must almost use terms of apology in addressing a gathering such as this on the war. Were it not, as I said in the beginning, such an unusual opportunity that was accorded to us, and the fact that a casual onlooker possibly may be able to give some general impressions that may have their place as supplementing the real record of our heroes who have won the war, were it not for this I should hesitate to address you.

In crossing the ocean during war time, there have been one or two impressions that went deeply into one's mind and I think are really worth mentioning and the first is the debt that we owe to the merchant marine in this war. We knew that in a general way, we knew what we owed to the navy and we have constantly spoken of what we owe to our merchant marine, but it is almost necessary to have seen these men at work and to have had some slight share in the dangers that were encompassing them for years, to realize what they have done for us during all this period of the submarine menace. You leave port, whether it be on this side or the other side, as a rule in a convoy and in that convoy there are ships that have really survived, for the most part, dangers manifold and dangers which are repeated probably in one's own experience as you cross. In your own convoy there are almost certain to be ships that have run into extreme dangers in the past, and there are almost certain to be ships which, in the course of a few weeks, you will hear have been torpedoed or have disappeared. One of the fourteen ships going over with us on her return trip disappeared two hundred miles off New York. Our captain on this Cunarder had two large ships torpedoed under him, and almost every officer could give you some record of what they had gone through. And it is not merely of the officers one thinks. Month after month, the men have gone on facing these dangers and having narrow escapes. We arrived in Liverpool or New York and went to comfortable homes and took our places again in our ordinary life. But the men remained in port for a few days and then back they went on their journey, once again facing risk and danger. It is the way these men have gone through these hardships and dangers without flinching and with a splendid courage that made it possible for this war to have ended as it has ended. On board, we thought not only of the officers, but over and over again in the evening, as one would be

pacing the upper deck—there were very few of us, because although the ship was crowded with soldiers, civilians were few—one would see a stoker in the bowels of the ship come up, alone or with a companion, clad in a filthy and ragged shirt, possibly pass a word to his friend, look around, take a little air, stand a few moments on deck, then plunge again into the bowels of that ship, knowing that if in the next half-hour a torpedo should strike the ship he would be the first man to go. These men, whom we always supposed to be the off-scourings of the earth, on these men depended the safety of everyone, and they were as brave at their posts as the captain of the ship at his post, and so from top to bottom, through the whole range, there was a magnificent courage, the courage that did not depend upon dash, but the courage of patient endurance, almost fateful in waiting for the turn that would come to it, as it had come to so many of the comrades on that ship. The experience of crossing at this time, realizing the alarm, carrying your life belt with you, the stress of it all, this experience and knowledge sends one back home with a reverent thankfulness to these humble men and the leaders of the merchant marine, who, month after month, year after year, did their work, and did an immense deal to save the situation.

Another impression that one got from a trip at this time was the revolution that has come about in world history by the entrance of the United States into this war. As I say, one would stand on the upper deck and look over that swift convoy—there were thirteen ships accompanied by an American cruiser—and there were thirty-five thousand American troops in that convoy, and of course those troops were being carried across in British ships. Sixty per cent., we know, of the American troops were carried across in British ships and the Americans realize that and are grateful to us for the work done by the British merchant marine and the British navy. As one looked at these ships and thought of the thirty-five thousand men in that thirteen or fourteen-ship convoy, as we saw this swift movement to the Eastern zone, crossing the summer sea, one began to meditate, and it came into one's mind that this is a movement new in history. Hitherto, the movements have been from the East to the West; the movements of population, the waves of immigration, have been from the East to the West, the Old World forming a New World towards the setting sun. Here, for the first time, the great New World

of the West is turning to take its share in the Old World in the East, and that is a turning of history. You might say: "We Canadians did that before." Certainly, we did, but we are not a Western nation in the same sense as the American nation is. We are a Western nation in the British Empire and the British Empire has no East or West, and upon it the sun never sets, and our movement was a natural movement because we are part of an organism that is world-wide; but here was a nation, and I suppose to-day the largest homogeneous nation, actually, of the world—I do not suppose there are one hundred million English-speaking people anywhere except in the United States—here is a great homogeneous English-speaking people in this Western world who had entered into their history with the definite purpose, and with the word of the father of their country having been cherished as sacred, not to engage in European alliances or entanglements. This nation has now definitely turned to the East and is taking its share in the Old World and must continue to take its share in the world, old or new. East and West have disappeared. The moving of one hundred million people into a new groove of history involved an enormous change in sentiment. It involved something extraordinarily radical in their view of life, and that is really the test of the issues that were at stake in this war. There must have been tremendously profound issues at stake in this war if intelligent people like these of the United States could realize something so vital that they threw up all their past history and traditions and made up their minds that they would go in, not piecemeal, but as a unit, and throw themselves in with the whole of their energy into a conflict that involved such a revolution in their thought as that involved.

That very fact, in itself, is a proof that we have come to a turning of history, the meaning of which we hardly to-day realize. Think just what it does mean that they are standing beside the British Empire and France to-day. Here are the three democracies—I am not going to say which is the most democratic of the three—the three great democracies in which the voice of the people is heard. Now remember what kind of a voice it is. It is not merely the theoretical utterances of the people, but the voice of the people as expressed in their will. They have been taught to act out their theories, and the real power of the Western democracies is that they have come step by step into their present

heritage, that the democracy of to-day, in these Western countries, is not a merely thought-out democracy of theory that you can put down into formulæ and argument, but it is something that has entered into the soul and being of these peoples and they act out the thoughts that are in their minds. That is extraordinarily demonstrated. One of the dangers to-day, in Europe, simply is this—it is prevalent in India also—that a lot of people have a theoretical grasp of certain principles of democracy. They fling them far and wide over multitudes of people with no training, and these ideas these people never find it necessary to exercise and they have naturally not been able to test their practical results. This sort of thing is the most powerful factor in the heart of Europe to-day, also in India and elsewhere. A small group of people everywhere being filled with these new ideas, this vision of democracy, they believe that in the ideas themselves there is salvation, and acting from that they proceed to attack everything else; possibly because the old was so abominable that it had to be effaced in some way. They expect with this panacea of ideas to solve the future. Now we know that it cannot be done in that way. You cannot, overnight, upset people's ways of living by a few doctrines which may in the abstract be correct enough. You cannot bring about a perfect state all in a moment. Democracy, if it is to be safe, must be saved by great people like those of the British Empire, the United States and France, who have grown into democracy step by step, century by century, generation by generation. Ideas came in these countries not in a mass, incomplete, but the big ideas came a little at a time, here a little, there a little, step by step, we put these new ideas in practice. We act out our ideas. We are democratic peoples, not in theory, but by instinct, because our will has been subordinated to our reason. We have come to it not by revolution but by evolution, and that is the process of the rational, sane, English-speaking person, and also of the French democrat. Think what it means to have one hundred million people of the United States, who have been educated to democracy like we have, with the same ideas, who know what it can and what it cannot do, think what it means to have these people banded together at a time when Europe is chaotic—for the heart of Europe is in such a condition that it behooves us to think of it for the next five years—to have this steadyng power of the United States with the British Empire

and France. This part the United States is playing in the new world is unequalled, it is a turn in history of the most significant import and a turn for which we may be devoutly thankful.

Now, just a few general impressions as to what one saw on the front itself. I shall not attempt to describe to you what others who have seen more will describe to you, a battle and what goes on in a battle. We have read of that again and again, and I shall not attempt any such description. I want to say, however, what a wonderful impression was made on my mind by the preparations for a battle. I saw the preparations for the battle of Arras. The day before the battle I happened to be in Arras and I saw the movement of the reserves on that afternoon, and it was to me one of the grandest sights I have ever witnessed. The troops who carried the battle through were in their places that afternoon—the battle was to start early next morning. What I saw were the reserves coming up and the multifariousness of the preparation and the ease of it all were a revelation of efficiency such as I think I had never seen. There were lorries, of course, by the hundreds, with equipment of every kind, ammunition, waggons, automobiles, troops themselves moving up, all the subsidiary help for the coming days, and the precision with which everything went forward without a hitch was to me a revelation, and I knew that back there in the headquarters staff, in the various departments of it, there must have been very fine business capacity to see that everything went forward as it did, and it was a matter of great pride to me the way our own Canadians were managing in the war. General Currie told me—I was with him the night before the battle:—"To-morrow, we expect this battle to start at three o'clock in the morning. We know how it will go, and if you care to come back in ten days, I may have still better news for you." I went back in ten days, and sure enough, he had news of a great success by our Canadian troops. Everything was worked out like clock-work.

I met some of your Montreal fellow-citizens at headquarters and I had the privilege of spending a few hours there. These were men who up to this time had had no experience in military affairs, apart from the more or less desultory experience some of them had had in the militia, but they were business men and they adjusted themselves to the end in view, to a hard situation, and through a process of several years had eventually produced as

fine a fighting unit as has ever existed. Now that was the result of absolute business efficiency. They were men who handled things in a thoroughly good way. I had the good fortune to spend a morning in the Paymaster's Office in London—as you know there is a Montreal gentleman in charge of that Paymaster's Office—and the impression that one got—I am not a business man, although I know a little of the business of a university—the impression I got was that the army from that point of view was being run as a first-class business organization would be run. It was, first and foremost, business, and efficient business. That was the first impression I got in visiting the front. The next impression I got was that this was largely, and to a large extent a thing in which the capacity of the engineer would be called upon, and the engineer has risen to his task in a wonderful way. Take our railway troops, for instance. You know what superb work was there, the engineers were strongly in evidence. I am not sure of the numbers as to McGill, but I do know that in Toronto we had in the neighborhood of eight hundred students before the war, that the number fell to one hundred and forty last year, just six hundred fewer than we used to have. That is an indication of what I believe happened everywhere—that the war made a call upon the trained engineer and the trained engineer rose to it and put his experience into exercise, and a combination of good business and engineering capacity produced these great results. The third arm of the service that impressed me was the medical arm, the efficiency of the work of the medical men. When I first went to England all the camps were full. Everything was in a static condition. That was before the battle of Amiens on the 8th of August, and they were wondering in England what they would do with all the troops they were bringing in. But the battle of Amiens came with ten thousand casualties, which I think was the greatest battle that has been fought by the Canadians up to that time, and the static condition changed and ever afterward there has been a movement from the front back and from the back forward. Now, whenever movement began, the medical men had to take the matter into their charge. There were ten thousand casualties in the battle of Amiens. Those ten thousand had to be moved back by graduation, according to the needs of each patient, and places found for them in France or England, and strong troops moved up to the front, so that the Canadian corps

was never lacking but was always full and always ready to give a blow. At the battle of Amiens the Canadians, as you have heard, surprised the Germans. Many companies of them had been sent up north in open daylight and the Germans assumed that that was where the Canadians would be on the 8th of August, but they got the surprise of their life, because instead of being up north they got a blow on the side of the head from the Canadians that sent them reeling. Those Germans were sent out of Amiens and sent north to a quiet sector for a rest, up to Arras, and there they got another surprise. There they were—they had been sent up to have a rest and the same Canadians who gave them such a blow at Amiens gave them a second one up at Arras. That was the power of organization. But I want to get back to the impression of the medical service. To be in a forward dressing station and see where the walking cases go through, to go into the casualty clearing station and see those doctors and nurses working morning, noon and well into the night (until nine or ten o'clock at night), working all day with the utmost endurance and giving the very finest medical and surgical attention that the medical art can give any one, and then to realize that each man who was being cared for was not lost sight of, that he was sent back, cared for just as he had to be cared for, was the greatest proof not only of the high humanity of the medical profession, but of their organizing skill greatly expressed. I was much impressed by what I saw in France and England of the work of our medical people. Our hospitals are first class. There is nothing better.

Then our men are being looked after morally and spiritually, and this is a high tribute to our people. The Chaplain services, the Y. M. C. A., and this Khaki University, all these movements, all these things have been emphasizing the fact that to-day, on the Western front we, and the rest of the British forces, have an army which never has had its equal. In great endurance and military organization, it has out-distanced beyond sight everything in any past war. The morale of these men has been maintained at the front. These services I have mentioned may not have taught them a great deal but they have kept their ideals awake, and I believe you will find that the intellectual and moral interests of our men, when they come home, will not suffer at all in the way we feared before they went overseas, largely due to

the fact that our spiritual and intellectual forces have been efficient and have been directed wisely and with intelligence, and the result will be this: Our men, when they come back home, will not come as men simply dragging one foot wearily behind the other, with all interest and ambition in life gone, and only critical of people who are thoughtless and unthankful towards them for things they ought to have done and have not done, but I believe our men will come back with a higher sense of self-respect than ever before, physically well set up and having learned the meaning of efficiency.

I could tell you something of the work done by our Forestry Corps, if time permitted, in the way of conservation, work which ought to be an inspiration to our people at home in the way of conserving our own forests, and I believe our men will come back having learned many of these things, things which they could not possibly have learned in any other school. They will understand what discipline and obedience mean, and they will feel proud of themselves when they think of the work they did while they tackled the most terrible problem any people ever tackled, and they will feel that if they can do so well in tackling big problems in war, they will work hard and so be able to tackle the problems of peace. The things that lie before us are surely not greater and more difficult than the things that lay before us four years ago. We have done our job in a wonderful way. We have not only won this victory, but we have a people overseas who have entered into a higher type of manhood by the experience they have gone through, and we have a people at home who by force of necessity have been compelled to adjust themselves to an unheard-of situation, and I believe that when the two halves of Canada get together again we can surely expect that re-united Canada, by reason of all this experience in these four years, will carry us forward to a far higher manhood than would ever have been possible without our having gone through this struggle.

The Chairman then called upon Principal Peterson.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

As I seem to have come both directly and indirectly into the orbit of President Falconer's address, perhaps you do not wonder that your Chairman should have imposed upon me the somewhat superfluous duty of asking me to extend your thanks and mine

to President Falconer. This is a superfluous duty because you have already, by your applause, indicated your feeling. I believe, though, that they wanted you to have a look at us side by side, and perhaps you could see how I am wearing, because it was not in 1907 that I began the business of administering a university, but as far back as 1882, and I rather differ from my colleague in proclaiming that he is not a business man, because I believe that I am something of a business man. There are other differences between us. President Falconer is a President and I am a Principal. There is something rather more Scotch about a Principal. All the universities in Scotland have heads that call themselves Principals. On this continent, especially in the Republic to the South of us, I have to submit to argument in favor of exchanging this Scotch title for the title of President. A great institution, having colleges as component parts, with half a dozen theological colleges affiliated with it, with principals at their head, like McGill, might be expected to have a President, but I proudly stand out against the suggested change. In the United States I tell my friends that I think too much of the President of the United States to add one more to the number of those who dispute with him that honored title.

Gentlemen, you know that this is a great day for heads of colleges. The ex-President of Princeton is at this moment wielding such power as perhaps never came to one man in the world before. He is having the opportunity, in a remarkable way, of expounding these high aspirations and great ideals which, I am sure, with certain reservations, we all share with President Wilson. Let me say that this is a great day for college heads. I think if I cannot manage it myself, President Falconer ought to go over to Paris. It is the great good fortune of universities that they are compelled to cherish these aspirations or ideals. No set of institutions have a better opportunity of inculcating in the men and women of our time these great lessons, which recent events have taught to the whole world and which have imparted to the culture of Canada a purely national spirit, before which Provincial boundaries must tend to disappear, a culture which gives us all a wider outlook on the Empire than we ever had before. Yet more, have the universities not, more than any set of institutions, in these days of international democracy, helped to preserve these ideals which we all share? Let me assure you that Toronto and McGill,

as they have been together in war will continue to co-operate one with the other in the arts of peace, and will lose no opportunity that may be given them, not in the spirit of base imitation, like policemen and people of that kind, but in the spirit of generous rivalry, to endeavor to discharge, each in its own way, their duty to the Canadian people. Let me thank President Falconer, in your name, for his address.

(January 8th, 1919)

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW

By MR. HARRY LAUDER

AGAIN I reiterate, I am pleased to be here to-day. Great things have happened since last we met, and it has all been for the better, and without any undue glorification of anybody, I would like to say to-day that the war has been won by the plain man. It was not the genius, it was not the superfine man, it was not the slacker or the shirker or the pacifist or the grumbler who won the war. No! Their religion was different. I wonder how their religion would stand if they had to go to fight. I do not think it would last very long. Who won the war? That is the great question. Who won the war? The plain man, who loved the ordinary life, won the war, because it was a necessity that he should go and fight for his liberty. He entered the university of the Allies, the great university of the Allies; aye! and who can say to-day that he did not graduate and come out and is amongst us to-day a great man? He is out and he is looking towards this other great necessity—reconstruction. What are we going to do about it, about this great reconstruction? It is the people who had to fight, it is the people who had to sacrifice, it is the people who won, it is the people who are going to reconstruct. The men who led this great war, they were plain men. Foch is a plain man; Douglas Haig is a plain man, Lloyd George and Clemenceau are plain men. They are all plain men, and they're much plainer to-day than they were before they entered the university of war. They have been brought face to face with a natural realization of things, and that is what is going to build our reconstruction, and if we have to wait for twenty years on this foundation, we are quite willing to wait, to wait for twenty years, so long as we get right down into the solid rock of things, and the cornerstone of our reconstruction, the corner stone of our reconstruction is what? Men, I want you to realize that the

corner stone of our reconstruction is love. It is coming yet, "for a' that; that man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that." Our cornerstone must be justice and truth. These things are eternal and can never fail. We are the builders of the future. None have had a foundation such as we. Our foundation is human, based on the blood and bones of the best men that the world has ever known. The English-speaking people are supreme. Our aim is divine. 'Nobody can say anything but that, and when we build this time—let us build right up to the sky; aye, let us build higher than the sky. Let us build right up to God.

As I stand here I see before me the Union Jack, the flag of liberty. Every man in this building here should be pleased to turn his face to that flag and smile and say, "Thank God, that is my flag." Because we did not fight for glory; we did not fight for territory. The world knows that, and although we had the greatest army of all our Allies, eight and a half million men, we gave it all up; we handed it over; we gave up the command to Foch; we gave up our strategy to Foch; we did more than that, we gave up our reserves to Foch; we gave up our blood to Foch; we had faith in Foch; we fell with Foch; we fought with Foch, and, thank God, we had a victory with Foch. Our great sacrifice has cleansed us, and left us fit to face the future with faith, with faith in our destiny, that destiny of the English-speaking people.

We are the backbone of this new civilization. We triumphed in the trenches; we triumphed in the air; aye, and we triumphed on the sea. When the British fleet was bringing in that German fleet, two of our Jack Tars were leaning on the rail of one of the British battle cruisers, quietly and constantly keeping their eye on the German boats, and they had the decks all cleared for action; there was nothing left to chance. Two of these Jack Tars were leaning over the rail. I can just see them. Their commander told me this. One said to the other: "Bill," says he, "what do you think of them?" Says Jack: "Oh, I considers them just a lot of old rusty sardine tin cans." Jack was silent for a long time after that, and Bill turns to him and he says: "You're very quiet, Jack. What y' thinkin' about?" Says Jack: "Lor, love me, I'm thinkin' about me holidays. I don't know 'ow long they're goin' to be a-comin', either," he says, "we have a job on to paint the bottoms of these bleedin' things. You know," he says, "we can't take the like of these things

right to White'all in that condition." Jack thought he had to take them right up to the House of Commons, but they found a better use for them. They are in a harbor of Scotland, and what we get we keep, we Scots. They will have to fight to get them back again. Yes, the pollution of the sea—not the sea, but the seas—the pollution of the seas has been put down. Now we have the freedom of the seas. That is the freedom of the seas. It is sealed and signed, and I think, instead of curtailing our navy, we will make it bigger, because our lines of communication must be always kept intact, and then from time to time we will have to look in on the road either coming or going just to see that everything is all right. The pollution of the sea. I wonder if there are many of you men and women here to-day who know anything about the great sacrifice of the merchant marine, the British mercantile marine, the men who carried the food and ammunition across the Atlantic and all the other seas, and when one of them was torpedoed, when a man was left floundering on the sea, with nothing but a spar to hold him, when he got ashore, men, he buttoned his blue coat with the brass buttons, and said: "When does the next ship sail?" That is the British Mercantile Marine, seventeen thousand British Mercantile marine men went down to the bottom of the sea. Seventeen thousand men were murdered by the German pirates and left about nine thousand widows and about thirty thousand orphans. Think about it! Can you wonder that the British Mercantile Marine to-day have banded themselves into a Union, and they say that for seven years to come after peace has been signed they will not allow a German sailor or seaman of any description to put his foot on board a British ship? And the British docker and the French seaman have said the same. We are all one in that. The French seaman has said the same and so has the French docker and the British docker. We will not handle a bale or a box of anything German; we will not allow it to be touched or handled in any port belonging to the British for seven years, and we are going to stick to it, too, because when the British Mercantile Marine men and the British dockers sign an agreement it stands for all time, and when we think that the Government is lackadaisical in bringing those responsible for these seventeen thousand men to justice, then we are going to say: "We are not going to sea any more, and we will not touch any merchandise from any ships," and the whole British Empire will stop dead like that until they give us a guar-

antee of good faith that these men will be executed for their crimes. We have all made up our mind on that, because, if we do not I want to tell you this, what I think, that our international law and our common law will surely become a great farce if we do not see that justice is carried out. Germany has asked for a just peace, and we are going to give it to them, because it is like this. If we allow this to escape—we have not to be sentimental about it, don't sit there and say: "The war is over, let us set about the progress of things." The war is not over. Peace has not been signed yet. The war is not over. I was going to explain this to you; if we allow them to go, it will be like this. Suppose I say to you: "I have something on my mind. It is a burglary." You say: "Yes, well I will join you," so you join me and away we go to break into Mr. Jones' safe, but in the execution of our duty we are interrupted by Mr. Jones, who says: "What are you doing? You cannot come this way," and we give him a smash on the head and kill him. Then the officers of the law get on our track and they track us down after a month or a week and they say to us: "We are going to arrest you for the murder of Mr. Jones." We say: "Yes, that is quite right. We burgled his house and murdered him. You are quite right, but we have retired since." Is it logical? They cannot retract or retire. Oh, no! We must get them. The British seaman says that they must be hanged at sea from the yardarm of one of the ships, of a sailing ship, too, and it will be carried out in all solemnity, as a warning to those who may wish to burgle and murder in the future.

I was telling you how many men we had at the front. Eight and a half million men, aye! but then, what about our women? We had five and a quarter million women in Great Britain working. I am not talking about what our Colonies have done; I am just telling you about what little Great Britain has done. Other people call it England. They have neglected their geography. Great Britain and the British Empire had thousands of women working, aye, on their knees scrubbing and polishing, and when they were on their knees scrubbing and polishing they were praying to God for victory. It was the first time for thousands of them that they had been down on their knees, but God has a peculiar way of bringing you down to your knees, has he not? It was a great method, but he never fails in his purpose, and we did not fail in ours. Our women did not fail. Germany's Kultur

was false and fell, and has crumbled to dust, and when the stormy winds come along and lift that German dust, see that it does not land in any of the crevices of Canada. See that you keep a duster in your hand all the time, and go round and wipe the corners up. We will have to do that for a long, long time. One great thing will have to be done, and do not fail to do it at once. I think I mentioned that the last time I was here. Stop all German languages from being taught in the schools and all German newspapers and magazines from being printed or published in Canada.

Yes, we have heard a lot about the Western front and about the Flanders front. Lots of folks read nothing else but the Western front all the war. What about our other fronts? What about Italy, Serbia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Salonika, Persia, Samoa, Egypt, Togoland, East Africa, West Africa, and elsewhere, all held by the British? The British! It is a great word. I like to say it. It warms me when I say British, because it is a heritage that has been handed down and it is worthy of possession. It means that I am a free man. British means that I am a free man, and the expression free man will make you tingle from the sole of your foot to the crown of your head. It does me good to know that I am a free man. A Britisher. Well, Germany thought she could crush England. That was her religion. England must be crushed, and after England her spawn in America, and that meant you, too. Germany! What did Germany ever do? She did nothing in her existence but create the greatest and most hellish war the world has ever known. Now, Germany might have crushed England a teeny wee bit if it had not been for Canada and Australia and New Zealand and India and Africa and the South Sea Islands, aye, and men from the Argentine and men from Scotland! We were all there. It was a great rally, and how we have succeeded the world knows. I want to say this, if we neglect anything in this great reconstruction that we are on to-day, we alone will be responsible for it. When we see men die, hanging to a spar, hundreds of miles, sometimes, from land, I can see these seamen lifting their faces to God in their last moments and saying: "Britain, see that justice is done to us." Gentlemen, do not let us neglect that part, because I will tell you this: Abraham Lincoln once said: "If you cheat me once, it is your fault; if you cheat me twice it is my fault." Do not let us neglect the words of that immortal soul.

I have a message to the fathers and mothers of Montreal,

you who have suffered the irreparable loss. They died for the cause they held to be the best and the greatest the world has ever known; the greatest cause that has ever been at stake in the world. Their memories will win more than a passing thought from those who knew them. They gave their lives, not impulsively, nor in adventurous recklessness, but with a splendid enthusiasm. When the Springtime comes in France, when the wild flowers bloom yonder, I can see them every Spring as I saw them one Spring; I can see them trying to cover the abominable desolation of the Hun; but I predict there will be marble monuments, there will be bronze monuments erected to the memories of the men who fell yonder; that the wild flowers will never be able to climb up to, and when the people go from every continent of the world over to France—they will be told about these great things. By these great signs they will be told of the great deeds that were done in the days gone by. When I talk like this it brings my mind right on to the front. I can see it all. I can remember the day when I went yonder to see my lad's grave, to see my little mound. I saw thousands of mounds, thousands of crosses, not one or two. They are yonder in thousands. Your lads are not sleeping alone. They have plenty of company yonder, plenty of company yonder, and when the time comes along when these monuments arise, there will be lots there; there will be lots there.

I do not think I told you, the last time I was here, about meeting a lad on the front. I met a lad on the front there one day—you remember, George?—he came from Falkirk. He was a lad that had been brought up by his old granny, and I joined in conversation with him about the old home, and when I was in the great Northwest last year I was snowed up there in Saskatoon and I had nothing to do. My wife was away down in Saskatchewan, and I had nothing to do this Sunday, so I just lay and reclined on my back and closed my eyes and I had a walk along the Western front, and I met that lad again, and when I awoke from my reverie I wrote these lines:—

GRANNY'S LADDIE

His hair was fair and his eyes were blue,
His face was burned a brownie hue,
I said: "How old are you, my lad?"
He said: "Seventeen and a half, by Gad;
I may be looking forty-two."
His hair was fair and his eyes were blue.

I said: "How long have you been here, man?"

He said: "Since two weeks after the show began,"

He said: "I've been here since fourteen

And I wouldn't have missed what I have seen.

I have just seen brave men all the while;

Men don't cry here when they die; they smile."

He said: "I've been through Neuve Chapelle,

Where the big guns bark like the hounds of Hell,

I've heard men say what they've seen in the Blues

Was nothing compared to the battle of Loos.

I've been up to my knees, aye, my chin in the mud,

When my pulse stood still and my ears oozed blood."

"I've seen you in Scotland!"—His face beamed bright,

And his eyes lit up with a beautiful light.

Then he laughed and said: "If I don't get hame,

Tell my granny ye saw me, and I died game.

If I never get back I wid like granny to ken

That I played my part here with the best of men."

But I said: "Here, wait; don't you figure it great

To think when this war is all over,

And we're through with the mud and the spilling of blood,

And we're shipped back again to old Dover,

When they've paid us our tin and we've poured the lot in

And our last copper is spent,

We'll still have a thought, if that's all we've got,

'I'm one of the boys who went.'

"Aye, and p'raps later on, when your wild days are done,

And you're settling down for life,

You've a girl in your eye, you'll ask by-and-bye

To share up with you as your wife;

And when a few years have flown, and you've wee kids of your own,

And you're happy and snug and content,

It'll make your heart glad when they boast of their Dad,

'My Dad! My Dad!—was one of the boys who went.' "

(January 10th, 1919)

THE BLIND PROBLEM

By SIR ARTHUR PEARSON

IT gives me particular pleasure to be afforded this opportunity of addressing this splendidly representative gathering of the most prominent interests in Montreal, and I am particularly glad that there are some ladies present, for I think a good deal of what I shall say to you should be of great interest to them. I thank you with all the cordiality at my command for the more than warm welcome you have given me. There is an old saying: "Beware of the man who speaks well of you," so I must be careful. I am going to tell you something of the gallant men who have been under my charge at St. Dunstan's for the last four years, men who, with the greatest courage and determination, are learning and have learned to be blind. As I go on with my story it may seem to you that I make a little light of getting over the difficulties that these young fellows have to contend with. Do not let me give you that impression. The lesson they have to learn is a very hard one. Victory over blindness is the motto of St. Dunstan's, and it is a victory just as difficult to win as that won by their gallant comrades on the field of battle. Every blinded soldier can truly say:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever God there be,
For my unconquerable soul."

I am going to take you for a little tour through St. Dunstan's. As it happens, I have had the sole charge of this particularly interesting department of reconstruction. The Government has given it to me with the most particular thoroughness. There is no official organization connected with St. Dunstan's. There is no inspection from any official sources, and it is conducted absolutely as a private enterprise. Without wishing in any way to cast reflections on officialdom, yet I do think that in a case of this kind,

where the human element is so extremely important, the less officialdom the better.

St. Dunstan's is a generic term, not meaning one place, as we have eleven establishments. There are the London establishments all grouped closely together, and those in the surrounding counties which are used for young fellows just out of the hospital and for fellows who are a bit under the weather. The original house and grounds of St. Dunstan's has the advantage of possessing the largest area of land of any house in London, with the exception of Buckingham Palace. It has sixteen acres of ground in the centre of London, and it is the possession of that magnificent mansion and those grounds, leading into the 650 acres of Regent Park, which has made possible many of the things we were able to do for the blind. The place was put at my disposal by its owner, Mr. Otto Kahn, the American financier, who kept up the grounds and provided servants to keep up the house, and allowed me to do anything I liked with the estate, such as knocking down a wonderful conservatory and putting up offices in place of it, levelling terraces, etc. I used to be continually writing or cabling to him, asking for authority to do this or that, and at last I received a cable from him: "Do not trouble to make any more communications of the kind I have received to-day. Treat the place exactly as you will."

As you go into St. Dunstan's you will notice the floors covered with green carpets, with linoleum pathways running in all directions. There are notices up telling visitors to keep off them. They enable fellows to discern where they are with great ease, and they have an immediate influence in the all-important and most difficult accomplishment of beginning to find one's way about alone. That is a thing on which we lay tremendous stress. We do not have anything to do with helpless blind men at St. Dunstan's, men digging the ground with a stick; in fact, I was almost going to say that we do not have anything to do with blind men at all. One of the first things I say to a man is: "Now, old fellow, bear this in mind: get it rooted in your mind that you are not coming to an institution for the blind. We do not want to have anything to do with them. We are simply a collection of normal men who cannot see." Once a fellow gets that into his head he has gone a long way toward the much-coveted accomplishment of becoming a competent and self-reliant blind man. We

have wire devices over the terraces and through the gardens, we have hand-rails in front of steps and obstacles of that kind. We have numbers sticking up in the gravel to help the newly-blinded man to find his way about quickly and easily.

I have many stock remarks that I make to newly-blinded men, and one is: "There is only one way not to bump your nose into the door, and that is to bump it." This leads me to an observation which is interesting. When these fellows first came my way, I felt very downhearted about the boys. It seemed to me that middle-aged men who were blind could put up with it very well, because you know life is only one damn thing after another, anyway; age has nothing to do with years; it is just the sum of the experiences you pass through, but it did seem to me that for these boys of eighteen and around there, it did seem too bad. But I was quite wrong. The fellows who take their blindness most cheerfully, who teach themselves most quickly, are those lads. It is a question of human psychology. They are still in the educative period, they still have the resilience of youth, and they enter into the thing as they would into a football game, and they approach the whole subject with zest and enthusiasm. Some of the older men feel this way, too, but as a general axiom, from the point of view of the men at St. Dunstan's, the men who get on the best are quite young and quite blind. A little glimmer of sight is a great disadvantage. Going down the central parkway we approach what the fellows have named Hill 60. Here you will see a very busy scene, a quietly busy scene. It is so quiet that it might perhaps lead you to believe that St. Dunstan's is a sad place. Sometimes, when I suggest that people come and pay us a visit, they say they cannot bear to see those poor sad men. I want to say that there are no jollier, happier fellows in the whole wide world than those men. Here in this classroom it is very quiet. There are two hundred or two hundred and fifty tables in the room, each table occupied by two people, a man and a woman, a blind soldier learning to read and his teacher, and I cannot speak too highly of the splendid devotion shown to St. Dunstan's by these women teachers, who, in spite of all their engagements, come twice a day to teach these blinded soldiers to read again.

In the next room the typewriting is going on. There are only a small number of cases where the men take it up simply as a

profession. It is regarded as a necessity, for the handwriting of blind people deteriorates more or less rapidly. The typewriter prevents the faults most likely to occur in the case of handwriting, and as with reading it puts a fellow back to an astonishing extent into normal life again, and into independence. They take up and pick up typewriting, these blinded soldiers, with astonishing rapidity. Before we leave this classroom, I want to speak, and this particularly to you business men, of a very interesting development of St. Dunstan's, the training of the blinded shorthand secretary. This probably sounds to most of you nothing short of ridiculous, to take a blind man and fully equip him, with a guaranteed speed of not less than one hundred words a minute in shorthand, make him a perfect typist. This we do, and they make particularly satisfactory shorthand secretaries. It would take me too long to tell you how we do this, with a specially devised braille and a portable and light machine. We have rather over forty shorthand secretaries actually at work in large business establishments earning wages the same as sight men, and the great majority of them are earning far more money than they did when they could see. I do not want to rub the money in, but it is always a useful thing to have about the house after all, and it is the criterion. A person may say: "These blinded men are very wonderful, but what does it boil down to when you come to hard facts?" The great majority of men who leave St. Dundstan's earn more money than they did before they entered.

We leave the classrooms and walk along a covered way that leads to the workshops. On the right are two chapels. One is Anglican and one is Roman Catholic, and we have a resident chaplain for each faith. Just beyond the chapel is the room where they teach massage, and that is just as interesting as shorthand writing. When first I decided that massage and shorthand should be taught, I was assured by experts that it was quite impossible to teach these fellows shorthand or massage. They said that shorthand was being done by people who had always been blind and to whom braille came as second nature. Now, there are doctors who have studied for the special examination necessary prior to becoming a competent masseur and have failed two and three times, and these fellows of ours have passed the most difficult examinations for massage, those of the Imperial Society of Trained Masseurs. They have to have a good working knowledge

of scientific subjects, they have to know anatomy, and they have to acquire manipulating dexterity. We have put up sixty-three men for those examinations and sixty-three men have passed them. Last June, 243 people entered for that annual examination, and of those eleven were from St. Dunstan's. One Canadian was among them, MacDougall, who had never done anything of that kind before—I rather think he had been a ticket clerk on the C.P.R., or something of that sort—and that blinded boy passed—out of those 243 competitors, second, with distinction.

Now, as you get into the workshops, a very busy scene is before you. It is a very cheerful one, also. Here the men are learning to be cobblers, to weave baskets, and so on. Cobbling is a new industry for blind people, and it provides a good livelihood for men when they leave us. The blind cobbler can put a new heel or sole on a shoe just as well as a cobbler who can see. Then another industry that is entirely new for blind men is carpentry and joinery. You would not think that a blind man could possibly handle a carpenter's tool, but they do it to advantage. They use plain, ordinary carpenters' tools with special measures on them. When I was in France, just two years ago, going through similar places for the blind in France, I came on a little group of five who had all been carpenters before they were blinded, and they were going on with their trade, and there had been devised all sorts of special tools and saws, and so on, and I took a set home, but they would not stand for them at St. Dunstan's. They wanted the ordinary tool. Some of them do the heavier work, such as making wardrobes, tables, and so on, but more of them do the more profitable work of making ornamental tables and chairs and photo frames, particularly photo frames, and the latter has had a very interesting development. Nearly every one of our big public schools in England has a blinded soldier photo framer, and he always finds photos to frame. Outside of the public schools is the place, because all little boys have photos to frame, and as one generation of little boys rapidly succeeds the other, one does not exhaust one's clientele, and there is a certainty of profitable employment. In one instance, a blinded soldier operating outside of a certain public school, when he was normal he was only capable of earning twenty-two shillings a week, and he is now making a steady average of eight pounds a week.

Then, there is poultry raising, and our fellows learn it with

the utmost thoroughness. If you turn out a dozen breeds of different birds, they will tell you almost as soon as they are in their hands what breed, whether good, bad or indifferent of its kind. I had an interesting letter a short while ago from one of our blind poultry farmers, who wrote that he thought there was something I would like to know. He said: "There was a farmer five miles away from here whose incubator went wrong. He tried and tried to fix it and asked everyone's advice, but he could not get it to work, so he asked me if I could do anything, and I fixed it for him." Another fellow wrote me that the other day he was working away at his poultry farm when he heard two men come along the road. They stopped to look at him, and one of them said: "It's no good telling me that fellow's blind, because he ain't."

I must, just for a moment, ask you to remember that I do not claim that St. Dunstan's is turning out the only competent blind men in the world, but there are not an awful lot of places that do so. In this city, you have quite a brilliant example, however, of successful blind men; I refer to Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Layton, Mr. Stewart, Sir John Kennedy, and for all I know there may be others. They are splendid examples of men who have refused to accept blindness as anything but a handicap.

We attach as much importance to play at St. Dunstan's as to work. Rowing is eagerly followed and we settled the question as to who should use the boats in the park by hiring all the boats, and every Thursday we hold a regatta when our fellows compete. Last summer, we had a wonderful four, and one of the leading rowing experts in England told me that with some additional training he would match them against any amateur crew, and only one of those men had ever sat in a boat before he came to St. Dunstan's. Of course, I do not attach much importance to this, as it is easy to row, but still the fellows go in for it with splendid spirit and enjoy it in the most thorough manner. Swimming is another sport much indulged in at St. Dunstan's, and a great number of fellows learn to be expert swimmers. One fellow, a very bright boy called Leman, who had been reported three times killed and twice missing, and was at last blinded—by the time Leman was through he was going off a twelve-foot dive. We have races, walking races and running races, none of your creeping along. Then we have all sorts of games, indoor games,

such as dominoes, chess—not many fellows go in for chess. I am one of them. It is too much like work—then we play cards, we have marked cards, and a game of bridge goes on just the same as though the players could see, except that each player announces the cards he plays.

I wish you could be with me some summer evening, sitting in St. Dunstan's gardens, under the mulberry tree, and see all the happy activities going on all around, to see the file of men going down to the lake to swim, a tug of war going on here, there some races, and a quiet game of bowls at the corner; in the music room the piano is going and fellows are learning to play different musical instruments; others are strolling about the grounds with friends, and when you get up you will likely notice that on the back of the bench is written these words:

“The kiss of the sun for pardon;
The song of the bird for mirth.
You are nearer to God in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.”

And I think this is true of the garden at St. Dunstan's.

I must say a word about the blinded officers. They live with me and I get to know them very intimately. I have with me Captain Edward Baker, a young Canadian who was blinded in the early days of the war. He lived with me for ten months, and he adapted himself with the utmost spirit and facility to blindness. He came over here to the Hydro-Electric Power Company to work for them, and he more than made good. Recently, he was approached by the Canadian Government, who asked him to assume the responsibility of the care of the blinded soldiers when they come back from St. Dunstan's. He is not bettering himself financially by this change, because he could do much better in business, but he is going where his heart tells him to go.

The officers come up to St. Dunstan's to learn all kinds of things, and to take up particular courses of study in every direction. We have very attractive quarters, and are an exceptionally cheerful and happy community. They go in for one sport very keenly, a sport which is not available for the men, and that is horseback riding, and we have ample facilities for them.

But what are the causes of our successes? The spirit of refusal to accept blindness as unconquerable. The abolition of that hateful word, affliction. Never refer to a blind man as afflicted. If you do, he will start adopting a mental and physical

attitude to fit the word. The fullest employment of the blind teacher. I have a very able staff of blind teachers, and I teach, myself. When a fellow shows unusual aptitude, we give him a position as pupil teacher, and he takes it and remains on at the place and we pay him a good wage, and the first thing that happens to a newly-blinded man is to find his teacher was himself only blinded in the war a year or so ago. If a teacher with sight were to handle a newly-blinded man and say: "Come on, old man, it is easy for you to do so and so," no doubt the blinded man would say: "What do you know about it?" and he would be perfectly right, but when he knows the fellow who is teaching him is a newly-blinded man and can do all these things, he makes up his mind that if that fellow can do it he can do it also.

We have had some rather queer characters out at St. Dunstan's. One was a French Canadian called Lavallee, who was a very expert rifle shot. He had been a sniper at the front and he had been extraordinarily successful in that way. I asked him, one day, how many Germans he had accounted for, and he said: "Well, sir, wiz zee rifle, seventy-six, but I not only kill them with zee bullet. I kill them wiz zee bomb, wiz zee bayonet, I just kills them." We had a very interesting fellow in St. Dunstan's, called Duncan. He joined the army early in the game, and he is blind, his right hand is gone and the whole of the left hand also except for the little finger. He is the cheeriest fellow imaginable. He has been there for three years and I asked him one day, just before I left: "How long are you going to stay?" and he said: "Until you kick me out." But we won't do that. When anybody comes in especially blue, we turn Duncan on to him, knowing he will put him right. He dresses and undresses himself, but he cannot button his collar, and that is a source of much annoyance to him. The other day he was out walking and he went into a shop and asked for some cigarettes. The fellow behind the counter noticed his apparently terrible misfortune, and said: "My God! did you get that in the war?" And Duncan, much put out, said: "What are you talking about. I got it in a bicycle accident on the Old Kent Road."

One of the officers came to me, one day, and told me that some friends of his had invited him to a dinner at a certain well-known hotel, and so I started to instruct him how to proceed when he got in. I gave him explicit instructions as to the hall,

the number of steps, the landing, etc., but somehow he got my instructions mixed and he thought there were only three steps in the second lot instead of five. His eyes looked quite normal, as a bullet had passed through the head but had not apparently injured the eyes. Well, he stumbled down the last two steps and bumped into the man who was waiting to receive his coat, and he said: "I am very sorry; you see, I am blind." And the coat man said: "Yes, sir, I could see that the moment you came in, but we cannot have you here in that state. I'll have to send you home in a taxi."

We get a great many invitations for men to spend some time with people. A lady once wrote and asked that two of our fellows be allowed to spend Christmas with her. She said: "My husband and my son are at the front, but my two daughters and myself are here and we could take every care of them, and we would wash them and dress them and feed them." Two of the young dogs wanted to go and have a lark, but I would not let them. One of the officers went down to spend the week-end with some friends and when he got there he found that the only room that could be given him was still occupied on account of illness, and he was asked if he would mind sleeping in the lodge. When bedtime came, the wife of the lodgekeeper, who was away, appeared on the scene and said: "I have come, sir, because being as how my daughter is a respectable married woman, I thought I would tell you that I, myself, will come and give you your bath in the morning."

The other day, a sailor came in to St. Dunstan's. He was received by one of the nurses, who went into the kitchen and ordered a meal and then took the man into the dining-room. They brought in the soup, and the sister thought he would like some salt, so she put some in and then went away. Another sister happening to come along, she noticed the plate of soup which the man had not yet touched, and she said: "Ah, soup, you will want some salt." So she, too, proceeded to put salt in the soup. The sailor then took a mouthful, and when the first sister came back, he said: "What do you call this?" She said: That is soup." He said: "Well, I have been a-sailing on that stuff for ten years and never knew how it tasted."

One day, last summer, I was going down to St. Dunstan's by train, and the carriage was empty except for one man who was

sitting opposite to me, and I must have been staring very fixedly at him, for as his station approached and he prepared to get out, he said to me: "I hope you will know me when next you see me." I said: "I am very sorry, but I don't know that I shall." He said: "Well, all I can say is you must have a darn poor memory for faces."

The other day, when I was coming from the United States into Canada, I read a paragraph in the paper to the effect that a train had just been started from Paris to Athens, and was going to continue on to Bagdad, and the word Bagdad reminded me of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and of that man who, in that ancient city, used to go through the streets crying: "New lamps for old," and I thought of the way in which we did that at St. Dunstan's, giving back new lamps of confidence and of hope for the beaten and bitter and broken lamps given to us. Those lamps are filled with the oil of good cheer, and the light which is shining from those lamps is illumining the whole wide world of the blind. Here, in Canada, you have a remarkable example of that. The good folk in Toronto had been, for some time past, thinking of plans for the establishment of a great central institution on the same lines as the National Institute for the Blind, in London. Captain Baker and others who have returned to Canada from St. Dunstan's joined forces, and the result has been the establishment of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, of which it is my privilege to be Honorary President. This National Institute is going to make the whole difference to the seven thousand blind people of Canada—do not lose sight of that—and I would like to say a few words to you ladies about this. We want the women to help with the National Institute for the Blind. This is a sphere of activity in which they can be particularly useful. There are the blind babies. We have just started, in London, a home for blind babies, and they are being well cared for there. Then there are the blind girls; not as much was done for them as might have been done, and a great deal can be accomplished in that quarter. I hope that any of you who could help with the work of the National Institute for the Blind, particularly ladies, will interest themselves in it. It is at 36 King Street West, Toronto, and Mr. Wood is the President.

I must just tell you two examples of St. Dunstan's successes. There is Captain Edward Baker, of whom I have told you, and

Corporal Weekes, who returned also to Toronto. He is engaged in the Canvassing Department of the Imperial Life, and although I must not divulge any of his financial secrets, I may tell you that Corporal Weekes is extremely satisfied with the position he has already won for himself, as is his company. Then, there is Sergeant Magee, who is engaged in the work of massage, and Private MacDougall, in the same class of work. He has been engaged by the Canadian Government to teach massage both to blinded and sighted people. Private Perkins is a poultry farmer and he is employed by the Government as an expert teacher of poultry farming at Guelph. Those are a splendid bunch of returned Canadians. Then, there is Colonel Perritt, who was previously the Director of a very large school of teachers in Regina. He has returned to his original position and is going to carry it on with complete success.

I will give you a few instances of the fellows we have in England. There is Captain, who was blinded and sent as a prisoner to Germany, where he spent three months. He had been a director of a large business, and when he returned he insisted on resuming. He went down to the office in the mornings and he came out to lunch with the other blinded officers, and he kept this up for eight months, and at the end of that time his fellow directors caused a minute to be entered in the minute book to the effect that in their opinion the business of their Colonial Department (of which this particular director had charge) was being conducted with greater ability than before the war. Their local business had suffered very greatly, and they wanted someone to go all round England and then to visit Canada, Australia, New Zealand and all through the British Empire and re-arrange and re-establish that business. And this director was chosen as the one most able to do this. Of course, he is a very remarkable instance, but there are many ordinary fellows making good.

There is Private Wright, a very good fellow, who was employed by a firm of hot water engineers. If you wanted your house or office fitted up with radiators, he was the fellow who came along and did it; he laid the house out and managed the whole thing. Well, when he came to us, blinded, I said: "Wright, what do you know, outside of that business, that you would like to turn your hand to?" He said: "Nothing." I said: "Well, then, you should go back to it," and so I wrote to the firm and asked the partner,

who was very interested in Wright, to allow him to go back, and they replied, that while they were most interested in the man, and more than anxious to have him back, yet they did not see for the life of them what he could do. So I said: "Leave it to me. Give him a chance." So they agreed. Well, he went through the ordinary course of office instruction and management; he read the latest books on hot water heating. We sent for two over from the United States, and after ten months, this man was ready to return to his original occupation. The arrangement was that Wright was to be given six months to make good, and if at the end of that time he could not be of proper use, he was to go. Well, so that everything might run smoothly, we paid a young girl to act as secretary to Wright, and after a month I received a letter from the firm saying that they were extremely pleased with Wright's work and they insisted upon paying the salary of Wright's secretary, as he was already doing better and more work than before he was blinded. In three months he was handling all the ordinary correspondence of the firm and taking his turn with another fellow showing visitors around the place and explaining to them all the latest models of the different radiators. Now, Wright is doing this: The fellow who used to do his job now goes out and sees what is to be done, brings in a report to Wright. He calls in his secretary, dictates the specification of the form the work shall follow, sets the whole job going, and he is receiving three times the salary he was before he was hit, and I have a letter from the firm to the effect that he is of a great deal more value to them than he was before or ever would have been.

Just a word about seeing without sight. After all, the eye is only an implement. One does not really see with the eye but with the brain. It is only a question of visualization, and that is a thing we insist upon in St. Dunstan's. Seeing without sight is not just a fancied accomplishment, it is real. I went out to the front eighteen months ago and I saw a great deal there, and when I came back I talked for an hour and a half to our fellows, and many of them told me that I described scenes they had been to while on active service with, as they were pleased to put it, absolute accuracy. While I am on that subject, I want to say just a word about your magnificent Canadians at Vimy Ridge. When one knows what that ridge is, when you imagine them running through the slime and mud, across great craters, many

of them big enough to make a grave for half a dozen horses, up a steep slope for four or five hundred yards, with machine guns and artillery directed full at them, one wonders how in the wide world those Canadians ever did it. Nobody will ever be able to understand. And that is the spirit that animates the men at St. Dunstan's. That spirit of British bulldog persistence, which says: "We will not be beaten."

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry,
The sentry who stood at the door.

"A wounded Canadian soldier—
Wounded and something more."
Back came the voice of the sentry,
Clear as a silver bell,
"Pass, wounded Canadian soldier,
Pass—All's Well."

"What do you mean?" growled the soldier,
"How can it all be well
With me who have lost my eyes,
Who am suffering the torments of Hell?"
He cursed the German bullet
Which had robbed him of his sight.
Hopeless, defiant, helpless,
Afraid of eternal night.

Scarcely a twelvemonth later
There came to the self-same door
That soldier who had been wounded—
Wounded and something more.
Confident and resolute,
Cheery, alert and bright,
Just a normal human being,
Doing without his sight.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry,
The sentry performing his round;
"A happy Canadian soldier,
Competent, homeward bound."
Quick came the voice of the sentry,
Clear as a silver bell—
"Pass, competent, happy Canadian,
Pass, All's well."

(January 13th, 1919)

INDUSTRIAL RE-EDUCATION FOR INVALIDED SOLDIERS

By MAJOR R. T. McKEEN

I WANT to express my very great pleasure indeed at having the opportunity of addressing this representative body of Montreal business men upon a subject which, to my mind, is of intense interest to them, and one which, of course, is very important to me and to my personnel.

We often hear the question: What is being done for the returned men? There is a great deal being done for them, and the most important part of that to you is that you have to pay for it, and I therefore think it is only right that a clear exposition of what is being done should be given to you.

The training of disabled soldiers is something which is entirely new to this generation. Heretofore, they were allowed pensions, but no person has ever seemed to have thought of the possibility of re-engaging these men in industrial occupations.

After the South African War there was an organization formed to more or less provide for men disabled in that war. Their work enabled them to inaugurate workshops for the employment of disabled men. They found it was very difficult, indeed, to get employment for them in ordinary industries because they had not been trained, and they ultimately became an organization employing men who could not get employment in ordinary industries. They could do this because the organization was based on support from public subscriptions. This finally developed into the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. They not only trained men for new occupations but they boast that they re-trained these men and made successful men of them.

We never had occasion to consider the training of soldiers and sailors before, and the problem is entirely new. When disabled men started to come back to Canada the problem of

keeping them busy while in the hospitals received very careful attention. The impetus to that consideration was due to the men themselves. They said: We must have something to do while being healed. The result was that this work was inaugurated in Montreal in 1916. In our hospitals here we started workshops just to employ men and keep them busy, and the men became so interested doing small machine work, shoe repairing, etc., etc., that they demanded increased measures of work of this character. Industrial work of this kind in the hospitals is under the control of the Military Hospitals Commission, and the Commission very enthusiastically organized matters in such a way that in every hospital in the country means were provided, both in equipment and personnel, so that the men could engage in useful occupations while convalescing. The work grew to such an extent and the results were so immediate, inasmuch as many men found that they learned enough to go out after discharge and take up work at an increased emolument, that the thought was forced on the people of so providing for all men who could not go back to their regular occupations. Orders in Council were put through whereby it is now possible for any disabled man of the Allied Forces who comes to this country to go back to his former occupation or to be trained for from three to twelve months in some occupation in which he has a good show of earning, not only his pre-war wage, but an increased wage.

I am going to tell you the story of what we are doing in this particular unit of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, charged with the responsibility of not only training these men industrially and keeping them occupied during the convalescent period, but also charged with their medical treatment and general welfare throughout the country. What I describe pertains to every other unit in the country. This department is divided into units corresponding to the military districts. This district extends from west of Three Rivers to east of Kingston. The head of the department is Sir James Lougheed. The head of the industrial work is Mr. Segsworth, with headquarters at Ottawa, a gentleman of remarkable energy and ingenuity, who served in that capacity for nineteen months without a single cent of remuneration, simply because he felt it his duty to do something. Under his aggressive policies the organization was built up through this country, and it has trained in the vicinity of seven thousand men since they returned from the other side.

I happen to be in charge of the work in this Province. We have hospitals in Montreal, Ste. Anne's, Lake Edward and Ste. Agathe, representing a total of nearly eleven thousand men in all of these hospitals. As soon as the men come back they are interviewed by an officer of my department who gets their industrial and educational history, gets them interested in ward occupational work. We bring teachers to them at their bedside in their wards and we teach them useful occupations to relieve the monotony of doing nothing. In this district, to-day, we have thirty-three ward occupational aides, young ladies who have given up their comfortable homes and their engagements and, at a very small wage, come into the hospital and work for six hours a day training the men in weaving, bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, basket work, wool work, embroidery, clay modelling, free-hand drawing and a number of other things, so that the men have an opportunity of getting interested and keeping their minds off their troubles—many of them real and some imaginary, the doctors say—and they are seeking for us to enlarge our work in that direction.

As an example of what we are doing in that respect, I will tell you of a man we saw in one of our hospitals here in bed with a bad back. He had been shot through the back. He was engaged in making one of the prettiest pieces of embroidery work that I ever saw, with his huge hands, two fingers being missing. You would associate him with anything rather than making embroidery.

I asked him whom he was making it for, and he said: "For my wife, sir." I asked him what his occupation had been previously, and he said: "I was a blacksmith." He enjoyed what he was doing and it helped to relieve the monotony. When this man gets further along and is able to move about and leave the hospital we will introduce him to our schools.

We have established our schools through the generosity of McGill and the Montreal Technical School, and men in the hospitals have the opportunity of going there and engaging in any one of thirty-three different trades, modern mechanics, typewriting, stenography, and so on, during convalescence. We have similar schools at Ste. Anne's. We do the same thing in the hospitals at Quebec and at Lake Edward and Ste. Agathe. The men attend these classes during the incidental stages of convalescence, and in many cases learn more than they ever knew before and enough to

go and take occupation at an increase over their pre-war wage, and when I tell you this I simply state the case lightly.

I was going through the classes, the other day, with Mr. Macaulay, of the Sun Life. We went into the class where they learn elementary commercial work, and an old chap stood up and said: "Major, I have not been able to do what I can do to-day for forty years. I can read and write and do arithmetic and fractions." He was delighted to think that he had an opportunity of getting what his boys and girls knew and he did not know.

We come, now, to the more serious part of our work, that of industrial re-education. The work described heretofore has been that incidental and due to convalescence. A man is discharged from the hospital; he has some disability which prevents him returning to his original occupation. What will he do? All he has to do is to come to our offices in the Drummond Building for an interview. He then appears before a Disabled Soldiers' Training Board. The Board consists of a vocational officer, a medical officer and a number of gentlemen of Montreal who very kindly devote a great deal of time to the work—men like Mr. Wilson, Superintendent of Motive Power of the G.T.R., Mr. Meadowercroft of Garth & Co., and many others who help us to decide on the problem of what we shall train the man in. We study his physical condition, his educational training and his industrial training, and we do our utmost to decide, with his consent, on some new occupation that shall carry an equal, if not a greater wage than he received in pre-war times. His case is decided, recommendation goes to Ottawa, and we give him a six, eight or ten weeks' course in market gardening or any one of a hundred and ten different occupations. This approved, he starts in at McGill or the Technical School or Macdonald College at St. Anne's. During his training, a single man gets fifty dollars a month and a married man gets as high as a hundred dollars. Those wages are paid through our office and to-day we are paying out nearly thirty-eight thousand dollars a month to returned men, supporting them in independence while they are being trained. As far as possible, the Training Board tries to put a man in some new occupation closely allied to his former occupation. We will make a tool maker out of a former mechanic, a market gardener out of a former farmer, and so on. We try to avoid scrapping his former experience.

While the man is being trained he is under medical supervision, also under social supervision by people who keep in close touch with him and his family in order that every possible obstacle to his success might be removed.

Eighteen months ago we had not a single re-educational case in Montreal; to-day we have passed before the Disabled Soldiers' Board eight hundred and eighty-eight men for industrial re-education. At this present moment—at least on December 28th—we had three hundred and ninety-eight men taking industrial education on our pay rolls, with a complete attendance of over two hundred and twenty men. Eighty per cent. of the men completed their courses and are making good in their new occupation. The balance of twenty per cent. is explained simply: ten per cent. have had increased disabilities, necessitating a return to the hospitals, and the other ten per cent. are lost track of entirely and they may or may not be failures, because many come back malingeringers as they were before, but when we can say—and our figures are correct—that eighty per cent. are making good in their new occupations, in many cases unallied with former occupations, you can say that we are getting results. We get results for the simple reason that the men we have engaged on this work are returned officers, N.C.O.'s. or soldiers, men who are thoroughly imbued with the principle and spirit behind this work, who have placed at their disposal every possible convenience by McGill, the Technical School and the Macdonald College at St. Anne's. In addition, we have the whole-hearted support of the Montreal manufacturers. We are training returned men for industrial education in one hundred and ten different trades and occupations—we could not do that in schools. We are able to do this because the Montreal manufacturers come to us and help us out. I want to pay tribute to the work of seventy-five different Montreal firms who helped us train the men, part of the training being done in these industrial establishments. If a man wants to be a tool-maker, we train him for two or three months in our classes at McGill, and the balance of the time he is right in the factory because there he normally gets his grip again, and I am happy to say that in nine cases out of ten that man is absorbed by the establishment in which he has been trained.

I want to refer particularly to the great help we received from the C.P.R. and the G.T.R. These two organizations have

trained more men than any other organizations in Montreal. We have had their sympathy and support from the start. I am permitted to make an interesting announcement to-day; the C.P.R. are now working with me on a scheme whereby we mean to continue training the men in market gardening. After a training at Macdonald College for three months we make an arrangement with the C.P.R. whereby they will have more extended training under their supervision until they are thoroughly trained in that work. Better still, we hope to be able to dispose of all their products to the C.P.R. for ready cash.

I must also refer to the great support received from the Sun Life Assurance Company. I approached them several months ago with a proposition for training men for insurance work, an excellent field for certain men, and they gave me their support, and to-day we are fortunate in having one of their enlisted men, Mr. Steedman, actually engaged in helping us train men in that work which is a very good field for many disabled men.

To-day, we have in training, as I said, three hundred and eighty men on paid allowances, and sixty of these men being trained in outside industries, which means that part of their training is in these industrial establishments. To show that we are not imposing on any one manufacturer, these sixty men are being trained in thirty different establishments. The problem arose, in the early part of this industrial work, as to how the labor unions would consider the re-training of the men. I am glad to say that we have never had any sign of antagonism from the labor unions, but we have had co-operation to a marked degree.

After all, the training of returned men is an economical problem. We are taking the wreckage of war, direct liabilities on this country, and we are turning them into assets. No greater work of interest to the manufacturers and industrial men could be found than the work the Commission is now engaged in in that direction. Think of a man, fifty-six years of age—the military age is forty-five—he had been a mechanic almost all his life, went overseas, comes back seriously disabled, during his convalescence stage learns to read, write and figure, as he calls it. Upon his discharge, he enters our industrial re-educational classes and takes an eight months' course in armature winding, three months at McGill, the balance of the time in the C.P.R. shops. That man's name is Astey. I saw him the other day. He is

earning sixty-eight cents an hour at armature winding. This is not an unusual case. I will tell you a story about this man. He came back sixteen months ago and was met by an officer he knew, and he said: "Well, Astey, what are you back for?" "Well, sir," he said, "I got at loggerheads with my colonel and they sent me back. You see, I was the colonel's orderly and he sent me for the horses one day. It was a bad day and raining; I got the horses out and waited for him—I waited nearly two hours and was getting 'fed up' with it. Finally, the colonel came out, looking warm and comfortable, and said: 'Astey, take the horses away, I don't want them.' I said, 'Well, you bally old fool, why didn't you tell me that two hours ago?' Yes," he said, "I am at loggerheads with the colonel." That is the type of men we have. We have men over age, all ages. We start at the ground-work of reading and writing, we carry them along to a point where they are able to engage in industrial re-training, and we re-train them. We have some failures, of course; nothing worth while has no failures. We have had men take the course in industrial training who went back to their old occupations. Here is a man whom the Training Board decide is unable to go back to his old occupation. He is granted the re-educational course; he takes the course, and later finds he can go back to his old occupation and does so. Is that a failure? Not by any means. We are simply doing the work that the medical men were unable to do. A lot of men improve very much in physique and health as a result of systematic and careful training in nice pleasant quarters, and the environment he has been in for the past eight months has improved him so much that he is able to go back to his old occupation.

Now, the question of employment comes up. It is all very well to train men, but where are we to get employment for them? This Department, by special arrangement with the Provincial Department, is ready to find employment for any men we train, and we have a special department engaged in that important work. We don't send a shoemaker to do mechanics; we don't send a bookkeeper to some other kind of work. It is done on a reasonable, sane basis, and the result is that, through the co-operation of Montreal manufacturers and employers of labor, we have had no trouble in finding good positions for our men.

(Major McKeen here read a letter from a disabled soldier who had been re-trained by the Board. The letter expressed the

satisfaction of the writer at now holding a remunerative position which he had been enabled to fill by the training he received. He stated that he was at present earning \$125.00 a month.)

That is only one of the cases; we have hundreds of them. We have a special file for letters from the boys who have improved their opportunities.

Just one word in conclusion. You often hear of returned men "slacking." There is nothing in it. If any man returned from overseas is a "slacker," it would be a man physically unfit. We have had nearly eighteen hundred disabled men and I say that we have not had ten slackers or malingerers in our work since we started. Go individually or collectively and talk to these boys and see the interest they take in the work; some of them will not even go home for their lunches. When you see that spirit displayed in a lot of men starting all over again in occupations, in many cases, entirely different, it shows that the spirit of these men is not that of a malingerer. I want to express the hope that every employer of labor in Montreal will remember that disabled men are not normal, by any means; we have to be patient with them; they are suffering from mental conditions, physical disability that we never experienced and will not; and, worst of all, they are suffering from the fact that they have been out of touch with industrial life sometimes for three or four years. Many of us come back from a vacation of two weeks, some of you get two months, and you know it is a common feeling that we don't just want to get back to work. Think of a man who has been overseas and undergone that hell over there and comes back and tries to get into the groove again—it is awful. Training men to do that is one of the hardest, although one of the most enjoyable, things. It is different from school or college work, the individual training of each man—not the man himself only but his home and family conditions. There are lots of men not able to take advantage of this re-educational work because they have no physical disability which prevents them from going back to their former occupations. Lots of these come to you for jobs. Be patient with them. They are not normal, they may have undergone conditions which make them unsuitable, perhaps. We have to try to remember our obligation to them. It is not the end when we discharge them here and give them three months' pay; it will, in many cases, take six or eight months for them to get normal

again. I do hope that Montreal employers of labor will see to it that they themselves not only appreciate the men's condition and situation, but see to it that their subordinates do the same. One of the greatest difficulties is that while the employer is anxious to do all he can for those chaps, some foreman "sticks the knife into them." That has occurred too often. There should be no antagonistic feeling towards returned men, they must be importuned to extend to those boys a proper degree of encouragement and help. We know of cases in training where the foreman will tell a man he will not make a success of it in twenty-four months. That is no encouragement for a man who has a wife and kiddies waiting for him.

(The speaker read a letter from the C.P.R. cautioning their employees to have special consideration when handling returned men. He also quoted from a letter written by the Grand Trunk to its employees on the same subject.)

This will show you what two of the largest institutions in Canada are doing; they have the right spirit and they are backing us up to the hilt.

January 20th, 1919

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALIA

By H. Y. BRADDON

Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Australia
to the United States

I FEEL as if I ought to apologize at the outset for one circumstance mentioned by your President: that I was educated partly in Germany. In that respect I feel like the man who apologized to the assembly at the funeral of his little child for the smallness of the corpse. I cannot help the fact of having been partly educated in Germany, because I went there from India as a child of six years.

I come to you, friends of Canada—may I call you “blood brothers,” because such you are from the Australian’s point of view?—I come to you, really, on a sort of vacation, because my work is, for the moment, in the United States. I was asked by the Federal Government to test the fact whether it was possible or not to make a successful commissionership down there. I hope it is a success. It is only temporary with me, and I shall return to Australia presently, but I hope that the establishment of that particular position will mean that you will have soon after that an Australian Commissionership in Canada.

Before I pass to the subject on which I am to address you, I want to say also that I have been asked by the Federal Government to give you a message from them. They said: “Go to them in Canada and give them a greeting from Australia of kindness and good will. Tell them that from one end of Australia to the other we are proud of the military achievements of your boys. There are a dozen places where the Canadian arms have added lustre to the British fighting tradition, and we mourn and grieve with you at your losses which are the unfortunate concomitant of military success.”

This question of Capital and Labor is a subject, to-day, of intense, vital and vivid interest. On your Canadian side I cannot presume to speak, but I will try to give you, as faithfully as I can, the experiences of Australia, because I believe that will be of interest to you. I shall not insult your intelligence by any attempt at rhetoric, but will simply give you the history of the Labor Movement in Australia, and if I am grotesquely wrong in any particular, Mr. Fleming will rise and club me insensible.

On this question, as my friend, Mr. Fleming, knows, I have been on the capitalistic side. I am not myself a capitalist—there are quite a number of labor men who could buy me out—but I represent Capital and I have been on that side. When I left Melbourne I was asked by the Federal Government, *inter alia*, to look into the Labor conditions in the United States, so I could take back my experiences to Australia. I have not had one minute to devote to the work, because in New York they keep one busy, and I was delighted, the other day, when a gentleman, well known to Mr. Fleming and favorably known to him, the Hon. G. S. Beeby, Minister of Labor and Industry in the State Government of New South Wales, came to find out all about the Labor question in the United States. He has been in all the big industrial centres and I have had the tremendous advantage of discussing this subject with him and having the benefits of his hints and deductions, and we are in absolute agreement. If, here and there I compare the States with Australia, remember that I do so because I don't know the conditions here in Canada. In Australia—just remember this outstanding cardinal fact—we are a racial unit for all practical purposes. British right through, highly educated—because education is free and compulsory. The percentage of illiteracy is almost negligible. There, also, Labor is unionized, and we have the experiment of Compulsory Arbitration and the fixing of a basic living wage, although these latter are not quite complete. Now, compare that with the United States. There, there are quite a large number—I dislike the term "foreigner"—but there are a number of people, not blacks or Indians, but "the other people." We have not such a number of these. You will have noticed on the question of illiteracy—I confess I was a little surprised when Secretary Lane stated their percentage of illiteracy is well over ten per cent. This is very high in any big community. Labor is not unionized

there to the extent it is in Australia. There are but three million unionized, the rest are not unionized at all and they do not cohere, as in Australia, because they are socially distinct.

Now, in the United States, and I hope it is not shared here, there is a very widespread impression that we are a hotbed of Socialism, a "happy hunting ground" for the I. W. W. Mr. Fleming will bear me out when I say that this is not in any sense the case.

I want to tell you how the Labor Movement arose in Australia. Away back in 1890 there was a strike of huge proportions. It started in Sydney. The Riot Act was read and a number of steps were taken to quell rioting, and the men were beaten decisively. In that contest there were quite a number of comparatively young men who got their heads together and said: "This strike business is no good; it hits in a hundred directions." They set to work and aimed at political power, and a movement was formed which has not its counterpart in the United States; there was a deliberate, careful and thorough movement to obtain political power through the ballot, because all their leading writers had described the conditions as "Lions led by Asses," and that is the reason why the more thoughtful of them got away from the "strike" for the correction of imagined or real industrial grievances. These young men began this movement, and as it went on they were inspired by ideas and ideals. They were successful, and you have had within the past year a very fine example of what they could grow into in the fascinating personality of Mr. Holman, Premier of New South Wales. He was one of these men, and this Mr. Beeby was another. Mr. Beeby was one of those who planned the movement and he has been a Labor Minister, but he was pushed out of the movement and he is a Minister to-day in the National Administration.

As this party grew, they got two or three members into Parliament, and then more, and they began to very successfully use the balance of power, just as the Nationalists and Parnell did in the British House of Commons, and in that way, by promises of support, they got a number of remedial industrial Acts of Legislation, such as the early closing of factories, old age pensions, and, more important, perhaps, a fairly wide recognition of Unionism as a legal entity, and that led to collective bargaining. Those men thoroughly earned and deserved that success—they worked for

it. They had ideals and they had good sense. Five or six years ago we had the phenomenon of seven Governments and six of them Labor governments. There were elements of trouble in their own ranks, some I. W. W. and some Bolsheviki—whatever that means—I made a good study and have had successive opportunities of finding out that these do not appeal to the ordinary, sane, decent workmen in Australia, and I have come to the conclusion that it was but ten per cent. and not more. If you listen to the speeches of some of the labor leaders you will conclude that they propose to hang every capitalist in the country, but when you get to the Labor Party in power, it does not do any of these wild things. We have had Labor governments that showed a liberal capacity for governing, and its individual members were men of weight and capacity. They don't carry out these weird things which some preach while wooing the suffrages of the electors.

Then came the issue of Conscription. This issue split the Labor Party almost in two. We called them, for purposes of classification, "Loyalists" and "Disloyalists"—it is not quite fair, but you must have some classification—and that served. The "Disloyal" section, if I may so term them, became the Official Labor Party; the "Loyalist" section fused with the old Liberal parties who federally have become the New National Party. This is why we are supporting, to-day, Mr. Holman, the brilliant Premier of New South Wales, and Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, because these men were thoroughly loyal on the war situation; they went in on the ticket that Australia must do absolutely its best in this war. To-day, as a result of that split, out of the seven Governments of Australia, only one is the Official Labor Party, in the State of Queensland, and it is only fair for me to state that there is no room in Australia, as I said yesterday, for the Red Flag. One gentleman in the room yesterday was exceedingly displeased with me for saying that, but as a matter of fact, in a democracy like Australia, there is no room for I. W. W. or Bolsheviki.

We have been accused, also, of overdoing State paternalism in Australia: the railways are state-owned and run; the waterworks are municipally-owned; the states own the telegraphs, post offices and telephones, and, in some cases, the tram lines. We did not come to this as a result of the application of some economic legislation. It grew, like Topsy. Fifty years ago there was no

private capital to do these things, and if the Government did not do it no one would have done it. I am not a believer in State paternalism, but the Government run the various utilities fairly well and the management is by no means inefficient and is sympathetic.

Mr. Beeby speaks with much more authority than myself. He has examined very closely the restrictions of employers' freedom of action, and he has come to the conclusion that notwithstanding this idea in the United States that we are overridden with these restrictions in Australia, we are a little less restricted in this than they are in the States. This may sound a big thing to say, but I very earnestly believe it.

You may like to know something about wages in Australia. They are just about half those of the United States, but the purchasing power of money, so far as we can ascertain it, is just about double with us, so that the workman is pretty much—that is bad English, but, as Mark Twain said, it is time it was good English—on the same plane as they are in the United States. To give you an illustration, the biggest wage granted to ordinary artisans by the Federal Court in Australia is four dollars a day, the day being based on eight hours.

We have in Australia what we call the "Go Slow" business, the deliberate curtailment of the work of the workmen—a terribly serious thing, because the effect is bad on the character of the work. There can be no spiritual satisfaction when a workman is deliberately and consciously slacking. To try and give a quantitative value of what is lost is very difficult, but Mr. Beeby says he figures that in Australia he can put it at about twenty per cent. diminished output through this policy of "Go Slow," but I think that understates it, but in the United States I am told that it means there nearer fifty per cent.

Now we come to this feature of Compulsory Arbitration—which we have tried in Australia and are still trying. About twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, thanks to a very badly sweated factory in Melbourne, a Board was formed of employers and employees with a neutral chairman. That system worked very well, but it had no compulsory aspect; there were no penalties. In 1899, Mr. Wise, an erratic lawyer of the Cobden school, brought in the New South Wales Compulsory Arbitration Act, and he professed—I remember the speech—that this would abolish

strikes from the land. To the workman it was held out: "Here is a tribunal which will hear your grievances and the wages will be publicly fixed"; to the employer, it was said that industrial peace would flow and he could attend to his production unworried by the imminence of strikes, and all employers alike would have to pay the one wage. The Court machinery was something like this. A judge—often a judge of the Supreme Court—was appointed, a capable, eminent man. He would sit in court and hear the dispute, and when an industrial dispute was impending you would have all the aspects of a forensic battle and all kinds of legal jargon and technicalities, and it had the very unfortunate effect of intensifying class separation, class consciousness, class suspicion and class dislike. Now, this court operating in this way was presumed to abolish strikes, but it has not. There were great delays that led to some strikes in getting this elaborate organization ready. The evil effect of this system was when we abolished the responsibility of the employer towards his employees; he did not fix wages or conditions—the Court did that—so it separated master and man a little wider apart, and we lost one of the healthiest things—voluntary negotiation. To-day, even by thoughtful thinkers of the organization, it is an admitted failure. Some of the bigger Unions still subscribe to it, but the others are coming back to voluntary negotiation. The thing is one-sided and therefore, to that extent, unrighteous. The employer is bound by the award and he can be sued or punished if he refuses, but if the Union refuses, as some have, how is it to be punished. You cannot jail all the men in it.

At the same time there is no doubt that this method, like everything else in life, has had one or two good sides. It has had the effect, on the whole, of limiting the duration of strikes. We have more strikes to the week in New South Wales than in any other country on earth, but they don't last long, and they have this one curious feature, there is rarely any violence and practically no destruction of property. I only remember one death in a strike in New South Wales, and it was a workman engaged on a cart who was attacked by the strikers, and he fired and killed one of them.

In New South Wales we are trying probably the last experiment in connection with this. We are trying a new Act put through by Mr. Beeby the other day. No longer will any attempt be made

to make the individual unionist responsible, and the Unions will, for the future, be responsible. There is a method of bringing about a legal strike, but two things must be done: there must be some weeks' delay and inquiry; there must be a ballot, and this latter can be supervised by the Government Department. If all these rules and regulations are conformed to, then there can be a strike. The trouble is that strikes are not started by the great body of workingmen, but by a few hot-headed men. Many of us think that this Compulsory Arbitration will soon be swept away. We are not sorry that it has been tried—we have a twenty years' experiment of it. If other countries choose to learn by our experience, there is their opportunity of studying what we have done.

At the same time this compulsory method will leave behind it two good things: one is a basic living wage. I, as an employer, say that that is a good thing, that no man working in a community shall get less than a reasonable living wage, impartially fixed. Collective bargaining will also remain, but, if these workmen are to be protected in this way with a basic living wage with no chance for an employer to pay less, then the workman must learn one thing, and that is—I am no pessimist, he will learn—that is that he must be ready to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

Now, after the war we are going, in Australia, to face very big burdens. Before the War the Australian debt was two billion dollars; this will have been added to since, and the Federal War Debt will be about a billion and a half—you know the billion here absolutely appals an Australian, because with us a billion is not a thousand millions, but a million millions, so you can imagine with what trepidation and horror I use the word "billion"—but we are going to have a big burden in order to pay the interest alone. Then there are the dependents of the nearly seventy thousand Australian heroes who have paid the sacrifice; seventy thousand more to be nursed back to health. There will be the blind to educate, the well soldier to put back into some sort of occupation, and all that must be done, but it means a big burden, and the only way to meet it is by increased production, so it is essential from every point of view that capital and labor recognize their national duty in increasing production. The French have a beautiful saying, that to understand all is to forgive all, and I

think that when capital and labor in Australia adopt this "get-together" method, I do not think that labor should control, but I think the men will know a little more of what is happening, and if they all meet around a table they will realize that the employer is not the black-hearted devil that they thought; that will vanish. I think, also, that the employer will take a more sympathetic view of the workman's point of view.

I want to say one final word on a different question. It is impossible to dismiss from our minds the great things happening two or three thousand miles away. I refer to the Peace Conference, which opened Saturday. Early in the War your Sir Robert Borden—then Mr. Borden, I believe—with our Mr. Hughes, was admitted to several cabinet meetings in the British House—a thing never done before in the history of the Empire. A little later, an Imperial War Council was got together and representatives of the Dominions were admitted to that with a recognized seat on it, and that body was for war purposes, another entirely new step that perhaps might be perpetuated; something of the kind will be improvised, and the result is that, not only have the several Dominions been drawn together, as Australia is to you, but we have emerged from this war, not as States of the United Kingdom, but as sister nations.

(January 27th, 1919)

EDUCATION AND CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP

By PROFESSOR W. F. OSBORNE

I AM really forgetting the very unhappy time I spent this morning. As a matter of fact, I have been frightened out of my wits all morning. I had a lonely feeling and did not expect to greet more than a Corporal's Guard; I am very much surprised to find this large audience. Really, if it were not myself had the experience, I would hardly credit it that any Canadian could find himself anywhere in Canada yet feeling that there was a danger that he did not possess even the language necessary to speak to his fellow-citizens. What I am getting at is this: that when that or anything like it can be the case—when a man from Winnipeg, who knows Western Canada fairly well, can feel so much a stranger in another city in Canada, the greatest metropolis of the country—you will agree with me that it is evidence that there is an enormous task in the matter of consolidating and fusing this country into a sympathetic whole.

I am going to speak to you of Canadian education as an element in Canadian citizenship. One of the unhappy results of the fact that our education has been limited provincially and sectionally and parochially is that we do not as Canadians possess a common psychology, a common mentality, so that the man from the West does not know how his language will appeal to his fellow citizens of Western Canada. I am anxious, to-day, to get a proposal before you, to make an argument, if I can, to establish something in the nature of a thesis with regard to Canadian nationality.

Canada has just now emerged from four and a half years of bloody agony so far-reaching that no one can do any more than simply essay to touch the hem of the garment, as it were, in describing its leading features. You are as familiar with these

features as I am. We have seen the integrity of ancient states destroyed; we see, to-day, perhaps a score of Emperors, Kings and Princes flung from their thrones, themselves in exile, and what is more desperate than that, we see the proletariat of many countries in indescribable confusion.

These are simply some of the superficial effects of the great struggle. I think it is very natural, in the light of this terrible struggle, which has virtually dislocated the structure of society, that there should be a searching of head and heart with respect to the measures that must be taken to reconstruct society. In almost every field, what we are confronted by in national and international political and social domains is the necessity either of arming once more to the teeth on a scale of which the past forms no parallel, in order to protect ourselves, or else taking the opposite tack which President Wilson has prescribed, that of organizing the comradeship, the friendship of the world.

Whatever the real sequel may be, I say that the offer of the Allies, their invitation to all parties in Russia to repair to the common spot where the Allies will be able to demonstrate that they have no desire to interfere in the development of Russia, but are only anxious to assist them to do what they desire really to do for themselves, whatever may be the result of that offer, it is a gallant proof, a superb proof, of the wish of the Allied leaders to open up a new era; it is a gallant attempt to do what President Wilson has described as organizing the friendship and comradeship of the world. If the human race, after wading in blood for the past five years, cannot find other ways than the bloody arbitrament of war, we are bankrupt in intelligence.

It is natural, under all these circumstances, that on every hand there should be suggestions as to the means by which society is going to be reconstructed. Not long ago I heard a cabinet minister of the Dominion speaking under the caption of a Reconstruction." The whole burden of his speech was that reconstruction means getting Canada back in the same almost elemental material condition she was in prior to the War. Have I not your approval when I say that that kind of reconstruction is too narrow? It will not be enough to put legs on the men who have lost legs, to give eyes to the men who have lost eyes, and get labor re-distributed again; reconstruction must be instituted in the wide sense of creating a new atmosphere, changing the

orientation of the people of Canada and other countries so that the unhappy conditions out of which the war came shall not recur again.

I was struck with a phrase in President Wilson's speech, Saturday, in Paris. He said: "We may not be able to reach a decision, but we ought to be able to set up a process." I would to God we had developed or could get a brand of statesmen in Canada who would see that in addition to doing material things there is such a thing as "setting up a process," a spiritual process. The Germans knew how to set up a spiritual process; at the beginning of the nineteenth century they set up a spiritual process in the form of a national type of education which, in the last analysis, produced all the havoc of the war we have just witnessed.

The Government proposes to give twenty-five million dollars to the provinces for a housing scheme; they also propose to increase the post discharge pay of soldiers from three to six months; to spend sixty million dollars on public works; a hundred million dollars on railroads of the country. I will try to submit to you that more important than any of these material plans would be a spiritual plan that will affect the character of Canada in the future.

I will try to describe one project that has been suggested with regard to what we consider should be the reconstruction of Canada. I trust there will be no resentment that one coming from the West should make a suggestion of this kind, because we are all Canadians together. This plan, if it gets in operation, will not be sudden, but gradual; it will not be temporary, but permanent; it is not material, but spiritual; it is a plan with regard to the future of Canada.

Eighteen months or so ago a man who happened to be President of the Manufacturers' Association of Canada brought to thirty-five or forty fellow citizens of Winnipeg a project. That project brought to the attention of thirty-five or forty citizens by Mr. Bulman concerns education, and I am here to say to you what I believe you will recognize, that education is the primary industry of this country as it is the primary industry of every country. It is the ground industry, the key industry, and if we can make our education really efficient, if we can lift Canadian education out of the slough, of the morass, of mediocrity and inefficiency in which it is, practically every problem of Canada will be solved.

This scheme I will refer to concerns education. Other countries have recognized, proved and demonstrated that education was a great national work. I remember when I was at the University, twenty-five or thirty years ago, in a small Ontario town, there were a couple of Japanese there. What do you suppose they were doing? There was a certain nobility about the presence of men like Kono in Canada, because he was one of a young body of chosen Japanese that his country sent all over the world with a view to practically rifling the resources of Western civilization and methods, to bring them back and pour them into the eclectic Japan of to-day. There is no doubt that that was what enabled Japan, in the course of one generation, to pass from a hermit, feudal state to the rank of a first-class power with which Great Britain was proud to make alliance.

What did Germany do? At the beginning of the nineteenth century leaders of Germany deliberately planned a type of education from the lowest schools to the universities, which would, as they were convinced, develop a mentality and a psychology on the part of the German people and make it an obedient instrument in the hands of unscrupulous people. That harvest was reaped; the first expression was the attack on Denmark in 1864, the attack on Austria in 1866, the attack on France in 1870, and in 1914 a deliberate and colossal assault on the liberties of the world. These are direct proof of what education of a certain type can do.

This scheme of Mr. Bulman, as worked out by the leading citizens of Winnipeg, proceeds upon certain principles—for one thing, on the principle that a nation can will its own future. We don't begin to believe that a nation can will its own future. I think I can prove that it can. The individual can will his own future; he can will the character of his own future. The other day there died at Oyster Bay a man who proved absolutely and to the hilt that a man, by taking deliberate thought, can make over his physical self and character and live his life as he wants. Theodore Roosevelt, delicate until after thirty I believe, resolved that he would live the robust life, and for many years he trod the stage of the whole world, the best possible example of the robust and virile man, demonstrating once for all that a man can make himself over and be the man he wants to be.

If a man can do that, cannot a nation do it? What I want

to say is that, if a bad thing can be done by a national resolution, a good thing can be done. If Germany could commit her people by a policy of education to a wholesale policy of aggrandizement and unscrupulousness, might it not strike the brains of Canadians individually and collectively to stop in their tracks and take stock of the situation and say that we will breed and develop a people pledged, not to selfishness, but to unselfishness; not to aggrandisement, but to disinterestedness. If Canada could become known all over the world as a nation that really had pinned to its mast those great ideals of mutuality, disinterestedness and service that lie close to every heart, Canada will have solved the secret of progress and unselfishness which we must realize, or admit failure. A nation can have its own view. It proceeds on the supposition that if a nation wants to do a certain thing, the best organ to work it is its children. If we could realize the enormous potentialities that lie in the country's thousands and thousands of children. They are so imitative. I wear glasses; my six-year-old son is not happy when they are off me without having them on. I have a notebook in my pocket; he is bound to have a notebook, and because I have a hip pocket he is not satisfied with side pockets. My friends, there is the guarantee for what can be done on a national scale with children. Then, also, there is the swiftness with which they acquire things. I have passed forty—you know a certain *rigor mortis*, which being translated is a stiffness of death, has already descended upon me. My girls dance—I am a Methodist, but my children dance, and as often as not they get me out on the floor—well, I have got over that fright I told you of—I want to say to you that if you ever want to see a God-forsaken and forlorn-looking creature, watch me dance. I often say to myself: "Ought I not to be ashamed of myself, with a body that should have been able at my age to move with rhythm and grace, that that body should be the rigid, angular, stiff thing my poor body is?" Well, how quickly those girls learned to dance. Those girls, thrown into schools of France, in seven months were speaking the most beautiful French in the world, and I am here to say to you, in this French and English city, that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves in Canada for our lack of knowledge of French. We have right at our side a great element whose language we might as well be speaking as not—and which, if we spoke it, would be a guarantee of affection and solidarity that would be a solvent for half our problems.

I was speaking of the imitativeness of children. You know that superior as is the boy of fifteen to the man of forty, the child of five is much superior to the boy of fifteen. Take the rapidity of a boy of fifteen to learn to run a motor; if our boys had not been able to learn to run a motor almost in one day, they would not have been able, in six months or a year, to ride the air and bombard the nests of the Hun pirates and challenge the admiration of the world.

We have made the great mistake in Canada of never having taken a big national view of education, the primary necessity of the whole country. That is due, for one thing, to the fact that education is under the control of the Province. We recognize that as a *fait accompli*, to use the language of the French. Nobody proposes to interfere with it; it is more desirable that we attempt to have a common atmosphere and give to our children a consciousness of a common national objective. There have been certain very regrettable consequences from this Provincial attitude towards education. One is—and one would hardly credit it if one were an outsider—that we have not in Canada to-day any facilities for keeping Canada abreast of the world's educational program; we have not a single great educational meeting in Canada from a national point of view. Compare the feeble, uninfluential meeting of the Dominion Educational Convention with the great American Educational Association where thousands gather to make the national idea play on the children of the country. We have no Educational Association in Canada. I really don't know when I was so chagrined as the other day when, in the Western papers, I read a full column dispatch which said that the Dominion Council of Industrial and Scientific Research, organized during the war, that Council for the first time had the money in its pocket to award twenty-five studentships, to the value of seven hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars each, for young men who would devote themselves to scientific experimentation, and that body had been able to find only eight. One of the most crying things in Canada, from the material point of view, is scientific research, and to be told that a body with the money could not find twenty-five men at once and could only find eight, was a proof of national bankruptcy, a condition that would not have come up if we took a big national view of education. This is the result of the thirty or forty years during which we

starved the universities of this country and there has been a trek to the United States universities, and when we want our resources developed by our own men we have not got them to do it.

I just stop to think what it might not have meant to Canada if James J. Hill, a Canadian, had developed his energies in the Canadian Northwest instead of in American territory; if a man like Bell, the inventor of the telephone, had cast in his lot permanently with Canada. I remember how chagrined I was to find, at a session of the National Council of Defense, in Washington, that in Wilson's Cabinet, the real king-pin man who thrilled them all was not an American at all, but a Canadian, Franklin Lane, Secretary of State for the Interior.

Why has there been this enormous trek to the United States? Not because there was no commercial market here, but because we had not developed a Canadian *esprit de corps* which would have compensated these men. I submit to you that, if we had had a big national ideal, we would have developed a national sense of nationality.

Let me just say this, about that plan of Mr. Bulman's brought before the citizens at Winnipeg and worked now for eighteen months and brought before forty or forty-five of the leading communities of Canada. Let us assemble a great National Conference on Canadian Education; I hope such a Conference will assemble next summer.

We say to ourselves, let us pick out one root thing in education that is more important than anything else, and centre our attention on that point. What is that point? I do not hesitate to say to you that we think the central thing in education is the bearing of education on the development of character and personality.

It is significant that even part of you applaud that idea when put as feebly as I put it, but if we could get the schools, in the words of Walt Whitman, to produce great persons, then all else would follow. Is there a father here who would not admit that if he could be persuaded that the schools of Canada would make a great person out of his son or daughter he would be satisfied. We shall not be great simply because we have a productive soil and natural resources; we shall be great only if we have our quota of great engineers, great authors, great orators, great sculptors and painters, great statesmen and great journalists. These are

the details of a great civilization, and if we see to it that our schools produce great persons we shall have all these. I might well, if I had indefinite time, remind you when talking of the trek from Canada how we have been bled of our best. This war has taught us how tremendously such a drain impoverishes the life of the people.

Can we assemble a great National Conference on Canadian education in which the national note will be strongly struck without the slightest interference with Provincial direction or control and in which the association of the brainiest Canadians would, if we can set our minds on the problem, be a great contributing factor to the success of Canada? I have no doubt that someone will say it is a very difficult problem, let the schools go on and they will have their effect. Nothing great is ever accomplished in that way. This is no time for any country, least of all Canada, to draw back before even a difficult, delicate, subtle problem. These are days when the impossible is being done. Do you remember, at the beginning of the war, when England was in bad shape for lack of big guns and heavy shells and that gallant and able man, Lloyd George, said: "Before we finish we will put them wheel to wheel." A very responsible man told me, the other day, that he had passed along a certain section of the British front where he found three lines of heavy guns wheel to wheel. The great dream of Lloyd George had been realized. Is this a day for drawing back before a difficult task? Who would have thought that a democratic country like Canada, thousands of miles away from European politics, could have done what Canada has done? Four hundred thousand men leaping out of the bosom of our Canadian peace and tranquility, transforming themselves into what competent judges have called "the most effective fighting unit in France." General Currie said that in the last three months of the war the Canadian Expeditionary Force met and thrashed one solid quarter of the entire German army on the Western Front. Is that the nation that is going to draw back before a difficult task? We don't think we can accomplish wonders in the three days' Conference at Winnipeg in the fall of 1919 for which I am asking the support of the people of Canada, but that Conference should be asked to approve the idea of establishing a great national bureau or Board of Education, not a part of the Government of the country, because the tendency

of Government departments is to degenerate into mere routine. We would like to turn personality loose on the children of Canada. That is the great lack in Canadian education. We would put on that board three or five of the most eminent men in the English-speaking world. If we can get that Board established, pledged to the idea of working out great personal and character ideals, they should be paid salaries that will make look like thirty cents the salaries now being paid for education in Canada.

In "Le Canada" or the "Gazette," I don't know which, this morning, I see that you are actually debating the possibility of Quebec raising the salaries of school teachers to fifty dollars a month, less than two dollars a day, when coal heavers in Alberta, mostly aliens, were making twenty to twenty-five dollars a day. That is a great way to build a nation. The result is that your education, to-day, is in the hands, not of men, but women, and not women, but little slips of girls who have not the slightest intention of remaining at it if their chances are good. Ninety per cent. of the teachers in Canada to-day are girls. It has become axiomatic that when speaking of teachers in Canada you say "she." Let us make it a man's business. Practically all the heads of Universities in Canada at present draw salaries not above thirty-five hundred dollars a year. Was it not a sensation for me, the other day, to be told by a man that he "pulled down a cool twenty thousand a year," and there are three men in his office that draw, two of them six, and one five, thousand a year? The people of this country will place the potential destinies of the nation in the hands of slips of girls to whom they pay a dollar fifty or two dollars a day, and professors \$3,500 a year.

I crept into bed the other night beside my six-year-old boy. It was between twelve and one o'clock. I had sensations that I have not had for many years. I realized afresh, there lies my hope, that live, warm body, that little boy. How far he will go I cannot tell. My limits are fixed. I know, at forty-five, just how far I shall go, but how far he will go I do not know. My stake is in him. I said to myself, if all Canada could group itself about its children as I am at this moment, what a great thing it would be for the future of Canada in love, in expectation, in hope. Let us group ourselves about the children of the country determined to let them influence its character and destiny.

I suppose to-day I am looking into the eyes of many fathers

whose sons were lost in the war and will never come back. They "sleep in Flanders' Fields." O, the grief of it, but I say there will be compensation for you, the sacred solace which will come with the passing years. There will be solace for the individual fathers, but what will be the compensation for Canada for the loss of sixty thousand of her choicest sons? Only the vitalizing, humanizing education of Canada. To teach our children that their ideals are to be used by them, not for themselves, but for the Province, for the State, for the world. Education can become a mere drug, a narcotic, a soporific, if not properly directed.

"Thou, my country, dream not thou.
Wake and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun."

(February 3rd, 1919)

BRITAIN'S SHARE IN THE ALLIED EFFORT

By THE HON. H. J. CODY

I THANK you for the cordiality of your reception. I know that you give it to me in a representative capacity as representing at once the Province of Ontario and the great cause of Education. I bear you from the Canadian Club of Toronto their heartiest greetings. May I also venture to say that I bring you from the Province of Ontario our heartiest greetings. The interest of each Province in the Dominion of Canada is the interest of all the Provinces. If any one in the Dominion of Canada builds upon prejudice, he is building to the disadvantage of the whole Dominion. If anybody arraigns the classes against each other he is not making his best contribution to the building of Canadian national life. I most heartily bring you the greetings of Ontario because your interests are ours and your problems also are ours.

I would like, to-day, to have spoken to you on the subject of Education and its part in Reconstruction, but, frankly, I thought it would not be altogether seemly for the Minister of Education in one Province to come to another Province where the atmosphere was somewhat electrical, to speak on this matter of controversy, and I thought, therefore, that you would excuse me from speaking in any detail upon what, after all, is the greatest problem, the most extensive problem that faces this Dominion in the period of reconstruction, the problem of universal education. Perhaps, as I draw to a close, I may succumb to temptation and say a word or two on the subject, but in the meantime allow me to keep away from that question as a matter of political and inter-provincial decorum.

I am a Canadian of many generations and therefore feel that what I want to say to-day ought to be said and ought to be recognized by all true, loyal Canadians. It is not my purpose

to say much at this time about our own Canadian corps overseas. There is no subject in all the world that ought to inspire greater eloquence, no subject that would more touch our hearts, than the deeds of our Canadian corps. Perhaps it is not altogether fitting that a Canadian should sound the praises of Canadians; their deeds speak and will speak through all the generations yet to be, but may I just say this? It fell to my lot, when overseas, to be invited to dinner by General Smuts in honor of the American editors, Dr. Shaw of the "Review of Reviews", Mr. Houlihan of the "New York Times", and other American journalists. Another Canadian and myself represented the Overseas Dominions. At the end of the meeting, Mr. Walter Long, Secretary of State for the Colonies, proposed the health of the Overseas Dominions, and he also took the opportunity of saying that under no circumstances whatever did Britain intend to give back the German colonies to the Germans. I sincerely hope that what the soldiers have won the diplomats will not lose. At the close of his remarks, Mr. Long said a word about the Overseas Dominions and it fell to my lot to reply, and in that audience I did not chant the praises of the Canadian corps in any minor key. I venture to say that no man living can chant these praises in too high a key. Let all Canadians salute the Canadian corps; let them feel that they never can repay the debt they owe to the Canadians who fought overseas; let us never forget. We cannot pay, but let us do the best we can to pay, and if we forget, the curse of God will fall on this land; but we shall not, God helping us, forget. Anyone who has not had the privilege, who has not seized the opportunity of being in those Canadian corps, no matter from what part of Canada he comes, will regret it to his dying day. Nothing can repay him for the lost opportunity of playing a man's game in the cause of human freedom.

The Canadian Corps was the subject on which I replied, and one of the guests of the evening was General Seely, who commanded our cavalry on one section, and he came up after and he said, "You did not say one word too much about the Canadian corps; my experience was that the Canadian corps never failed to reach an objective they were ordered to take or hold a position they had once taken. There is no record superior to theirs."

Now, as a Canadian, I would like to say that we Canadians ought to recognize to the full the share that the old motherland

has borne in this great struggle. There have been propagandas in days past, through the journals of the United States, propagandas of the Germans and Sinn Fein. There is no question that there was a settled propaganda to misrepresent Britain's share in the war before the American people. Perhaps a certain amount of it has come over the line and there are some Canadians who do not know or realize the share in the burden borne by Britain—the lion's share of the load was carried by the Motherland. Who coined the phrase "Do your bit"? What of the men who spent night and day in a dank, damp, reeking, filthy, vermin-infested trench, enduring the cold and the rain, and simply called it "doing their bit"?

The old Motherland has always been self-depreciatory; she has criticized herself to an extent to mislead the outside world and the outside world has been too ready to take her at her own valuation. It was a sad shock to the Germans when they found the reality behind this self-criticism. The tendency in Britain has always been to make little of their exploits, and that accounts for many things. When that "contemptible" little army fought at Mons, and retreated and fought and retreated again, and made possible ultimately the stand at the Marne, it won glory enough for all time, but the British did not seem to think it worth while to record the fact. In October and November, at the first battle of Ypres, when that small British Army was waiting for Kitchener to get his new men trained, armed and transported, they held the line gloriously. The Worcestershires held the line and the Germans were foiled in their first desperate lunge to reach the Channel ports; civilization was saved, but the British never thought it worth while to mention the fact. We saw how the clans were gathering from every part to fight for Motherland and freedom; we saw the armies from India going to the distant fields of France because the issues were as important to Calcutta, Delhi and Bombay as they were to Sydney, London and Montreal. Yes, and New York also. England has always underestimated her efforts, but that is the way of the British.

Up to the end of August, eight and a half million men were raised for service in the Army and Navy, and out of that eight and a half million, about seventy-five per cent. were from the United Kingdom, twelve per cent. from overseas and thirteen per cent. from India. When we come to casualties, what was

the situation? Taking the white population alone, eighty-five per cent. of the forces raised came from the United Kingdom; eighty-six per cent. of the casualties came from the United Kingdom, and don't forget that it is the "casualties" that measure, in some degree, the amount of services rendered. Was Britain prepared, as those German propagandists in the United States said, simply to "fight to the last Frenchman"? No, it was a lie—always a lie. Let us not forget that it was a lie, and when we glorify the supreme service of our own gallant Canadian men who perhaps did more at smaller loss than any other similar forces on the Western front, let us not forget to pay this tribute of deserved admiration to the troops of the Motherland.

There is another feature. Any one who went across the seas or who was in England at any time during the War; any one who crossed the Channel and went to France or Belgium, was conscious of some mysterious power that made possible the heaping up with supplies of great ports like Havre. I crossed in a group of thirteen ships—I went over with thirteen ships, we took thirteen days in crossing and we were escorted in by thirteen destroyers, so I believe in the number thirteen. From the day you began going over you were conscious of some mysterious, silent power, that made all the overt acts of the war possible. You know what it is; you know that away up in the North, in the Firth of Forth, there was that silent, mysterious power that pervaded the North Sea and the whole world—the Navy, the Navy. How was it possible for the American troops to go from this Continent to Europe and France? How was it possible for our own Canadian troops to go over? How was it possible for Britain to fight on ten battlefields in every part of the world and munition and provision the troops at the front and care for the wounded? It was this mysterious power, which gave the most striking example ever given of the throttling influence of Sea Power.

Naturally, any visitor or soldier who went to the Old Land wanted to see the Fleet. I hied me down one day to Edinburgh and I went out to see the Fleet. What a setting! A glorious day in October, green hills—wood-clad hills—made a matchless background for this shining water on which moved these mighty monsters. Away in the distance, "Arthur's Seat," and I don't think that historic old castle had ever seen such a sight as that Grand Fleet. Here, for miles upon miles, down perhaps for

nearly thirty miles they stretched, these mighty monsters—great, gaunt ships like the Queen Elizabeth, the heroine of Gallipoli—of the real “Day.” And there was the Iron Duke that had been Jellicoe’s flagship, and the Lion. There was the New Zealand, presented by the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Malaya, another great dreadnought presented by the Malay Free States. Then there was another magnificent ship bearing the name, Canada, that represented—well, silence is sometimes golden—but you know that we did not present one. There were these great super-dreadnoughts representing the apotheosis of the big-gun ship. Then there were the battle cruisers; then the light cruisers, with noses like razors and that moved like express trains. Then there were those “mystery” ships that covered their guns; these mysterious “Q” ships; destroyers by the score. Then there were the submarines, some so big as to be able to go as far as a great battleship. Then there was a group of ships, with strangely trellised masts, bearing the names of New York, Arkansas, Texas and Florida, and I am glad they were there on that “day.” The only regret of the American sailor was that he had not been there earlier in the fight. This great group of ironmongery was more than a thing inanimate—it seemed a sort of sensate thing, and you felt at last: this is the supreme symbol, the representative of our race which has for a thousand years lived by the sea and on the sea, and without the sea free in time of war as in time of peace Canadians could not enjoy their freedom.

I thought of all that that Sea Power has meant in history away back where every man who sought to dominate the world was beaten by Sea Power, and this was the supreme embodiment of that might which would break down that power which sought to dominate the world for ill. Without the Fleet we could not have won the war; we could not have fought the war. All our reckoning was on the Fleet. Let us place full emphasis on it: it was the Fleet. We salute the men of the sea. When you talk of Britain’s share in the late burden, remember that without the British Navy, apart from the British Army, the “day” had come of darkness.

We can never, in Canada, forget—we certainly ought never to forget—what Britain has done and borne in this great day of account.

Just one other phase, and I have done. What made all

these possible? The great Army behind the Army. The great Nation mobilized and organized at home. Every activity and energy, every thought of the Nation was directed to the one great end of backing the Fleet and the Army, and all was industry. What made it possible? British genius for organization, that some people thought to be a monopoly of Germany.

And the work of Britain's women. Before the war there were two hundred thousand engaged in manual work of various kinds. When the war ended there were five million engaged in such work. One million were working on munitions. Whenever I saw a lass in her khaki uniform, or blue uniform, or acting as a conductor, whether WAAC or Wren, I felt like saluting her. Think of it—in a place like Sheffield you saw these women handling the red-hot steel ingots in the furnaces; unwearied, unafraid they did it, not for the money, not for wages, but simply for the sake of their country and of their loved ones. I tell you, men, that if all the compliments ever paid to women by the poets and orators were added together and multiplied by ten, they would only be a faint expression of what we owe to our women. Yes, and behind it all, that tribute of sacrifice that the mothers made. That is too sacred for words.

Now, by the blessing of God, we have entered at once upon a new year and an era that we will call an era of reconstruction. When the war was young we thought that reconstruction would simply be demobilization and restoration; sending the troops back home again and the fitting of them into their places, but as the war went on and we learned the deeper meaning of service and sacrifice, and of the marvelous spirit of comradeship at the front, we began to realize and understand that the things of July, 1914, were not supremely good, and we began to understand, by reconstruction, the making of a better world and a nobler world and a world wherein a man might have a better chance than ever before. That is what we mean, to-day, by reconstruction, and these men coming back are going to feel that they have, by right—no one can challenge that—they are going to have the greatest share in the making of this new land. Who has a better right? They served for it, suffered for it, and now they will live for it. The spirit of the men overseas is not, "We have done so much for Canada, we will now sit down and rest." No, their spirit is, "The land we suffered for was worth suffering for, and

now we are going to live for it and make it a better place to live in." You remember Currie's message to Sir Thomas White, written from Mons;—what inspiration there is in that name, Mons, where the "Old Contemptibles" began; Mons, where the Canadians ended the war! You remember, the story goes that when the Canadians entered Mons they were greeted by a carillon from the Cathedral bells with the song they remembered, years before, "Tipperary." Yes, a long, long way, and with subtle instinct they understood that this was the real expression of the war, a long, long way of tears, of agony, of blood. From Mons to Mons. From that historic city General Currie wrote what was as much a masterpiece of rhetoric as it was a ringing call of patriotism. You remember the words: "Weary with the work of destruction, we long for the day when we shall be returning homeward-bound, to take up again with a fresh sense of responsibility our duties of citizenship in the fairest land in all the world—our own beloved Canada." That is the spirit which animates our champions overseas, and there is no greater service we can render our men than to make the reality equal to the ideal of those far from its shores to-day. Let us make it worthy of their ideal of Canada as they see it through the glasses of love and devotion.

Into that policy of Reconstruction there will enter as the most potent factor this great element of Education, and I sincerely believe that the problem of all problems before Canada to-day is the problem of securing a sound education for every boy and girl within our land, for the longest possible period; that they may become sound in body, cultured in mind, trained in intelligence, reverent in soul and spirit. No ideal lower is worthy of this great country. Education is the golden key to everything of good that lies before us in Canada. We should remember that Education is the perpetual debt that maturity owes to youth, and that each generation must pay it to the youth as each generation passes forward. We owe to the children the best that we can give them for the duties of citizenship in this fairest of all lands. The world needs more of education, not less. If anyone dreads education as a disturbing force, it is because there is not enough of it. Light—let there be light and more light, and in the light of sound education all things noxious and base and mean will flee away.

Before I left France I wanted to see where one of your great fellow citizens was buried. Beside No. 14 General Hospital there

is a cemetery where are the little crosses, row on row, and among them is a cross that marks the grave of a man whose life will live for ever. I mean your great fellow citizen, my old fellow collegian, Colonel John McCrae. The lines he wrote are so well known that they are worthy of being repeated, for it is the best and greatest that bear repetition without the danger of being hackneyed, but I could not help thinking, as I saw where his cross was, looking over the water, across the Channel along which came the hundreds of thousands to take up their quarrel with the foe, that his words for all time would be a challenge to Canadian patriotism:—

“To you, from failing hands”—from failing hands, after the long day of struggle, after the agony—

“To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.”

He, being dead, yet speaketh. On behalf of the tens of thousands who have made a sacred bit of Canada under the skies of France and Belgium, let us answer his challenge and make Canada worthy of the price by which it has been purchased afresh.

(February 7th, 1919)

LIFE IN BOLSHEVIKI RUSSIA

By E. T. COLTON

Of the American Y.M.C.A. in Russia.

IT is idle to attempt an understanding of the Russian situation without first having the right mentality towards that unhappy nation. Remember the circumstances under which Russia entered the war which was to prove a war of mechanics, in which the final test was to be that of industrial strength. Russia was dependent on her chief adversary for all kinds of machinery to work her mines, to fabricate her metals. Besides that, with the entry of Turkey into the conflict, only two of Russia's ports remained open. One of these is Archangel, icebound for a great part of the year, twenty-four hundred miles away and connected for hundreds of miles by a single-track railroad. The other port was Vladivostock, seven thousand miles away from the front.

Russia was dependent, therefore, on the outside world and her Allies for the indispensable materials for operating successfully in war. The number of ships entering her two harbors each year was only twice as great as the weekly shipping that entered the British harbors. Russia had a population four times that of the British Isles that had to be supplied without taking on the extraordinary burdens of the war, and she had only two-thirds of one per cent. of the factories to do it with. In railroad mileage she also was handicapped. Her facilities, as compared with those of the British Isles, are as one to forty.

Some of us saw mighty, industrial England, straining under the burden which seemed almost impossible to bear. I think nothing touched my heart more than in England to see the war-weary civilian men of England. We must have compassion on hopeless, helpless Russia, wearing out in an aggressive war the only instruments she had by which war could be prosecuted.

She was unable to make more, and the Allies were unable to give her substitutes. Still she fought on, under such terrible conditions—conditions such that an American army would have rebelled in twenty-four hours. Imagine it—three men to one rifle. They were for weeks under the raging shrapnel without a single shell with which to reply. General Brusiloff fought to the top of the Hungarian Mountains while treachery, back in the rear, cut off his munitions.

Still, Russia fought—this real Russia. The old regime had broken, but those wonderful co-operative societies, by feeding, clothing and medicating that army, kept it fighting for another year, but they had reached the end of endurance. The Allies knew, and Russia knew, and the enemy knew they could penetrate that Russian line at any time as far as they liked. Still Russia fought, and would have fought until the great peace came had it not been for the strategy of the political parties in Russia.

In the months when General Joffre was nibbling at the German line, it was Russia that took the offensive. The ambulance service on the East Front, which had twice as long a territory to cover as the West and Italian fronts, was, compared to the Western front, as one to sixty, with the result that Russia's losses in killed were more than all the other Allies until the armistice was signed.

We speak of refugees. How we have lavished our help on the refugee Belgians and Serbs, but before 1916 had ended Russia had driven from her homes more than ten million of her people, and they are away from home still. Take Vladivostock: it should have a population of thirty thousand; it now has two hundred thousand. We have seen these refugees; little children in the snow, barefoot; women living in box cars without heat. In the days of the retreat, they brought lost children into Moscow by trainloads. The refugees have been decimated by process of starvation since then. Russia is entitled still to the gratitude, the respect and the utmost help of the Allies.

It was in this condition that the Revolution came that overthrew the Czar's regime. It was a political—more, it was a social revolution. Most of the underground work that overthrew the Czar's regime was by radicals. The group that came into power in the Provisional Government after the overthrow of the Czar was a group that only wanted the thing to go as far as a

political revolution; they wanted to have a Government like that of the Western democracies. There was a fight between that group and the Radical body. Not the extremists, but the group that would correspond to the Kerensky Wing. Efforts were made to placate the Extreme Left, represented by the Council of Workingmen's Delegates, later to include the soldiers and peasants. Efforts were made at conciliation by throwing over the most conservative members, and more and more of the Socialists came in until Kerensky was dominating the Provisional Government.

The Soviet never recognized the authority of the Government, and finally threw it over. No political party ever had such a programme as they. They came to the people and offered them immediately peace and bread and land. The Kerensky Government was being held to the war by its own desires, by the wishes of the intelligent people of Russia and by the pressure of the Allies to prosecute an offensive. In the face of this came the offer of immediate peace to the army, that army that was suffering so terribly and hopelessly. It was an army that did not know what were the issues of the war. It was a comparatively raw army that had been gathered from the masses by the Czar's Government. When the army broke up, there were tens of thousands of these peasant lads who did not know where they lived.

It was that army that was offered immediate peace. They offered bread and the soldiers were hungry; the transportation system had worn down until it was impossible to carry on the war and feed the people. The women had been standing in bread lines, in queues, for two years—standing all day, sometimes all night—and maybe, at the end, there was nothing to give them. They offered bread because they said: if we stop the war we can get bread.

They offered land immediately. All the political parties knew that the land question was the key to solving the Russian economic trouble, and the Provisional Government was preparing legal methods so that they could make disposition of the land, but this Bolshevik Party, under exceedingly astute leadership, said, "You can have the land at once; they are delaying you; take it now." They would issue a paper in their language to the Division from Tula, say, on the Western front; they would say in it: "The land in Tula will be given to the peasants." Then

the Division from Tula would start home. This is the process that broke up the army.

Now all this was done in collusion with the Germans. The Bolshevik Party was trafficking with the Germans—they never denied it; it is but superficial when we say they trafficked with the Germans, because Pro-German they were not. It was merely a convenience for each to use the other. There were more paid Germans in the Czar's regime than ever were in the Bolsheviks. They wanted to weaken the Miliukov Government. The Bolsheviks furnished the money to propagandize the German army, and Lenin says: "We took German money to make a Russian Revolution; now we will take Russian money to make a German Revolution."

I was at the Congress in Moscow that met to ratify the Brest-Litovsk treaty. Lenin said: "We did this so we could establish the dictatorship of the proletariat." Lenin is a very capable man—intelligent, of first rate ability, a man, I believe, who is sincere, but a desperate man. He not only knows how to make Revolutions, but also knows how to check them.

The Bolshevik movement is not a democratic movement. It is proving that it is not loyal to the whole population of the country. It does not recognize loyalty to the nation—it is loyalty to the cause. The Constituent Assembly was legally elected and authorized to formulate a Government for Russia, but it was not allowed to sit because the Bolsheviks had one-third of the votes. At the present time members of the Cadet Party, or the Social Revolutionaries, are not allowed to sit in the Soviet.

The new Constitution starts out with the preamble that it now proposes to cure the ills of all the world. It stipulates that the cities will be represented in Congress by one vote to twenty-five thousand; the country one vote to twenty-five hundred.

It is not a democratic movement. It has subjected Russia, since peace, not to reconstruction, but to a work of destruction; that is, digging up and pulverizing every stone on which the old order rested is the avowed program. It starts with Industry. One of the first Acts gives the employees of any institution the right to ignore the property owner and come with a management on their own terms, elect a Soviet Committee and operate the plant. I could tax your credulity by citing some instances of

this. Hospitals have been taken over by a Committee of Janitors and the doctors told what to do. Here is an industry of a thousand hands; it is making something for food, clothing or some household utility. A committee takes it over and it runs as long as a watch will without a key. The manager left some raw material on hand; they run the plant until the raw material gives out, and then they wonder where the manager got the material; they have all the complex problems of the market and of transportation. The plant operates for a few weeks and then shuts down.

The means by which people are fed, clothed and warmed no longer exist. The liquid wealth of the country has all been directed to flow through one spigot, the State Bank. We had our deposit in that bank and it would only issue us a maximum of five hundred rubles a month: fifty dollars for seventy-five men. That was the limit because they said that was all a family needed to live on. If you have fifty thousand rubles in your account and the Government needs some cash, they phone to your cashier and have him transfer half your account to the Government, and it is not a loan, even, you understand.

The Government has no income of its own. It has a system of taxation, but it has no power to collect, and the Government is financed by expropriation and by the printing press. The only money left now that looks good to the common people are the one, three, five and ten roubles, and as soon as they get them, if possible, they hide them. The result is that there is no money to transact business. I was refused service in a restaurant until I showed the girl that I would pay in little roubles. Our man went two different days to the bank to get a thousand rouble note; they told him on both days that the man who carried the money was out to lunch. On the third day he found his man and then he went into the bank to a back room and pulled out all the National Bank money from his own clothes.

Transportation exists only in name; it is hopelessly inadequate. When a locomotive breaks down it is put on a siding and left there because there is no material to repair it. The manager of a railroad told me that out of one hundred and twenty locomotives which they have, not more than twenty could steam up. People travel in unheated freight cars; men ride for thirty-six hours in one of these filled with soldiers and refugees. I have

counted nineteen people on the roof of a car in which I was riding; I have seen women and little children, in winter time, riding on the platforms. Nobody could endure it but the Russians, who have a capacity for suffering.

You cannot depend on mails. The telegraphs were running fairly well, but there is a great deal of business you cannot do over the wire and you cannot depend on the mails. We have carried on our operations by the courier system. I sent a man seven thousand miles away to Vladivostock and return.

They promised these people bread—they have not given it to them. When I left Moscow we were getting two ounces per day per person. It was bread with no wheat; there was a little rye, but it was mostly millet. Take a look at what millions of people are existing upon—I brought a piece back with me—bread made out of sunflower seed flour was a dollar a pound; sugar four dollars a pound; a second-hand overcoat two hundred and fifty dollars—gold figures, and you were fortunate to find any to buy.

You ask how they live. They don't. They are dying. There is not a face in Moscow but betrays signs of starvation. Bear in mind that these are miseries that have been heaped on the Russian people since the war. They endured all the sacrifices of the other Allies, and now this is piled on them.

You are talking of Reconstruction in Canada—but the Russian people, from the day they signed the peace, have had worked on them an avowed program of destruction, and the end is not yet. She has not yet reached the climax of hunger. They have been requisitioning the grain, and the result is when the time comes for sowing the peasants will not sow; not more than forty to sixty per cent. of the normal quantity will be sown.

Along with all this physical suffering, you have had the misery of disillusion. There were great tides of idealism under this Russian Revolution. It had been labored for by men and women for generations, patiently and effectually. The Anglo-Saxon has not a vision like the Slav. When the Slav dreams of liberty it is a vision, and the people who had that vision are now counter-revolutionaries. Madame Breshkovskaya, the Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, has had to fly for her life. Prince Kropotkin, a wonderful, mild old man; he is a counter-revolutionist—he is in prison.

Lenine was brought to task by someone for not living up to

the promises made the people. He is reported to have said: "Remember the instruments we have to work with; for every hundred people in this movement there are one capable person, thirty-nine scoundrels and sixty fools." You find them undertaking the most impossible tasks. We went to one State with a population of five million people. The Government there had handed over to one good woman all the philanthropic, all the charitable, all the cultural work and education; she had all the schools, hospitals and so forth in her charge. We were there two or three weeks and we went in and we helped that poor woman get things going. She broke down and she said, "How happy you Americans are; you are free; you know how to be free—we want to be free and we cannot." There are millions like that in Russia to-day who saw the most perfect dream of freedom, only to experience now a surplus of suffering and misery.

You ask what is going to be done? I wish I knew. I am sure of this—we have got to keep the attitude of friendship to Russia. Anybody who knows the psychology of the Russian people knows that they will have a resurrection only in response to generous, disinterested friendship, and that is the reason why our handful of men being there has meant so much to the people. When we told them we were there because our people believed in Russia and wanted to help, those big blue eyes filled up like wells, to think that someone believes in them and that they don't stand before the whole world as yellow dogs.

The work of these non-military elements must continue. Then we must continue to set before them in this democratic nation the way to work out these difficult industrial and social problems.

I came to know well the man who heads the foreign propaganda for the Bolsheviks. He was a man in whom there was much to appeal to the individual. He was unselfish, looking for nothing for himself. I said to him one day: "It is hard for the Anglo-Saxon to think politically as you do; you seem to put your whole cause up and are willing to lose it all rather than go into coalition and get a part and then wait for the rest." He said: "Yes, when you compromise, you have lost." He said: "No class has ever risen above self-interest, and none ever will. The proletariat is rising; we are at war with the other classes of society to meet our ends." This is true in Russia. They have lived on the

miseries of these people, and this thing is the result of that exploitation.

We have still a chance in countries like Canada, the United States and Great Britain, to prove that there are brains and culture and wealth, and that we can arise above self-interest and be loyal to the whole population.

I am not talking politics, and I hope the press will not try to commit me to any political program, because that is not the business of the Y.M.C.A., and it would embarrass us in what we are doing, but there must be love enough, friendship enough and brains enough among the Allies to help Russia. We have not yet come to the time when nations stand by and see another nation crucified. I don't say this for Canada, but I can say it for the United States: if it means loans, if it means contributions of billions of dollars, if it means the use of military forces in a friendly way—not to force the people or give them a government they don't want, but only to stabilize affairs—it is not for the United States to say that we will not pay the price. Our work is not done. You can think of your work as done, but we cannot—we started in too late. This business of mopping up is a result of the war—it is God's work, and you and I know it is good business to stand by a people in their suffering. It is good politics. Not only is it really good business, it is good religion, and good religion is to be hereafter for the nations what it has been for the individuals; in the words of the Lord, "The great ones among you shall be they that serve."

(February 10th, 1919)

JAPAN'S PART IN THE WAR AND WORLD RECONSTRUCTION

By DR. TOYOKICHI IYENAGA

YOU have done me a great honor in inviting me to address such a distinguished audience as is here before me, including the most influential citizens of this great commercial metropolis of Canada.

Gentlemen, the world is moving fast. A few months have elapsed since the Peace Congress formally opened its sessions in Paris, but already the broad outlines of its program are put into shape to render justice to the injured and to inflict punishment on the evil-doers, to give due recognition in accordance with their merits to each member of the League of Nations for the common cause, and, what is more important, the corner stone of the edifice that is to house the League of Nations is being laid with a view of ensuring an enduring peace.

Gentlemen, the world owes an immense debt of gratitude to Great Britain, France, Italy and the other Allies which stood for four terrible years against the onrushing tide of German aggression and have at last successfully rolled it back, and to the United States, which, by its tremendous man-power and resources and its dogged determination to win the war at any cost, finally turned the scales on the side of justice and civilization.

Nothing has more strikingly demonstrated to the world the soundness and vigor of the British Empire than the loyalty and devotion so whole-heartedly shown by the component parts, the outlying pillars of the Empire during this titanic struggle. We wonder at the remarkable feats of Canada, which, besides the herculean task of providing the sinews of war, sent to the European battlefields, out of a population of seven and a half million, over half a million fighters. These brave Canadians have in twenty-seven battles, from Ypres to Mons, frequently saved the day for

the Allies and by their brilliant dash and extreme tenacity have helped to completely frustrate the plans of the Germans to reach the Channel ports and brought the arrogant German war lords to their knees.

To-day it is but meet that Canada should be represented properly in the Congress of final settlement. It is meet that Canada, as an independent nation, should be represented in the society of nations. That it is so granted bespeaks the liberality of the Mother Country and signifies the mighty future of this resourceful land.

The contribution of Japan to the common cause is by no means small. The position that Japan occupied in the Great War is unique; it has few parallels, if any, in the history of belligerency. Japan entered the war for reasons quite different from those which drove to arms Great Britain, France and Russia, whose territories and national independence were threatened by German invasion. Nor were the reasons of Japan's joining the war the same as those of the United States, who took the sword to vindicate her honor after her patience had been exhausted.

Japan entered the war in obedience to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which imposed upon her the duty of making military operation in common with the Allies. I need not emphasize that this fulfillment of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty was in full accord with Japan's national interest, because Germany had aggressive designs in the Far East and was a constant menace to her security and welfare. The discharge of that duty to her Allies was truly performed.

Japan, for the past three years, has apparently been standing aloof from the great conflict while blood and treasure were being expended on the European battlefields with a prodigality that staggers our imagination. She presented the strange anomaly of a by-stander. It is well to examine and fully understand why this strange aloofness on the part of Japan, as well as the part she has so loyally and faithfully performed in the War.

The terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and Japan's national interest limited her war activities to the Far East and its waters. It was for this reason that at the beginning of hostilities Japan agreed with her Allies that she would confine her naval and military activities to the Far East and its waters. True it is that her naval operations were gradually expanded, first to the South Seas, then to the Indian Ocean, then to the Pacific Ocean, and a

fleet of Japanese destroyers was sent to the Mediterranean. So far as her land operations were concerned, the first agreement remained intact. That was the reason why Japan did not send an expeditionary force to Europe. It was neither the wish of her Allies nor the wish of Japan that she thrust herself on the European stage, because it was not her part to play thereon. Such an undertaking, unless executed in an extreme emergency, would be out of harmony with the far-sighted policy adopted, because in so doing she was bound to face the dilemma of either imperilling her hard-won military prestige or of awakening the cry of "Yellow Peril," which is to-day, fortunately, on the point of being sent to oblivion.

Furthermore, gentlemen, there were almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of dispatching an expeditionary force from Japan to Europe. Most tremendous was the transportation problem; to transport a million Japanese soldiers across the sea—and I will say that anything less than that number would have proved inadequate in such a conflict—to transport them and the paraphernalia of war it would have required four millions of tonnage; in other words, one thousand ships of four thousand tons each. Where could Japan get these ships? Were she to commandeer her entire merchant fleet, much time would have been necessitated—according to some estimates, it would have taken two and a half years. You see how much time would be expended, and in the meantime the commerce between the Orient and Europe, the Far East and America, would have been completely paralyzed.

These reasons are sufficient to explain to you why Japan did not send an expeditionary force to Europe, but, mind you, my good friends, Japan was ever ready to come to the help of her Allies at any time, so far as lay within her sphere of action.

Let me dwell, for a moment, upon the story of the destruction of the German power in the Far East. Shortly after the declaration of war, Japan went to the Province of Kiau Chau and, with British troops, reduced the fortress of Tsing Tau on November 7, 1914. Also, she despatched the first and second fleets and blocked the harbor of Kiau Chau and captured other bases in the South Seas and convoyed the troops of Australia and New Zealand to Europe. The Kiau Chau campaign was, of course, child's play compared to the titanic battles on the east

and west fronts of Europe, nor did the work performed by Japan prove so arduous and nerve-wracking as the task imposed on the Allies, although the vast extent of activities of the Japanese fleet and the enormous length of cruising are not generally known.

The real significance of Japan's participation in this war will, I hope, stand in a bolder and clearer view if you let your imagination play and picture the contingencies that might have arisen had not the Japanese Army and Navy been mobilized against these powers. The channel of communication and all commerce between Europe and the Orient, with all that its security means, would not have been as secure and safe as it has been for the past four years. How much of the Allied Fleet must have been withdrawn from home waters to safeguard the road from Aden to Shanghai? Would not Germany, with her strong base at Kiao Chau, have played a formidable role in destroying the tranquility of the Chinese? Would not German propaganda, once so active in stirring up revolt in India, have been prejudicial to the British Dominions? How was Peace, with all that means in the Far East, in the South Seas, in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, embracing almost half the entire globe, preserved, and the interests of the Entente Powers safeguarded during the last four years?

In emphasizing these points, let me not be misunderstood as belittling the heroic deeds of the great British Navy. They co-operated with the Japanese Fleet in keeping vigilant watch.

Japan contributed to the loans of her Allies to the full extent of her capacity. The sum of a billion yen is not a mean contribution on the part of Japan, whose wealth is only one-twentieth part of the great wealth of the American people.

Japan, furthermore, supplied munitions and war material to her Allies, and especially to Russia, to whom she uninterruptedly supplied guns, rifles, clothes and foodstuffs. If time allowed, I would mention to you what the Japanese women have done in participating in this war. The nobler instincts of the gentler sex showed great interest in the sufferers of the war and they devised various plans for the relief of the afflicted; they opened theatres, bazaars, where funds were collected and sent to Belgium and other places; they organized clubs and societies; they were busy making bandages and knitting articles of wear. In co-operation with the Japanese Red Cross, the Japanese women sent their nurses to care

for the wounded among the Allies. The Japanese women collected one million nine hundred and forty thousand yen, and this was distributed in due proportion to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Serbia and Roumania. Those who received these gifts might well look upon it as "the widow's mite," which means more than all the wealth of the earth.

The last contribution Japan made to the Allied cause—the contribution which was destined to be the greatest had the war continued—was the aid given, in co-operation with the United states and other Allied countries, to the Russian people for their political and economical rehabilitation. Japan's move in Siberia must not be looked upon as sending an expeditionary force from Japan. Siberia lies at Japan's door; she has the most vital interest therein, and, furthermore, she is the guardian of peace in the Far East, and Japan could not look with indifference on the chaos and anarchy which followed on the heels of the Bolsheviki. Furthermore, it would be criminal and fatal on the part of Japan to permit the steady filtration of German influence into the Pacific.

These are the reasons that led to her decision to send an expeditionary force to Siberia.

The Russian situation, as you know, continued to be confused for a long time; it was extremely delicate, and indeed it continues to be so. The Allied Governments failed, for a long time, to formulate any definite operation towards Russia, while Germany used every opportunity to fasten her yoke on the disrupted nation, while the Allies continued to flirt with the Bolsheviki. The old regime was overthrown, bringing chaos and class hatred. The Bolsheviki treated as "scraps of paper" the solemn pledges that Russia made. The Bolsheviki repudiated the national debt of Russia and transformed the country into a nest of thieves, brigands and murderers. The Bolsheviki played the foul trick of treachery and became the willing tools of Germany. That great Russia which, a few years ago, overawed the world with her might, now presents the saddest spectacle of disintegration that history has ever recorded.

Japan, with the recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks, had opened the way to the Siberian Expedition. That enterprise has to-day resulted in the restoration of peace and order. The fear was entertained that the Russian people might rise *en masse*

against this expedition, but this has been completely disproved by the hearty welcome of the Russian people.

After all, the Russian question still remains one of the most knotty problems facing the Peace negotiations.

After serious deliberation, the Supreme Council, as you are aware, have hit on a compromise plan; that is, to hear from the representatives of the various factions now contending for mastery, and find through these meetings an exit from the dilemma in which these negotiators find themselves. To say it plainly, they want peace in Russia, but there is no peace. They want an orderly and strong government established in Russia, but there is none. They want to get rid of the Bolsheviks, but they cannot do this unless they intervene, and they won't intervene because they are unwilling to undertake such a task as that of driving the Bolsheviks out of power for the sake of the other factions with a future so enshrouded in uncertainty.

Under the circumstances, no other course was left but to try to persuade, in all sincerity, the contending factions of Russia to stop their quarreling. It would be too rash, to-day, to forecast the result of the conference.

Before my departure from New York I had learned that the Bolshevik Government was willing to send its representatives. Now, the situation is still more confused. Can the Allies persuade the other factions to come, or are the Allies ready to shake hands with the Bolsheviks whom they, especially the American Government, denounced in the strongest terms to be found in any Anglo-American dictionary? I might go on to say, the strongest in Mr. Wilson's vocabulary.

The Russian problem is to be the *sine qua non* of the Peace Conference. We, therefore, pray sincerely for the success of the plan which the Supreme Council has evolved after mature consideration. It might interest you to know what the "New York Times" said about this. It said that it is a huge, inconsistent, manifest abandonment of principle in the big politics of the world where it is customary to forget much, to ignore much.

Before concluding, gentlemen, will you permit me to say a few words upon another burning question of the day—the League of Nations? Japan officially declared, at the beginning of this year's session of the Imperial Diet, on January 1, her attitude towards the proposal of a League of Nations. Viscount Ojida

said that Japan had decided to co-operate, in all sincerity, with her Allies for the realization of plans conducive to the establishment of an enduring peace and for the prevention of the outbreak of war for ages to come.

Let me enumerate some of the reasons which, in my opinion, would make the proposal acceptable to Japan. In the first place, Japan cherishes no territorial ambition, but builds the hopes of her future on the security of the position she has already gained and in the steady growth and expansion of her commerce and industry. The principles underlying the idea of the League of Nations are the guarantee of the economic opportunity and economic growth of all; the guarantee of an enduring peace which will be an uninterrupted progress to happiness. Nothing could be more welcome to Japan than that this should be incorporated in the solemn covenant that is to be made.

Some of you may say: "Japan is terribly overcrowded, is it not, within such a small area, that nature might force her to burst out of her confines and embark on a career of territorial aggrandisement?" I will say that that conclusion is far-fetched. The problem of over-population—serious as it is—I am sure will find its solution through more peaceful means, that is, on the wide expanse of the seas and on the trails of commerce. This has been in the past and will continue to be Japan's policy.

Again, the days when nations try to find their "place in the sun" through the instrumentality of might are forever gone. The havoc wrought by the great war has been a terrible lesson to the nations. As we have seen, Russia is completely disrupted; Austria-Hungary is no more; the once proud Germany lies low in unspeakable shame. Japan is wise enough and sane enough to avoid the footsteps of those war-mad nations. Again, it might be said that Japan is extremely warlike because of the successful wars which she has waged. This is unjust. She has fought no aggressive wars, only defensive wars, and I can assure you that Japan will be more than content to be left alone in the enjoyment of a peaceful life, and she has no wish but the good will of her neighbors. Why should she not welcome this League of Nations, which is to satisfy her longings?

In the second place, I feel confident that the League of Nations will not stand in the way of Japan's occupying the para-

mount position in the Far East and enjoying the fruits of her laborious and brilliant progress during the past half century.

All of us know that some concern has been felt by the British people about the construction to be placed on "The Freedom of the Seas"—one of Mr. Wilson's fourteen points; nor are you unaware that the American people will never consent to see any interference with their cherished Monroe Doctrine by the League of Nations. I think that the proper adjustment of the programme of the League should, and will be, doubtless, to reconcile it with the unique position and specially vital interests of each great power. The League is no substitute for the Monroe Doctrine and it is no substitute for the naval supremacy which the British people are determined to maintain in order to ensure the security of their Empire; therefore, I believe that the League will not ignore the unique position which Japan occupies in the Far East. A proper adjustment of these seeming discrepancies will be made, I believe, through the apportionment—the proper apportionment—of police jurisdiction allocated to each of the great powers. In the Great War on the European battlefields, General Foch led the Allied armies. The British Navy co-operated with other navies in her task, and thus, with the spirit of conciliation, the spirit of harmony which causes the one to confide to the other the task that other is most fitted to undertake, will the problem be solved. Gentlemen, this is the key that will unlock the door and let in the light in the dark corners where trouble seems to lurk.

Finally, in this great war, Japan has proved conclusively her loyalty to her Allies, especially to her constant friend and Ally, Great Britain. In the sublime hereafter, I will assure you that Japan will remain steadfast, for therein lies her road to future greatness.

(February 17th, 1919)

THE JUGO-SLAVS AND THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC

By V. R. SAVIC

I FEEL greatly honored by your kind invitation to come and address you on a subject near to my heart, and as I know the spirit that animates you, I am hoping that that subject will be near to your hearts also.

Gentlemen, we live in a wonderful time. The dreams of centuries have become a reality. Great oppressive powers have passed away, and from their ruins have sprung new national states full of life, hope and promise.

Such a new state, that was re-born in fire after the struggles of centuries, is my country, to-day officially known as the Kingdom of the Serbians, Croats and Slovenes. It is the Kingdom of the Jugo-Slavs, or, if you translate that name into English, it is the country of the Southern Slavs.

Who are the Southern Slavs? We are, as our name shows, a branch of the numerous Slav race. From where and how did we come to the country in which we live now and which has been in our possession since the fifth century of the Christian Era, the country that you see on the little map colored in green? Before the historical era, we lived somewhere on the vast plains of Russia and Galicia, on the other side of the Caucasian mountains. There was a great commotion and a great crisis in Europe, and Mongolian tribes, like a whirlwind, penetrated from Central Asia and over-ran the plains of Russia, and on their way they over-ran many nations and put many peaceful tribes in motion. My nation was set in motion and moved southward.

As you see, we were not moved by any warlike ambition or desire for conquest, and when we came to the Balkans it is recorded by the historian of the Byzantine Empire, himself a great ruler, Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who knew these same

Slavs and had some experience of the reality of our peaceful character, that being laborious and agricultural people, they were invited to come and settle peacefully in the devastated provinces of the Eastern Roman Empire under the condition of protecting the Empire from the further invasions of the less civilized peoples; so you will see there was destined to them a great part, the protecting of civilization against destruction and barbarism; to that part my nation has remained faithful and true. We have protected Christian civilization against Huns, Magyars, Bulgars and Mongol tribes; protected it against the Turks, and, together with you, we have protected it in the great crisis of the war against the modern Huns of Germany.

We can find further testimony of the character of my people by another great historian of Byzantium, who says that at the end of the sixth century, when the soldiers of the Emperor Maurice raided the Central Balkan Peninsula, they returned with some prisoners of war. They were told of big men with blue eyes and fair hair, quite harmless, who when asked, "Who are you?" said: "We are Slavs come from far over the sea, we make music with our pipes; we know neither steel nor arms and we do harm to nobody," but you will understand that my people were not very wise to come with such a character to that country which we possess to-day.

Look at the map and you will see that that country is situated on the Great High Road, on the road connecting the East with the West. It is practically a bridge, and you will understand that when any of the great militarily organized, warlike nations formed a dream to build up a world Empire, all of them wanted to pass on that Road, to conquer and control that bridge.

It is easy to understand why my people, through the centuries, had to withstand so many wars; against our peaceful character we were obliged to fight so many nations and to acquire some warlike qualities, and I think you will say that we gave a good account of ourselves in the last struggle.

Being peaceful and agricultural settlers, when we came down we came under the influence of two great centres of civilization of these days; the eastern tribes being nearer to Constantinople, they accepted civilization in the form of the Greek Orthodox Christianity, and remained faithful to that until now, and they are known under the name of Serbs. The more western tribes,

similar in numbers, fell under the influence of Rome and accepted Roman Catholic Christianity, and they are known to-day as Croats and Slovenes. That is the whole difference between the peoples. We are of the same origin; we speak the same language; we have the same character; we inhabit the same land and we have, in common, all national aspirations, all political and all economic interests. Being small in number and always surrounded by great and more perfectly organized nations, we have never been able to unite into National States and be left alone peacefully to develop those qualities of civilization.

So we come, to-day, before you under different national names, but practically we are one and the same nation.

Very soon the Slovenes in the North West, the smallest branch, came under the dominion of that Empire formed by Charlemagne. Later on they were incorporated into Austria and remained under the dominion of the Hapsburgs until yesterday. The Croats were incorporated politically into Hungary and remained there also until yesterday. Only the Serbs were able for centuries to continue a free and independent life, and in the fourteenth century Serbia was one of the most progressive countries in Europe; the beautiful churches, the ruins of her castles, the frescoes in those ruined churches stand to-day even as testimony of the high degree of civilization that we attained in those days. We had the laws of our Empire codified in the middle of the fourteenth century. Trial by jury was introduced in Serbian Courts somewhere around the end of the thirteenth century. It is a question whether trial by jury was first introduced in England or in Serbia; it came at about the same time.

Then came the Turk. The Turkish invasion annihilated all the national life of Serbia. It took them one hundred and fifty years to conquer Serbia, and what is the spirit of the Serbian nation to-day? It can be best expressed by one of our national bards. It is said by the national bard that on the eve of a great historical battle, fought at the end of the fourteenth century, the Turks came on in force and they made advances to the Serbian Ruler, Lazar, and asked him to let them pass through into Central Europe. Lazar wrote of this to the Emperor of Byzantium and this ruler wrote back asking which kingdom Lazar preferred, whether the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of the Earth;

if he preferred the Kingdom of the Earth he would side with the Turks and build a great Empire with them against Christianity; but if he preferred the Kingdom of Heaven he would fight with them, although it meant misfortune, but the Kingdom of Heaven would be their inheritance. The Serbians chose the Kingdom of Heaven; they fought that bloody battle in which both the rulers were killed.

Even after that, Serbia continued her resistance for a hundred years. We were at last conquered, but never were we subdued. There was not one man in any generation that would not fight for freedom and Christianity. We have allied ourselves with all other Christian nations; we fought with Russians, Germans, Magyars, Venetians—always hoping that when the Turks were expelled from Europe we would come into our own, and to-day, after so many sacrifices, we hope to receive justice from the Christian nations and be established in our own country.

But, it happened very often that when the Turks were expelled, it was only a change of masters for us—we are sick of it. We want our freedom, freedom on our own terms.

What was the situation of my people on the eve of this great war? Five millions of us, and, with Montenegro, seven millions. Now, when Germany had formed her ambitious dream of World Empire, of course she wanted to be joined by her friends and Allies, the Bulgarians and Turkey. Serbia was the most desirable for her. Without Serbia, Germany could not finish the grandiose building of an Empire from Hamburg to Baghdad.

You will understand now why Serbia was the cause of the war. Germany wanted that bridge—she wanted to pass over that ground. You know, gentlemen, how Serbia yielded to the last limit in order to spare herself and the world the awful crisis through which, happily, we have now passed. Serbia was doomed—she had to be crushed—but when it came to the limit of honor, Serbia arose and Serbia fought.

It was our privilege to have you for our Allies, and I think there is nothing with which we can be mutually reproached. You know the awful situation in which we came into this war. During a year and a half we had thrice beaten Austria-Hungary's forces on our soil; we had previously annihilated an army of Austria-Hungary as big as our own, but Austria-Hungary, an Empire of fifty million people, could not suffer defeat from a

small nation like Serbia of five million people, so Austria was reinforced by Germany, and both their armies were led by their greatest general, or one of the greatest, Field Marshal Von Mackensen. This was not enough—Bulgaria, in a treacherous attack, joined them.

Gentlemen, look at the map and see what was the situation in which our nation and our army found themselves in the fall of nineteen-fifteen. Still, have you ever heard that Serbia contemplated surrender? You have heard how it resisted on every road, every stream, every mountain, and inflicted greater loss on the enemy. Everything was lost, but that precious thing—honor. In these times, as in bygone centuries, we have been faithful to that vow of our ruler to fight for the heavenly kingdom, and the children of those heroes have been faithful to that slogan.

In this war, Serbia has lost more than her population. We are ruined beyond description, but I think that we have proved to be a sturdy race, and we think that the sacrifice was necessary in order to be able to live tomorrow a life based on new and broader principles. We are hoping that we can have our beautiful dream realized, that the people of my nation are free and can join in one large community of Jugo-Slavs, and that we have, to-day, our Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slavs.

But, again there is a shadow across our path—there is a threat to our freedom, and that threat, it is my duty to tell you, is the Italian aspiration upon the territory on the Eastern side of the Adriatic inhabited by my people. It is a great problem, and I ask your attention for a moment.

The Italians base their claims upon a treaty that they were able to have signed between them, France, Great Britain and Russia. That treaty was bad in principle, and we say that that treaty should not stand. That treaty was to dispose of property that did not belong to them. We oppose that treaty on the basis of principle, because that treaty is doing a wrong to the great principle of Self-Determination of nations. That treaty mutilates our unity; it will strangle our mutual freedom and economic development.

The Italians further say that they want the execution of that treaty, because they argue that the Adriatic is an Italian sea, and Italy must control all its shores. We think that such an argument cannot stand before the judgment of Public Opinion.

The seas are not the property of any single nation—the seas are given by the Creator to us to be a common bond between the nations, for the interchange of material and spiritual good. Italy has already occupied the entrance to the Adriatic; on the opposite shore she will have, as a base, Pola at the end of the Peninsula of Istria, and she will be the absolute mistress of the Adriatic. Moreover, we have proposed that there shall be no navy maintained, and we have assured that in no way shall Italian safety and security be threatened on that sea by our presence.

The Italians say further that they want to have a good strategic front. Now, gentlemen, where are strategic frontiers in Europe? They are everywhere and nowhere; it is the curse of history that whenever a nation attained a strategic frontier to-day she wanted another to-morrow, another one just to protect that strategic front.

Can any of you here tell me if you had ever heard of Vimy Ridge before this war? To-day it is famous, and will go down to the generations of the future, because it was a strategical frontier. Gentlemen, the best strategical frontier is the friendship of your neighbor, and if you fail to achieve that, have a brave heart and a just cause, and don't fear anything.

Now the Italians say that they have historical rights upon those territories, because Venice some time ruled on the other shore of the Adriatic. Now, gentlemen, is there any Province in Europe to-day, belonging to any nation, on which another nation has not some historical rights? It is very characteristic to tell you how Venice came to rule on the other shore of the Adriatic. It was at the beginning of the thirteenth century, on one of the last Crusades. The Crusaders came to Venice in the year 1222. They asked the Venetian Republic to help them to go to Palestine, and the merchants of Venice said, "It is a good cause, we shall help you, it is for a holy purpose; but we have here a little business of our own on the opposite shore of the Adriatic. Please go and stop there, and just conquer Dalmatia for us, and after that you can continue for the Holy Land." They did so; the Crusaders came to Dalmatia in 1222 and conquered, and thus the Venetians ruled it, but Dalmatia, in that time as to-day, was Slav in character and in heart.

To-day the situation is somewhat similar. The nations of the world have, like the Crusaders, a great task for the conquest

of a spiritual highway, they want a League of Nations in order to have the life of the world organized on a better and broader basis, and the Italian says, "Yes, we shall be parties to that nice purpose, but we have a small business of our own here; please stop on your way and conquer Dalmatia for us."

There is a last argument—a serious one—an argument that contains the truth. It is that the Italians say that there are Italians living in these Provinces of former Austria-Hungary. Gentlemen, it is true that there are Italians, but if you look at the little map I gave you—and let me mention that that map is a copy of the map that was published in Rome by an Italian authority—it was published in 1914, and you will see how the Italian population is only on the fringe on the West and South of Trieste, on the western part of the Peninsula of Istria that can be easily and justly incorporated into Italy, and by it Italy will complete her national aspirations and we, the Southern Slavs, will be the first to rejoice.

Since the time that map was published, Italy has formed her Imperialistic claims, and the map is destroyed. Now that Italian population ought to go to Italy; but in that part of the territory even there will be a considerable number of Slavs. In the town of Trieste, of some 150,000, there are 60,000 Southern Slavs; in other towns and provinces that will go to Italy, there will possibly be some 100,000 Slavs; so that Italy will incorporate in her kingdom some 150,000 Slavs. That concession, we considered, might be necessary just to satisfy the Italian feeling. But beyond that territory there is nothing that Italy can claim on the part of nationality.

In Dalmatia, a province inhabited by 650,000, there are, according to the official statistics, only 18,000 Italians, which means less than three per cent. The Italian propagandists dispute those figures, and say that the official statistics might be wrong. Very well, I went to the Library and I found the "Rapporto Officiale del Ministro del Istoria" of Rome, an official Italian publication published in 1914, giving the number of Italians in Dalmatia as only 14,000, which means four thousand less. Besides that, there are in Fiume some 20,000 Italians. By that you will understand that beyond the Italian boundaries there will remain scattered among the Southern Slavs only 40,000, and we are ready to give to those Italian municipalities all the rights of national freedom and development; we want them just for the

purpose of making fruitful and friendly relations between us and Italy. They will be the best agents for the Italian peaceful penetration of our country.

Now as soon as the Italian people became aware of the danger that lay in that treaty of London, they were greatly disturbed. Public Italian opinion wanted to come to a better understanding, and you know in April in Rome, on the initiative of the Italian Congress, there was a discussion in Rome. At that congress the representatives of my people undertook negotiations with the Congressmen of the Italian Parliament, and a perfect agreement was reached, and we consider that that agreement has life and sincerity. Since that agreement the Italian Foreign Office, through Baron Sonnino, has brushed aside the agreement, and insists on the execution of the Treaty.

We say further that we shall be willing to meet them half way, and go and negotiate again directly with them, but we have not received any reply to our advances. If the Italians do not accept our arguments, we propose to go before any Court of Arbitration of the world. We believe that justice is not dead in the world, and that justice will be done to us and to Italy also, and we, the Southern Slavs, are willing to accept the decision of that Court of Arbitration. You will understand, gentlemen, that further than this we cannot go. We are a nation decided and resolved to continue the fight for our freedom and unity. We don't menace anybody; we wish Italy to be a friend and neighbor. There is looming in Europe a great danger; if the Italian people push their Imperialistic claims, it will be the best opportunity for the Germans to come again and assert their right to the Adriatic. You will understand that for us there is this attitude: If Italy wants to rule against the consent of my people she will come, to our regret, to that position, which yesterday was occupied by Austria-Hungary, and it will be no profit to the Italians nor to us, nor to the peace of the world.

Our duty is plain, and we must be faithful to that feeling of human dignity, and we must not any more be treated like a nation of the third class. We shall do everything in our power to meet the Italians in a friendly spirit, but if the Italians do not wish for that, we will leave the responsibility for the consequences to those Italian statesmen—or rather politicians, because they are not statesmen—but we, the Southern Slavs, will do our duty, and the rest we leave to God.

(February 24th, 1919)

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By MR. THOMAS ADAMS

WHEN I spoke here, in 1915, I had come almost direct from the Old Country, just before the beginning of the War, and the Montreal Canadian Club was the first public gathering which I addressed. You very kindly took me in and made me feel at home in Canada, and I hope that this will not be the last public gathering at which I will speak in Canada; but I assure you, I look upon it now all the more as the greatest privilege to be able to stand here and speak to you, because of what I have learned since I came to Canada, of the value and importance of the Canadian Club.

I should just like to say a word, before opening my own subject, about the loss we had the other day in the death of that famous statesman, that great, tender-hearted man, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I think the last meeting which he attended was a meeting of the Canadian Club in Ottawa. No matter what our opinions may be, and personally, as a civil servant, I do not hold any on public or political questions, I think we all revere his memory. I remember the first and only time I met him; it was in the lobby of the House at Ottawa, and I always remember that I committed a great blunder in his presence. Speaking on House Planning, I introduced the word "control" in some form or another in connection with the administration of town planning, and I saw at once, that he bristled at the suggestion of control in Canada. It is liberty alone, said he, that rules through life. He regarded that principle as the mainspring of his political life; he looked upon that as his ideal, and we all revere his memory, and feel that we have lost one who contributed more to Canada than he took from it.

With regard to the question of "Housing," I think it is as well, perhaps, to begin by stating one or two general principles. We want to avoid, in these coming days, placing too much em-

phasis on the sacred rights of property where they come in conflict with the rights of human life. We want to get rid of the false philosophy taught by so many political economists in this regard. It is to the building up of the strength, the physique, the morals of our people that we must look for the building up of Canada, and if property has to suffer here and there, if it conflicts with the main ideal, we must leave it to suffer, so long as we protect it from the encroachment of anything in the form of interference with legitimate rights.

Then there is the question of having a higher ideal of liberty. It was Burke who once described liberty as not being a thing distinct from justice, but a thing that ought, in combination with justice, to be the foundation of our thought and action. John Morley said that liberty was the expression of the highest political truth. We want to remember that when dealing with the question of liberty in connection with the development of towns and housing.

There is another principle to which I shall refer. We must find it difficult, in a community such as ours, to face the question of having to find money out of the public exchequer to benefit one portion of the community at the expense of the other. It raises up all sorts of new issues, and we are confronted, not only with a difficult economical situation resulting from the war, but also a difficult political situation and social problem, in that we are introducing a question of using public funds to assist in solving problems which, up to now, have been entirely left in the hands of those who may be grouped under the heading of Private Enterprises.

The great changes in our industrial and social life make it necessary for us to look on the question of our responsibility in a different way from that with which we looked on it before the war took place. The question is bristling with difficulty, but that is no reason to try to escape from it. We have undoubtedly to face this problem of housing our people by some means, and the question is how is it to be done? If it is to be done by private enterprise, are we sure that private enterprise can deal with the problem? If not, is it not necessary that we should have some means, through the machinery of the Government, to provide for this transition period, and to furnish employment for the men likely to suffer lack of employment? And it is time,

also, to provide homes for the returned soldiers, who now find it difficult to get homes at a reasonable rent.

I am not going to take up the time of this gathering with a long dissertation on the Housing Problem. There is a great difference between the problem here and in England, but there is one thing I can now say with security and a feeling of right, that we have here, in our huge cities in Canada, a problem which is as acute as it is in the older cities of the Mother Country.

To what extent do the evils incidental to slums and bad housing conditions affect the individual, and to what extent are they matters of public interest? I have seen evidence, and I have carried out investigations in some cities like St. John, Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg. I have examined the investigations of others, and have made certain studies myself, and on the whole I think it can be said about the problem in Canada, that it is worse in these respects where the responsibility of the public is involved than in the Old Country, and it is no worse, if not better than the Old Country, in the respect in which overcrowding by individuals or lack of proper care on the part of tenants is concerned. Our inquiry showed that outside of one or two of the European races who tend to overcrowd wherever they go, lack of cleanliness and serious interference with the property of the landlords was not evidenced in the majority of cases. What was evident was this lack of proper control of building construction by the public authorities. We should not be indifferent to the enormous loss entailed on this country as a result of fires, because plans are not submitted, or inspected when submitted, and the building is allowed to go up without proper care. Houses are permitted to be built on swamps where there is not proper drainage; they are raised up by dumping two or three feet of garbage. Privies are permitted in places where they ought not to be; lack of water connection to a house is a crime. No house is permitted to be erected in England without direct connection with the water supply. I know of cases around Ottawa where tenants have to walk a considerable distance to get water from outside.

On the whole, responsibility for bad housing conditions rests with the authorities and not with the individuals living under those conditions. We had that problem before the war, and during the war we had another problem, that of providing housing for those engaged in war industries. In Great Britain, where

I went last year to study the problem, they showed such wisdom in connection with this matter of war housing, that the United States Government decided to appropriate \$197,000,000 for the purpose of providing housing for munition workers and ship workers and others during the War. In England, at Gretna, from 1915 to 1918, there grew up a town around a series of explosive factories to accommodate the men and women workers. There were streets of macadam, water mains, stores, etc.

Lloyd George, in his investigation into the question of the output of munitions—a careful investigation made by scientific men—found that long hours did not pay, a certain amount of recreation was essential; and that contentment with home conditions was the first necessity to maintain the maximum of output.

Now, a country that has had that demonstrated so strongly during the war will not go back on the lesson. It will realize that what is sound in war is sound in peace; if production increases by recreation and good housing conditions, it is as good in days of peace as in days of war. They have, therefore, decided in the Old Country to build five hundred thousand houses. They have appointed a Housing Director for England, and he will have an army of officials, town planners, architects and so on, to build some five hundred thousand houses at a cost of a thousand millions. Think of what that means with the cost of money now. It is thought that one-third of that will be lost if prices go down, and seventy-five per cent. of that loss will be on the State, and twenty-five per cent. on the municipalities. The municipalities are entrusted with the work of building, and the State provides the expert organization. One of the things they have to do in England is to organize the distribution and collection of material, and to provide for an increase in production of this material, which, of course, during the war was not produced to any extent.

Before coming to our own Canadian problem, might I refer to the United States organization. The United States, as I said, followed England in this idea, but I am sorry to say that in the practical working out of its policy it has not produced such good results. They appropriated a hundred and ninety-seven million dollars, and had an excellent body of men organized. Then they started a large number of schemes. I sometimes think of the office I visited in Washington, with a staff of eight or nine hundred town builders, architects, engineers, etc., with salaries

of \$2,290,000. I hope, in our small way, we will be able to do something in this country. We have to remember that in the United States they were dealing, not with the ordinary conditions of peaceful construction, but with war housing. They started a number of splendid schemes, and they have been helpful in demonstrating what should be done. The United States Senate has been making a full inquiry into this expenditure, and now they have decided to stop further expenditures, and that is what I mean when I say that the results achieved in the United States have not been as satisfactory as those achieved in England. There is this difference between our friends to the South and the Government in England; the United States has not yet determined on the After-the-War housing programme; England has determined on an expenditure of a thousand million dollars.

We, in Canada, have gone a little in front. Our Government has not expended or provided any money for war housing, but it has decided to start with an appropriation of twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of enabling the provinces to deal with the housing problem during the transition period from war to peace, to assist them in meeting the shortage of houses which now exists. This appropriation by the Federal Government has to be made with due recognition of the following facts. In the first place, under our system of government the Federal Government is not responsible for the administration of municipal questions, and the housing question is primarily a municipal question. It is, therefore, the duty of the Province, not of the Federal Government, to undertake the administration, and the fund of twenty-five millions will be turned over to the Provinces for distribution according to estimated population. According to population the amount available for the Province of Quebec will be \$6,581,000.

In the Province of Ontario they are adding to their share of the Federal Loan a sum of money which will make the total for Ontario about ten million dollars.

These loans are being made by the Federal Government under four conditions, and four only. I have said that it is not the principle nor the intention of the Federal Government to interfere with the proper prerogatives of the Provinces, but in giving the money they wish to ensure that it will be spent with due regard to the objects we have in view, and that object is to

help to deal with the problem of congestion in cities, and to relieve that problem by providing houses at actual cost, getting the land at reasonable prices, and providing workmen with homes without the profits usually demanded by speculators.

The conditions laid down by the Federal Government are first, that the Province is permitted to prepare its own scheme, but it must submit its general scheme to the Federal Government; that is, that to the Province of Quebec would be submitted schemes for Montreal, Three Rivers, etc., but it would submit a general scheme to the Federal Government. This scheme would be passed upon by my office, and would then be signed and approved by the Housing Committee, and once approved it would come into operation. That is the first condition, that some general scheme be prepared and submitted for approval.

Second, we require that any houses erected from this loan shall not exceed a certain amount in cost. In Ontario they are restricted to \$3,000, and in special cases \$3,600, but the Federal scheme permits the erection of more durable houses to cost up to \$4,500. What we estimate is that any person who uses \$3,000 or \$3,600 for the erection of a house is likely to have to do with less durable construction than we would like to see, and if he makes the house of more durable construction we will allow him a loan of \$4,000 or \$4,500. The working out of this is also affected by the period for which we grant the loan.

The first intention was to limit the period of re-payment to twenty years, but that has been altered so that the Federal loan is available for distribution by municipalities to individuals and societies for a period of thirty years. The question of the length of the period has a great deal to do with the permanency of the structure. You can borrow \$6,500 on the same repayment amounts for thirty years as you can borrow \$3,500 for twenty years. In other words, you can build a more substantial house, taking the loan for the longer period, and still have the same amount of re-payments per month.

The question of repayment has to be taken into account, because some people will ask: "How can you build a house for \$3,000, \$3,500 or \$4,000, including the land, in these days?" The answer is that we will have to do it. We will have to find some means to do it.

The monthly repayment on a loan of \$3,000 for twenty years

amounts to \$19.65. On a loan for thirty years it amounts to \$15.90. You can see the advantage of the thirty year term at \$15.90 per month over the twenty year period at \$19.65 a month. For a loan of \$4,500 the monthly repayments for the twenty year period would be about \$29.00; for the thirty year period about \$25.00.

I want to indicate the advantage which the Government is conferring by giving this money at five per cent. The advantage the Government loan confers is this: in Ontario, a working man can borrow \$2,500 to \$3,000 for building a house to the full amount of the cost of the building. If he had to borrow that money in a private market he would have to pay at least eight per cent., and would not be able to get the whole amount. Between five per cent. and eight per cent. the man saves from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. of the limited payments. That is the contribution which the Government is making in loaning money at five per cent.

When we come to the question of security, it is not a question of what the Federal Government can borrow for, but a question of the security on which it is loaned. The Federal Government is loaning money really worth $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 5 per cent., and the municipality is taking the risk of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only.

Another condition is that the money is loaned for twenty years for purposes of comparatively cheap construction in amounts of \$3,000 and \$3,500, and it may be loaned for thirty years in amounts of \$4,000 and \$4,500 for houses of more durable construction.

These are the three main conditions, but there is a fourth, which describes the persons, the companies or bodies to whom money will be lent. Money may be advanced to Housing Associations formed of groups of citizens limiting their returns to 6 per cent., or to individuals to build for themselves. In a city like Montreal, you might have a commission formed to administer the portion coming to Montreal. That commission should be free of all influence from those interested in real estate, building or anything of the kind, and should handle the matter primarily from the point of view of administering it for the purpose for which it was given.

Such a commission would have power to borrow from the Provincial Government the sum of money set aside for Montreal

at 5 per cent., repayable in twenty or thirty years. A municipality might be loaned money to build itself, or the money might be loaned to a group of citizens formed in a company to undertake to build houses for the municipality, or for the benefit of its own shareholders.

Then there is the third group, the individual. A man owns a piece of land; has paid its cost, and it is free from mortgage. He should be able to borrow the whole cost of building on that land and escape paying high rates of interest.

I have recited very briefly the four conditions under which the Federal Government makes loans. In this connection we must consider the question of land, the price and the question of transportation. We must consider the location of the home, the factory, the store, the market, the means of transportation.

You are going to have all sorts of questions as to whether you should have this matter dealt with by the municipality or by housing companies or loaned out to the individual, but I say that no matter what you decide to do you will make mistakes. Housing problems are most intricate and most difficult. We have certain ideals; we would like to see every man, woman and child living in five rooms, with a bath room and garden, and all facilities for the development of happy lives. At the other end of the scale we are forced to face the fact that the wages paid will not give a sufficient return to allow of this.

There are one or two questions I would like to touch upon in conclusion. There is the question of conflict with private enterprise. I think that the spending of this money will assist private enterprise if it is done with care, sanity and prudence. As John Stuart Mill said: "The right function of the Government is not to enter into the field of private enterprise itself, but to exercise supervision, to advise, to demonstrate, and to control where necessary in the interests of the general good, but not to do the thing itself, to help in every possible direction, to guide and to influence private enterprise."

My experience with housing in England has been this: they only spent \$23,000,000 over a period of about fifteen years, yet we are contemplating spending more than Britain spent in twenty years before the War for war housing or after-the-war housing.

We have to consider what are the functions of the Govern-

ment. I say its functions are to assist with advice in every possible way, to assist with advice regarding standardization. It depends a great deal on how you standardize, whether as a result of standardization you do not produce a remedy worse than the disease. Some means must be found for getting cheaper materials. We want to see that the percentage of the cost of building a house which goes to labor should find its way to the pockets of those who have to pay the increased cost of rents, and thus the increased cost of houses will mean increased wages to the men who occupy them. The question is, how can we assist private enterprise by the distribution of these public funds instead of injuring it. It requires the best brains of the country to be applied to it. Huxley was right when he said that if two alternatives were open to any country and one was to keep down the cost of production by letting the people live in slums under conditions to undermine health, and the other alternative was to make the cost of production so high as not to be able to compete with other countries by trying to maintain suitable conditions, then, he said: "let us, like men, starve rather than take the first alternative; I for one will not believe that a people who, in spite of increasing cost of production, get better wages, better housing conditions, better education, will not, in the long run, be able to compete with any nation and any people."

That is the problem. Now if there are any groups of men here interested in the building trade I shall be glad to discuss the matter with them and go over the details of these problems.

I should like to say a last word or two—and I am not going to quote words of my own—the words of a boy who fell in Flanders, and who said that they died for justice, and justice owes them this, that what they died for be not forgotten. We want to live up to that high ideal of duty. It is not a question of altruism or of appealing to your emotions, it is a question of simple fact that we have to pay a debt to these men; we have to live up to the ideal for which they have fought, and secure the full measure of justice for those at home.

Sometimes, it is said, there are two groups looking on at the present period; one is the pessimist and the other the optimist. If the pessimist has in his imagination a whole crowd of possible evils never likely to arise, and stands trembling and fearful of what will happen, criticising everybody and never doing anything

himself, we have no room for him among sane individuals. If the optimist is blind to the changes of the last four years, and lives in a false paradise, thinking that things will go on just as they were, then we may leave him and forget that he exists. We want, in Canada, courageous, thinking men, prepared to grapple with these problems; Not men who stand aside and say we are doing wrong, yet do nothing themselves. Not men who gloat over the great opportunities of the country and do nothing to reduce the causes of evil which we know are in our midst. We want men who will recognize that things were not so good as they might have been, and while preparing for whatever may befall, yet have hope triumphant in their breasts that we will make Canada something better than it was ever before, a place where its sturdy sons will grow up a strong, virtuous people, loving and beloved.

(March 3rd, 1919)

FRANCE IN THE WAR AND AFTER

By THE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH MISSION TO THE
UNITED STATES

GENERAL PAU.

YOU will pardon me if my words be brief to-day because we have, alas, very little time to remain together. You, I know, are business men with many occupations to attend to, and we are very glad to know that you have relinquished your business for a few minutes to come and greet the French Mission, to pay your respects to France. We ourselves, of the Mission, during our whirlwind visit have been received with such graciousness by the population everywhere. We realize that this great welcome, this respect, is, of course, always for France. We have still a programme to fulfill this afternoon, and we have scarcely time to go through with it. For these reasons I am compelled to be brief in my remarks. But my lack of knowledge of the English language also compels briefness, as I have to depend upon the services of an interpreter to convey my sentiments. If you will permit me, I shall yield the floor to Dr. Siegfried who will speak to you for me of France, of France during this war, and also to Mr. Leclercq-Mott, an officer of the French Army, who belongs to the industrial region of the North of France, which region during the four years of war bore the brunt of the attack and suffered all the atrocities and depredations of the German hordes. Mr. Leclercq-Mott, with all the eloquence of his heart, will tell you of the tragedy of the Department of the North, and you will, I am convinced, realize the necessity of aiding France to re-establish herself, and once more take up her industrial and commercial life, to regain her former prosperity, and once again take the place which is her due among the nations in the front rank of our civilization and of your civilization.

Before ceding my place to these gentlemen, you will, I am sure, allow me to thank you for this welcome which has so pro-

foundly touched us. When we return to France we shall say—not only to the Government but to all our fellow-citizens—that on the other side of the ocean there stand side by side with us men of different origin, but all to-day united in the same sentiment of recognition and love for our country.

In the name of the French Mission—and allow me also to say, in the name of France—I thank you for your welcome, and my sincerest wish is for the prosperity of your great Dominion, and it is my greatest hope that in the future you will continue to walk side by side with France for the great good of the two nations, and for the good of humanity in its entirety.

DR. ANDRE SIEGFRIED.

You will allow me now to speak a few words in English on behalf of the French Mission. I know that in this audience there are many French-speaking gentlemen, and, I trust, they will understand my English. It is a pleasure for us of France to be able to show our British friends that during the last forty years we have tried to learn their language, and to meet them on a common plane.

Gentlemen, I won't be long, but I think I should like to emphasize briefly an idea which has been very often developed to me by General Pau; it is that this war has not only been a war of governments, of armies, but, most of all, it has been a war of nations. What I should like to emphasize before you is that if France has been able to fight during the past four years it is because, not only the men have done their duty in the trenches, but it is also because they have been backed by the whole country, supporting them for the defence of France and the defence of civilization. To speak of the French soldier is, I think, unnecessary. I have been one of them, and we are all proud of having done our duty from the first day to the last; it is a duty that has always been accepted by the French, and we have always found it an honor.

But what I should like to say to-day is that behind the soldier in the trenches, the Government asked everybody to do his duty, and everyone accepted the order to do what he could do. The French women have been behind the French men all the time. Our mothers, our wives, our sisters sent us to our duty; they did not for a moment try to hold us back, but always told us it was

our duty to defend our country, and although the tears glistened in their eyes, it was with a smile they bade us go. If during these past four years we have been able to stand the strain, it is because every day our men in the trenches received letters from home telling them: "Do your duty, we are waiting for you, we are praying for you; it is for France, for the cause of the Allies."

The French woman has been largely responsible for the victory. If our country has been able to survive it is because in the shops, in the business houses, even in many manufacturing plants, the French woman has taken the place of the man and has run the country. It was necessary to cultivate the country and feed the nation—a country in which every man from eighteen to forty-six years was taken away. The women, helped by some old men and by the children, continued to cultivate the land even when so near the trenches as to be under shell fire.

I will not dwell upon this; my friend, Mr. Leclercq-Mott, will tell you what has been done in the Provinces of the North of France during these four years, but before sitting down I want to tell you that during these four years France has been only fighting and thinking of the victory to come. She did not think of After-the-war Problems, only of War Problems, and I am sure that you, my friends and Allies of France, have felt that France was giving her whole heart to her work, and that is why we are sure to-day that the esteem of this country is with us.

We have a hard task before us now to reconstruct the country. We have to recover now, after having given to the nation perhaps more than two million lives. We have to recover without raw material, because all the raw material was either destroyed or taken away; we have to recover without much money, because we have given the whole capital of the nation to the continuance of the war—but the spirit is there. I want here to quote you a few words which my friend, Mr. Leclercq-Mott, might have quoted himself, but which he will not, because they were written by his father-in-law at the worst time of the war. While yet the light of victory had not begun to shine, this man was thinking of the recovery of France, and was preparing for the reconstruction of the North Country. He wrote, in a report to the French Commission, the following lines which will remain as magnificent evidence of confidence in victory and in France. It was said during

the fourth year after the war started, before even the approach of victory was thought likely to be soon: "We intend to organize night-working shifts to make up the machinery stolen or destroyed; we have still all the spring necessary to rise again and take up the race and show as brilliant a performance as in pre-war days. For the last four years our woollen industry has been asleep, our stocks have been depleted, the expenses of upkeep, insurance, wages have crushed us, but the day will dawn and, like Lazarus, we will arise from the grave."

Gentlemen, I think that after such words, which would remind us of the old Roman heroism of the past, I can only state that the country which has given the French Poilu, which has given the men who have had confidence in the worst moment of all, is worthy of living. France will live because France has known how to defend her soil, and France will also live, gentlemen, thanks to you. The victory would have been impossible if we had been alone, if the great British Empire had not, from the very first day, given us the precious help of her magnificent fleet, and victory on the battlefield would have been impossible if the men of the British Empire had not been there. We have seen the work of the representatives of the great Dominions, and among these there will always be a tender spot in the heart of the French for those Canadian Divisions which were always in the fight, in the dangerous places, and which are now victorious with us.

Speaking before a French and English-Canadian audience, I am proud to thank you on behalf of the Mission, and to tell you that the gratitude of France will be eternal.

M. LECLERQ-MOTT

After the very spirited remarks of Dr. Siegfried, I think you know a little more than you did before of the immortal soul of France. I say "immortal," because it is the same soul which, in every crisis of our history, pulled us through and surprised the world. At the darkest hour France always kept faith in her destinies; she knew she could not die, that God would not let her die, because she was necessary to maintain in the world the worship of great ideals, to uphold the rights of the weak, and to maintain a true spirit of chivalry. It is because she had that faith that Joan of Arc saved France. In this war again her faith

has never wavered. It was faith that gave us the victory of the Marne; it was faith in 1916 that held Verdun, and again in 1918 it was faith that gave us the victories of Marshal Foch and the triumphal Armistice.

The Germans did not know our soul—that was their misfortune, it was their doom. We did not know them either. We did not know that they could debase themselves so much as to invade a country which they had pledged themselves to defend. It has meant for us the loss for four long years of the richest and most prosperous provinces of France. Existence in these provinces during the past four years I shall try to picture to you. I shall speak of the moral and physical sufferings of the people who remained there, but who ever kept their faith in victory.

Fancy what suffering there must have been for the mothers, wives and sweethearts weeping for their loved ones for these long years, besides having to live with the arrogant foe in their own homes, taking from you the best room in the house, while you had to live in the kitchen or the pantry, desecrating everything by their presence, even bringing bad women into the rooms of your own home. The physical suffering was terrible—there was no food left. The first day they were there the Germans commandeered everything. If you had cows, their milk was not for you—they took away everything; hens and even guinea pigs; they had taken stock, and if one was missing you went to jail.

You will excuse me if I mention a few personal matters, but I think it will bring the matter home to you. My father was in jail; my father-in-law was in jail; my wife was in jail—everybody went to jail. You had to leave your door open, and at any time of the day a German might come in; if he saw you eating potatoes you went to jail. Besides all this, they carried our boys and girls into slavery. You have read of that, but I don't know if you could believe it when you saw it in the papers; but I have the facts from victims who have been repatriated. The boys were taken to work on the trenches or on the railroads. In 1916 they took eight thousand girls from the Lille district into the Ardennes to work in the fields. At ten o'clock at night they put machine guns into the streets and went to the houses, from which they took the girls to the railway station where they made them pass a shameful medical examination. I could not tell their object in this, but I think it was to ruin the health of

that district of France. Most of those girls came back through Berne, through Switzerland, and most of them had consumption—a great many never recovered their health. The Germans can never pay for that.

From our factories they stole everything: all the raw material, all the finished articles. From the North of France they took about a hundred million dollars worth of wool and wool products—I don't know how much it would come to if you counted all the machinery, all the leather, all the copper—and our fathers remained there to see the work of their whole lives crumpled up before their eyes. But we will recover, as Dr. Siegfried told you, because we have lost nothing of our "dash." We must recover, not only for ourselves, but for the interests of the world. We must have a strong France facing Germany, because the Germans too will try. We must have in front of them a strong, peaceful nation which has proved for forty-four years, in spite of her wounds, that she was peace-loving. If we had not been there four years ago to stop the German rush, what would have happened to the liberty of the world, to the rights of men? What would have happened to Democracy?

If we want to be strong we must be rich. I am not here begging, but it is necessary to explain that because, as you know, money is the sinew of war, and we spent all the money we had—we gave everything; we had to borrow and our exchange has gone down. We want to be able to "carry on" as we did before the war, and for that we want your help, the help of the whole world; but we really most of all want the help of our British friends.

Now, how can you help? By buying our goods. You are always satisfied when you buy French goods—the French manufacturers are trustworthy. You know what is thought all over the world of French taste in fashion, which I know you ladies will appreciate. Insist, when you buy goods that they should be labeled "Made in France." I want to insist on one point. When you buy these goods don't buy them simply because they have a label written in French, a label of directions or something of the kind, but insist on a label marked "Made in France." We must keep the Germans out of our trade for years and years in order to make them realize that War does not pay, and so ensure for the world a long period of rest, of safety and of happiness.

(March 10th, 1919)

ITALY'S PART IN THE WAR

By GENERAL EMILIO GUGLIELMOTTI

I SHALL not waste any of our precious time in apologizing for my poor English. I pretend that I speak a little English in private life, but to speak it in public is quite a different matter. I have never spoken in Italian in public in Italy, and here I am going around speaking English.

I shall begin by thanking you, gentlemen, for your very kind invitation. It is a great honor for me to be here to speak to so distinguished an audience, and I only fear that you expect too much of me, but when I speak of my beloved Italy I think I can speak in any language.

I want to tell you something about Italy—Italy's part in this war; Italy's sufferings; Italy's just claims.

Italy's part in the War:—When the war broke out Italy was bound to the Central Powers by a treaty of alliance. It would take too long now to tell you why Italy was bound in such an unnatural alliance, except that it was on a purely defensive account. Italy saw that she could not join these Empires when they started a war of conquest and aggression, and she refused to join them, but she was not satisfied with a simple declaration of neutrality—she assured France that she was not going to take up arms against her, and in this way, just in time, France was able to divert about a half million of her men to the Marne, to give to Marshal Joffre and to France that great victory which saved France and civilization itself. This is too important a thing to be spoken of in my words only. I have here a pamphlet prepared by an American citizen, a Professor in Harvard University, and a member of the Institute of France; not only is this gentleman one hundred per cent. American, but he has every reason to love and esteem France.

In this pamphlet about the just claims of Italy, he writes: "I will pause here a moment to address myself to my friends in

France. For several months I have been publishing much of the merits of Italy in this war; of the magnificence of her efforts and the loyalty of her attitude. It must not be concluded from this that, after being one of the most fervent admirers of France, I have transferred my affections—I don't know of any country that could replace France for me. My faithfulness to France, on the contrary, compels me to love the qualities of the people who, in 1914, saved France from the greatest of dangers, perhaps even from death itself. It is not sufficiently recognized that without the neutrality of Italy the battle of the Marne would have been lost. Let us not forget the service that Italy there rendered in liberating for service elsewhere the French troops. Moreover, Italy's attitude at this moment prevented the Austrians from throwing their garrison over from their southern frontier. Italy created a new battlefield from Switzerland to the Adriatic, and for this France owes a debt of lasting gratitude to Italy."

But it is very important to remember at what moment Italy entered the war. In May, 1915, the Russian armies were pushed back by the Germans and Austrians together, and Germany and Austria thought that it was possible for them to crush Russia, and soon after to go back and crush France before great England could be ready. But they did not succeed. Just at that moment Italy, especially in order to relieve the pressure against Russia, declared war.

Now they say that Italy declared war for imperialistic purposes and for business. They do not remember that in order to keep Italy out, Germany offered Italy, not only the Trentino, not only to make Trieste an open city, but also Salonica and Tunis; but Italy preferred to take the danger of a dangerous war rather than accept shame. This was business—dangerous business indeed.

Well, we declared war in August, 1915. We succeeded in compelling Austria to send on our front the greatest and best part of her army, and from that moment we began to be victorious against Austria. On a very dangerous frontier, inferior in number, in artillery, in position, fighting on high mountains, pulling up by hand guns, munitions, supplies and everything, our army succeeded in securing victory after victory against Austria, pushing her back slowly but steadily. I will not speak about that; I will

go direct to the darkest moment of our war—Caporetto. It is very good, I think, to speak about Caporetto—Caporetto and the glorious Piave. We came back and went to Caporetto after our big misfortune—not defeat, because the Italian Army was not defeated.

There was German propaganda, but it was working everywhere during the war; here, perhaps, I don't know, but certainly in the United States of America, and everywhere they found weak hearts and weak minds. Everywhere you found German propaganda, and there was also German propaganda in Italy. The real cause of this, I tell you frankly, was that Italy was fighting alone. Italy was alone fighting victoriously, but fighting on a front longer than the French, British and Belgian fronts together. The western front was then four hundred and fifty miles long—our front was four hundred and eighty-five miles. Italy was alone, with a very small artillery, almost without munitions, because in the previous two victorious offensives we had spent almost all our munitions, and we had no material to replace them. Moreover, in '66, Austria imposed on us a very dangerous frontier which came into the very heart of Italy. At any point where the frontier was pierced it was possible to take other parts. In this condition no army could resist, and the Italians were obliged to retreat. They went to the Piave—they stuck there. "The Italian Army was undermined by German propaganda." Look at the splendid artillery, the Bersaglieri, left behind in order to protect our withdrawal. Some of them fought to the last man in order to fulfil their duty to their country. No army undermined by German propaganda is able to do that. The Italians fought without munitions—very often they fought with stones,—and it was the Italian Army alone that stopped the Huns. I say here, and I repeat, that it was Italy alone that stopped the Huns. The English and French, our brave Allies, came to our help, but they could not rely upon the feeble line of the Piave; they stopped behind and they told the Italians, "You remain on the Piave for a week or ten days and try to stop the Huns, and after that you fall back." But it was the Italians alone who stopped the Huns, and they did not fall back.

Can you realize what was the intention of the Central Empires in starting their big offensive? Germany felt that Italy was going to crush Austria, and the crushing of Austria meant a large

open door from the South to the very heart of Germany, because the southern frontier of Germany was unprotected and undefended. She felt the danger and, therefore, collected all the forces she could, German, Austrian, Bulgarian and even Turkish forces, in order to try to crush Italy. Can you realize what this would mean? Italy crushed meant not only a big army of four million men gone; not only the Austrian army, a very powerful army of five million men, free for German purposes, but it meant another road open to the very heart of France—a back door which would let the German and Austrian armies through to the back of the Western Front before America could be ready to help the Allies; and the Italians stopped the Huns at the Piave!

I will not insist on Caporetto. I will not say anything about the following winter, a very hard winter for all the Allies, but I jump to the second victory of the Piave. Last June, Austria tried again to go through the Italian army and to open that other road I was speaking of. Austria was quite free on the Eastern Front. By the treaty Italy was to have the burden of one part of the Austrian army because the other part was calculated to be kept for Russia, but Russia was now out of the question, and all the power of the great Austrian army was on the Italians. Austria was quite sure of being victorious. On prisoners we found some documents showing the programme of the Austrian invasion. First day, Treviso; second, Vicenza; third, Verona; fourth, Brescia; fifth, Milan—and Austria was very badly beaten!

That was the turning point of the whole campaign. After that we have the splendid victories of all the Allies on the Western Front. I say "all the Allies" because Italy was present everywhere side by side with the Allies.

It is not sufficient to know that on the Western Front we had about two hundred thousand men—one hundred thousand workmen, our own territorial soldiers who came there to work in the rear lines in order to free as many French Poilus for fighting, but also a hundred thousand fighting men under General Mangin. They took among others Chemin des Dames, and, just before the Armistice, they took Rocroi.

Last October Italy started the final drive against Austria—that final drive which resulted in the great victory; the biggest, most important victory, not only of this campaign, but all through

history. Never before had a Power inferior in position, in guns, munitions, succeeded in crushing within ten days a big military power like Austria. We took eight hundred thousand prisoners, seven thousand guns, two hundred and fifty thousand horses. These are there to give evidence of that great victory which entirely crushed the Austrian army, and I must say that this victory was essentially an Italian victory. We had against us about sixty-five divisions and we had fifty-one Italian divisions, one American regiment, two French divisions and three British divisions. You see that we had many more men on the Western Front than the Allies had on our Front. I do not want to be misunderstood. Militarily speaking, less than one-eleventh of these forces were Allies and not Italian, but morally speaking, it was really a common victory, because I must say that German propaganda in Italy took the form that the Allies did not care about Italy. Your brave troops, the French and the American troops on our front, showed that there was real unity; by bringing their glorious flags on our front they told Austria and told Germany what our brave Allies thought of Italy and of Italy's aid.

I want to tell you that this victory not only defeated Austria, putting her out of the war completely, but it was a very important factor in the final surrender of Germany. After our victory Germany was quite alone and deprived of her main accomplice, and at the Armistice our troops were three hours distant from the southern boundary of Germany. It is not only I who affirm this; you can read the newspapers at the end of October and beginning of November. The German newspapers said: "What can we do? The Allied armies are winning victories on the Western Front; our southern frontier is open to Italy without trenches or troops." Germany tried to send some defences to fortify the southern boundary, but it was too late, and for that I can, with a clear conscience, affirm that the Italian victory co-operated greatly in the final surrender of Germany. I tell you that the Italians were fighting everywhere side by side with the Allies. On the Western Front we had some of our troops; also with the brave British troops in the Holy Land, in Macedonia; we co-operated in Albania in the victory over Bulgaria and Turkey.

I shall not speak any more about the war—I don't think I have time. I want to speak to you about the difficulties that Italy has met with during the war.

Italy's sufferings have been very great, but they are not very well known. For one thing, you must know that Italy was obliged to buy all her coal from abroad, and this was difficult for two reasons; first, in order to get coal it was necessary to have ships, and we had no ships, second, the high prices. During the war we paid for coal ninety to one hundred dollars a ton, and something more, for not having goods to export, because we needed everything, we saw our currency fall. I remember that for the American dollar, which in peace time had a value of five lira and two cents, last September we paid nine lira and thirteen cents. We have spent about four-fifths of our national wealth in this war. Very often we were obliged to shut down our factories of munitions and guns at the moment that we needed them most, and we were obliged to cut off our railroad traffic. Only on military business was it possible to travel in Italy. In peace times we needed a certain quantity of coal, but during the war we never succeeded in getting half the quantity we got in peace times, and we needed far more. How have we warmed our houses? We have not warmed them at all for three years. How have we cooked our food? Sometimes we had gas in the pipes for four hours a day—very often two hours, one hour at lunch time and one hour at dinner time. We had no material and were often compelled to shut down our factories. We will not speak about other things. Bread,—after the Armistice Germany cried that she was starving—poor Germany!—and she promised to increase the ration, and the poor Germans had five pounds of bread a week. Italy, after the Armistice, also made a promise to the Italians. She promised to cut down the ration because of having to feed a million Austrian prisoners, and five million more mouths in all to feed. We promised to cut down our ration, and our ration was a little more than three pounds of bread a week, and you must know that, especially for the Italian peasantry, bread is almost the exclusive food. Meat—for four years we have had sometimes one, sometimes two meat days a month. Our ration was one and one-half pounds of meat a month altogether. I shall not speak of milk—thousands of our babies died for want of milk. Eggs—we paid two cents each for eggs before the war; during the war we paid twenty-five and thirty cents each.

That is enough to show you that Italy has suffered a great

deal, and I must tell you that Italy suffered very willingly, because, as you know, such suffering was the best way to deserve and win the victory, and Italy feels that she deserved it.

Now that our big victory has come; now that Italy by money, by blood, by sacrifice—and when I say by blood, I must tell you something more. Before the war we had less than nine million men between eighteen and sixty-five, the working age. Out of these we have drafted five and one-half millions. Of these more than one million are permanent casualties—a half million dead, a half million mutilated, blind, permanently disabled. Italy has paid in full in blood. And now that Italy has won?

There is a new nationality, born only by our victory, because this nationality not only has not fought in order to win freedom and liberty, but has fought against the Allies till the last moment. Now this new nationality tries to steal from Italy her rights, to steal her Provinces—her own Provinces—Provinces which are Italian by history, by tradition, by sentiment, by allegiance, by art, by literature, by character, lands that Italy has owned for centuries. How long have you heard of Italy in these lands? Remember Mazzini, Garibaldi—the great founders of our independence, who fought bravely and died with only one regret, that these lands were stolen.

How long ago have you heard of the Jugo-Slav's aspirations for these lands? Perhaps two years ago when Austria created Jugo-Slavia against Italy. Look at the map. Look at the names, which are the real evidence of race, Gorizia, Istria, Trieste, Fiume, Sebenico, Spalato, and so on—all Italian names—and the name is, generally speaking, the mark of the race. I say, generally speaking. Jugo-Slavia does not dare deny that these lands are Italian, but now they claim these Italian lands for two reasons. First, they say, "We are a majority there." Well, are we quite sure that they are a majority? This pretended majority is based on Austrian statistics. I can give you an idea how these statistics are made. There is now in New York a gentleman who comes from Italy—Dalmatia really. He was a deputy from Dalmatia to the Austrian Congress. A week ago I heard him speak and he said: "We have been for centuries Italian; Austria has hanged my forefathers because they were Italians; Austria has persecuted me because I was Italian, but in statistics I am a Slav on account of my name."

I am willing to admit that at present the Slavs are a majority in our lands. You know that after '66, especially after '82,

Austria, in her own interests, shoved thousands and thousands of Slavs into our territory and expelled the Italians just because they were Italians. If there is a majority of Slavs there now it is because of violence, and violence cannot be right. What about two million Germans who are in Alsace-Lorraine? Can you suppose what majority of Germans there will be there in a few years? Are Alsace and Lorraine less French? If not, how can our lands be less Italian for the same reason? But they say more than this. They say "We are here now, and we are all friends; we will be a League of Nations to-morrow and we will be all brothers, so there cannot be any danger." That is a good reason. I don't know if it is necessary for me to remark that Austria—the late Austria—has been our hated tyrant for centuries. You cannot imagine how much we hate Austria—Austria who had our cities, who violated our women, who killed our children and hanged our patriots—but it is necessary to remember that the worst instruments of oppression of Austria in Italy were coercion and Jugo-Slavs. Therefore, how can we rely on them?

I can admit that to-morrow we may be friends. There will be a League of Nations to safeguard us. I spoke about that the other day in Toronto. We have laws, we have judges and policemen to enforce these laws, and still we keep our doors closed. There will be a League of Nations; we hope so, and we hope that the League of Nations will work out, but anyhow, we want to keep our doors shut.

You must remember that in order to find sympathy in America and in this country—because they know how generous and how disposed you are to defend the oppressed—they say "We are oppressed by Imperialistic Italy." They who want our lands. We who refused large territories in order to be faithful to our country. Italy is disposed to give to the Jugo-Slavs the best ports on the Adriatic; she is disposed to leave two splendid ports to the Croatians, four of the best ports of Dalmatia to the Jugo-Slavs, and of these four three bear Italian names. Moreover if the Jugo-Slavs go with Serbia and Montenegro they will have two of the best ports in the world. Yet they resort to violence and to lying, and these are two very poor arguments indeed.

Italy has been loyal to the Allies. Italy has given everything—money, blood and suffering; Italy knows that her cause is in the line of right and justice, and Italy is quite sure that the Allies will be faithful and loyal to her.

(March 13th, 1919)

THE FORTY-SECOND ROYAL CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS

By LIEUT.-COL. ROYAL L. H. EWING, D.S.O., M.C.,
and PROFESSOR JOHN MACNAUGHTON

COLONEL EWING

I HAVE spent the greater part of the last three years and nine months being scared, and I was really more scared to come to this meeting than I have been on some other occasions. Mr. Sise has made all sorts of remarks about my career, but I must say that it was purely a matter of luck—lots of other good fellows are here—and it is extremely difficult for me to express my feelings to-day.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the extraordinary welcome which the City of Montreal has given the battalion, but I know that that demonstration was not intended only for the Forty-Second, but for all the returned soldiers. It was our good fortune to be the first unit to come back, and, personally, I hope that other units will have every bit as good, if not a better, demonstration, if that is possible.

One of the reasons why they probably asked me to speak to-day was that they know that when I had the honor to preside over the Canadian Club I never made a speech. You have all come to-day to hear Professor Macnaughton, and one of the reasons they rang us in was in order to have someone here in addition.

I want to thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your reception. There is a very deep undercurrent of sadness in connection with our return, as all of us have left many good friends behind, men which the country can ill afford to lose.

PROFESSOR MACNAUGHTON

I AM sure it must have been with some misgivings that you did me the honour of asking me to speak on this great occasion; and yet, in a way that you probably did not know much

about, there was a certain appropriateness in my speaking. Perthshire, in Scotland, is the home of the Regiment, and it is my home; my birthplace, I am proud to say, is the birthplace of the Forty-Second, the "Black Watch." They were formed for the first time in a field by the River Tay. The Black Watch is a link—a golden link—for me, because it binds together the two great rivers of the world—the two rivers that are the great rivers of the world for me—that is, the Tay, sweetest of rivers, where I was born, and the great St. Lawrence, the most majestic, on whose banks I have done all my work, such as it has been. There is a monument there on that field, just by the bridge, to show where the Black Watch was first constituted, with a fine-looking plaided and kilted Highlander in native sandstone, a "braw lad" indeed, but not finer than some of our own Montreal men. On that field I played cricket and football thousands of times, and it was there that I was brought up, chiefly on oatmeal porridge and the shorter catechism and the great deeds of the gallant Forty-twa'. It is no wonder, then, that I have never yet been able to attain that angelical pitch of virtue which is "too proud to fight." The Peninsular War, where the Forty-Second won great glory, was a main part of the daily bread of us Perthshire boys. Our idea of their ordinary tactics was that they got quite as close to the Frenchmen as possible, and then pitched those "Froggies" like hay over their shoulders with the bayonet, preferably two or three at a time. It was an agricultural county, you see. It grew on its hills and in its valleys many very male animals too, red-blooded things like black-cock, red deer, black-faced rams, and grouse, and eagles, besides its men.

The regiment, at any rate, has always had a great record from the year 1740 when it was first raised. It has been almost everywhere where the British Empire was being built up. It was also, I am sorry to say, in the place where the British Empire broke down, trying to suppress the revolt of the American Colonies. Happily, it did not succeed that time. Small blame to it! A great part of the army employed on that bad job consisted, you remember, of Hessian or German mercenaries working entirely against the opinion of the best English people, as well as of the majority of the English people, to further the designs and pull through the stupidities of a thoroughly German King. But whatever the Black Watch has done in the past pales before their record in this

War. I need say one thing only—they were part of the Highland Division—the Fifty-first Division which covered itself with glory in that terrible retreat of the British army last March, and extorted from an ungenerous enemy the one tribute of admiration they bestowed on British valour throughout the whole course of the war, barring their back-view and their Kamerading hands up; and the Canadian branch of the Black Watch has been fully equal to the ancient traditions—witness Hooge, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, the Drocourt-Queant switch, Cambrai and Mons. You know how the British Army started at Mons and ended at Mons, having completed a perfect circle of victory, and I dare say most of you know, and I would have you all know, that the last regiment that quitted Mons, the last of those "Contemptibles," was the Scotch Black Watch—the Black Watch from the Tay. They had the stiff and bloody rearguard work to do, and the first regiment that entered Mons after all those terrible years was the Black Watch—the Black Watch of the St. Lawrence—our Forty-Second.

Gentlemen, officers of the Regiment, we are glad to see you back. You know how glad Montreal is to see you back—you saw that on Tuesday. We are proud to have you among us once more; we are proud of what you have done for us. We sent you away weeping, but you bore precious seed—precious seed indeed—but you have come back rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you. Colonel Ewing, for instance, your Colonel, he went away a subaltern, but he comes back chief of a famous Battalion of what is now a very famous Brigade in a very famous Division of what was, perhaps, the most effective Army Corps in the whole glorious British Army. He has come back with all the decorations our Chairman has spoken of; with the D.S.O. and bar, the Military Cross, with the Legion of Honour, with the Mons Medal. That is, indeed, some sheaves. But the best of the harvest he shares with all of you and with us. And like all the best things it is invisible. Only the heart can see and feel it with its inward eyes and hands.

Perhaps I might have time to give a rapid glance at some of the aspects of those events which have filled our minds for the last four years. When the war broke out, an event (to me it had the full proportions of an event) occurred which not many people noticed, but which seemed very significant at the time, and which

has certainly proved prophetic. A great American, Henry James, who in the course of a long and active life had spent a very considerable part of his time and energy in expounding to the English-speaking world the finer points of the American character, suddenly took an extraordinary step for a loyal American—he became a British subject. It was because he was so much of an American that he became a British subject. Strange as it may appear, it was to assert his Americanism that he became a British subject, because he saw that the principles of the Declaration of Independence—the principles proclaiming the right of all men to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"—were being fought for and suffered for by the English people. His action was prophetic—President Wilson is going the same way—his education is being very rapidly completed. And on that occasion Henry James said a thing which cheered one to the heart; he said that he had "always liked and respected the English people." "But never until now," said that noble American, "never till now did I know how deep was my love and admiration for that decent, dauntless people." "Decent and dauntless people"—never finer or more discriminating praise was given to England. He did not say that they were a clever people—a nimble-witted people—he could not have said that truthfully; it sometimes takes a long while to get anything through their wool. They begin slowly and it looks for weary ages as if there was nothing but smoke—slow, smouldering smoke; but wait, and before the thing is over there is a conflagration and a mighty fire that draws the eyes of all men and angels. This describes what they have done in this war. How they came romping in at the finish! "The French could," it has been said of that mighty closing kick, "but wouldn't; the Americans would but couldn't; the British both would and could."

What a pity Henry James did not live for a few years more; he would have seen how well justified he was; he would have seen all his countrymen, except a few hyphenated soreheads, agree with his opinion, and, like himself, be converted and come to realize their essential identity, in all that constitutes character and ideals, with that "decent and dauntless people."

Gentlemen, there never was a national effort like the effort of Great Britain in this War. Fancy an utterly unmilitary, but, thank God, not an unwarlike people, a nation of "shopkeepers,"

going quietly about their own business, suddenly precipitated into this great conflict. They should not have been so unprepared. They were like the Foolish Virgins, they had too little oil in their vessels, I think, but splendidly did they make up for it once the eleventh hour had struck and wakened them. They raised eight million men to fight; they fought from the Channel to the Persian Gulf; everywhere they were, at the hottest points, the backbone of resistance, the rod of steel in the reinforced concrete wall, the "*piece de resistance*"; they threw all their wealth into the common stock; all their industries, all their merchant navy, they diverted their shipping, to the great danger of their national prosperity; they thought of nothing but the common cause. Man, woman, boy and girl, all thrown into the furnace! Forests cut down, parks ploughed, ploughshares forged into cannon, palaces turned into hospitals, comfort, and wealth, and beauty, cast like widows' mites into the treasury! A wall of steel and fire! Great England stripped to the back, nay, to the bone, and fighting for the cause of human liberty. There has been no national effort from the foundation of the world that can compare with that in majesty and fury.

Now, the glory of Canada is this, that from the very start she took her place without one moment's hesitation by the side of the dear Old Land which was far dearer to her than many of us thought—far dearer to all of us than we knew. Of course, so did all the other Dominions, you may say; but I must say there was something that has not been sufficiently noticed, something quite peculiar and special in the position of Canada. Canada had no immediate danger to fear; she had no more to fear than her great neighbour to the south; she had the same three thousand miles of seas between her and the Hun; yes, and just the selfsame mighty bulwark that her neighbours had—and they had no other whatever—the British Fleet. You might say that Canada had double fire insurance; not only the British Fleet, which was not very likely to be swept away or sunk; not only that, but she also had our great neighbors, because in the last resource we could certainly have depended upon them if the conflagration had crossed the ocean and come to us; they would have been remarkably quick in getting out their pumps and reels, Monroe Doctrine or no Monroe Doctrine. We had a double protection. Oh, what a chance we had! We could have developed our agri-

culture and our industries more in these four years than in forty; we could have filled the country with automobiles and money—and mud—coined out of the blood of others without spilling a drop of our own, and we could easily have saved our face. We might have allowed a few young hotheads like Ewing, the Molsons, Guy Drummond and others, we could have allowed them to go across and represent the sentimentalities for us, strictly a limited number of these young hotheads; we might have adopted a pose of idealism; we might have taken a sudden spasm of "conscientious objection," if we only had developed a leader of whom it could be said on his tombstone, "He kept us out of the War." We might have played the lucrative and dainty role of the good young squaw, ready to do anything that was strictly ladylike and consistent with not opening the mouth more widely than to say, "Papa, mamma, potatoes, prunes and prisms." Yes. Yes. We might have profited enormously and saved our face; yes, and lost our own soul. Thank God, we had our young hotheads.

Canada's position, as I have said, was certainly peculiar. Australia and New Zealand had certain island possessions in the Pacific and they had the danger of German proximity there; they had something to fear and something to gain. South Africa had a good deal to fear and a good deal to gain. South Africa very wisely gave the bulk of her attention to territory contiguous to her own. Japan had a heavy grudge; she had not forgotten that the Kaiser spoke of the Yellow Peril, that the Germans were largely instrumental in robbing her of the fruits of her Chinese War, and they had Kiau-Chau. The Americans, like us, had nothing to gain and nothing to fear, at least immediately. They, too, could be Crusaders. But they had terrible insults, a long list of intolerable insults to avenge, such as had never been put up with by any proud-spirited people in the world, and when these insults were at last crowned by the kind permission given them by the Sea-Constables of Berlin, the zealots of the Freedom of the Seas, that they might send across the Atlantic Ocean—which had been kept open to them free as the sky by the fleet of England for more than a hundred years, with an open door and open ports for all the merchandise they chose to send to compete with England's own manufactures—when the Germans told them graciously that once every ten days they could send a ship, by a specified track, to Falmouth Haven, provided that they hung over her

stern enormous lamps and stripes of alternating red and yellow, well, when they did that that was the end. It was too picturesque. It was like their Teutonic gracefulness to make that allusion to the national flag; they got the stripes in, but, gentlemen, where would the "stars" have been? They would have been sunk forever in infamy. Thank God! these stars blazed out as they never did in the history of the world before. Thank God! that great and generous people woke up and "went to it," as they say, and from the moment that they did so it was perfectly certain that the bully's fate was sealed.

But there was another force—a greater and nobler force—that moved our neighbors than the Prussian kicks from behind, and that was the Star of Canada, going on before. They could not permanently allow us to be the only representatives where the fate of liberty was being determined—the only representatives, in that mighty struggle, of the "Continent of Liberty." They felt that it was high time to take their place by our side. They could not well see our three hundred thousand men who had been fighting from the beginning, and not begin to think of getting ready to prepare to send some of the five millions that would have corresponded to them out of their population of a hundred and ten millions, begin to think of getting ready to send their eleventh-hour workers into the great vineyard, where the grapes were trodden so red, my God, so red! They did it, and it is my firm belief that though Canada has contributed in all respects vastly to this war, and although it is admitted that among the fighting men of all the nations in the war there was no finer large compact body than the Canadian Army Corps, that in all respects Canada did her full share, yet I think the greatest contribution she made was that she morally annexed the United States and drew them in in her wake. She insured, or did a great deal towards insuring, by her example, that this monstrous business could end only in one way; by doing so much as she did towards bringing to the right side the vast and overwhelming forces of the great American Republic. That is the greatest contribution that Canada has made to the war. She has fulfilled her heaven-appointed destiny; she has accomplished her mission—to bind in one bundle of life the two great English-speaking peoples. That is her wages. That is her reward for all she has done and suffered.

And now it is all over, at least one stage of it is over, and I should like to close by saying one word more; by drawing attention to one of the mottoes of the Forty-Second. One of their mottoes is *Ne Obliviscaris*—“Dinna’ Forget.” In the words of the sweet old Scotch song, we will translate it “Dinna’ Forget.”

“Dinna’ forget, Willie, dinna’ forget,
Ne’er mak’ me rue that we ever hae met.
Wide though we sever, parted for ever,
Willie, when far awa’, dinna’ forget !”

Gentlemen, we did not forget. Kind hearts were thinking of you all the time you were away. Bright eyes grew dim for longing and busy fingers worked for you. We did not forget you, and the ladies of Montreal, particularly, did not forget you. They did not forget you when you were away. We will not forget you now that you have come back; we will never forget what you have done and suffered for us, and all the glory you have brought us—never. And *you* will not forget, gentlemen, you won’t forget your own past. You are bound and dedicated by your own splendid record. “Peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war.” Having won the War for us, you will address yourself to the still harder task of winning a true and worthy peace. You will help and inspire us to make a greater and better Canada. You will remember that you are not your own, but you and we are bought with a price—the blood that has been shed for us. You will not forget your dead comrades. They died for Canada. Let us see that we raise its public and its private life to the height of their valor and their sacrifice and make it a land where “justice flows down like rivers and righteousness like a mighty stream.”

Nor will we forget the Empire. We were always proud of it, and we are prouder than ever to-day. That Sisterhood of free and equal nations bound together by the golden ring of our King’s crown under “the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,” has proved itself once more the bulwark of freedom, not only the germ but the firm foundation, nay, the cross-bearer of the great world-wide League of Nations which men are now striving to build for the good of humanity and the support of civilization. Our Empire has been assailed by a sudden and terrific storm. It has come out of it maimed and battered, gaping at every seam, its masts shot away, its funnels

riddled, its deck bloody, most of its wealth thrown overboard and, worst of all, very many of its crew, and that the very best of them, lost, sunk deep in the hungry sea. Yes, but with the old flag flying ! Now that the storm is over and the quiet light of the evening is shining upon her, she looms up from the waves in a grandeur she never had before, an almost solitary grandeur that fills one with awe and fear. The proud boast of our national song has come true:—

“Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that rends the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.”

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing ? The Kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together, saying: “Let us break their bonds asunder and cast their cords from us.” He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh, the Eternal shall have them in derision. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron and dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel. Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings, be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

(March 17th, 1919)

FOUR PARTIES TO INDUSTRY

By THE HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

MY first words must be words of very sincere thanks for the honor which you have conferred in inviting me to be a guest of your club, and have my name numbered with those distinguished speakers who have addressed this gathering on different occasions.

My intention, to-day, is to speak briefly of the Four Parties to Industry. I spoke on this subject in Toronto last week, and my thoughts were, at first, not to repeat the address which I gave in Toronto, but rather to develop some ideas in another direction, preferring not to go over that same ground so quickly after. However, on reaching Montreal this morning, I had the pleasure of looking over some of the journals of the city, and I find comment on the address in Toronto which makes me think that it is very desirable not to attempt any new line of departure, but to go over the same ground, and ask you to kindly suspend judgment in regard to any phase of the remarks until you have heard the question dealt with from its different sides, although it will be almost impossible, in the space of a short time, to do more than sketch an outline of the main phases, and it is not to be wondered at if, having only a very limited time, one finds it impossible to develop all sides in a manner which will meet all the questions which will arise. However, by taking one or two points it is possible, I think, to suggest to men, such as this audience is composed of, that the question is sufficiently important to cause reflection, and to enable each man to turn over the problem in his mind and see it from an angle from which he has not seen it before in order to emphasize the truth, which, it seems to me, has to be appreciated to cope at all adequately with the industrial unrest which has followed so inevitably in the wake of war.

If the minds of men are to be freed from the thraldom of fear, in which they are held to-day, it will only be by looking at all the facts squarely and seeking the truth, following it wherever it will lead us. The truth will set us free and give us that measure of social justice which truth demands.

In connection with the study of industrial unrest of our times, one of the first questions we have to ask ourselves is: "What is the meaning of all this industrial unrest?" Let us be assured of this—it is no transitory or ephemeral affair. The war has brought about a new order of things, to which we have grown accustomed. The war, in stirring the world's soul to its depths, has revealed an industrial situation full of injustice, and it is left to each one of us to decide whether the new order of things is to be, morally, a return to the old with all its worship of material wealth, material power indifferent to human well-being, or whether it will be an order of things where the sacrifices of the heroic dead, and the services which men and women have rendered, will not have been in vain.

As I have said, let us be assured that this great tide of unrest that is sweeping over us—violently on the other side of the ocean—is not a mere transitory or ephemeral thing. Let us be equally assured of this; if the unrest is to be stayed it will be by looking at the things that are occasioning it in order to decide what is right in the light of truth.

To get a true conception of the problem of industry, it is important, first, to understand what industry is. As I see it, industry is the means whereby the natural resources of the world are transformed through human energy, muscular and mental, into commodities and services valuable for human use. In that process of transformation we have invented a number of detailed and small processes, all so inter-related and connected as to unite mankind in an enterprise that encompasses the globe.

In this process of the transformation of resources into commodities and services, four parties are absolutely necessary. Not one, or two, or three, but four. We are accustomed to speak of the problems of Industry in terms of labor and capital only. I think that the vision thus circumscribed is responsible for the inadequacy of the solution up to the present time. Labor is absolutely necessary to industry to render that muscular and mental energy; capital is also equally necessary, in the first place

to provide the raw materials; it is necessary to provide tools and equipment that are so absolutely essential in the development of industry; it is necessary also to provide what is required in the way of wages in order that labor may be sustained with food, clothing and shelter.

But labor and capital, of themselves, are not sufficient. Labor and capital have to be brought together in a manner which will enable them to co-operate in an efficient way, and it is in uniting labor and capital in a manner to enable them to adequately perform their services that the third party comes to the fore: it is the managerial body directing and planning. Management has become so much identified with capital that often the functions of the two are confused, but if you stop to think, the functions of capital and management are wholly different, and they are both essential. The functions of capital may be discharged by any person who possesses money available for investment and industry; that person may be a social parasite or a ne'er-do-well, or he may be an infant and incapable of rendering service to industry. Management, on the other hand, is in the nature of personal service of the highest order, since without it the services of capital and labor could not be adequately performed.

But, not only have capital and labor to be brought in right relationship to each other, but they have to be brought into relation with the needs of human society, and there we get the fourth party, a party without which the others could not perform their activities—the community—organized society. Without organized society those other parties could not perform their services.

Thus there are not only one or two or three, but four: Labor, Capital, Management and Community. Labor can do nothing without capital, capital nothing without labor, and neither labor nor capital can do anything without the guiding genius of management; and management, however wise its genius may be, can do nothing without the privileges which the community affords.

Now if it is true that these four parties are necessary to industry, is it not true that each of the four parties should have some voice in the control or the direction of industry? I want you to get that point clearly, because a misunderstanding of it will convey a wholly wrong impression. I am not suggesting that all four parties should control industry, as I have seen

intimated in one of the papers I have referred to, but rather that each party is entitled to have a voice in the shaping of the policy, in directing the control of Industry.

Now, if we admit that, let us ask ourselves this question: how far does the organization of industry, as we know it to-day, admit of that voice in the control of Industry? I am speaking only of the dominant types of industry, those which give the world to-day its great transportation facilities, mining, manufacturing, and the like. How are those industries organized? The capital-investors choose the board of directors; the board of directors choose the managers and determine the policy. The managers carry on the business to make the best showing possible to the capital-investors; that is their duty, their obligation under the organization of industry as it exists. Is there anything in the organization of industry suggestive of the right of control on the part of the other parties to industry as well?

That is the point I want you to see—not from the point of view that you have been looking at the question, the point of view of the capital-investor—but the point of view of the other men who feel themselves to be parties to industry. In the present organization of industry, the system seems to give a monopoly of control to one only. It is the feeling that there is a monopoly of direction on the part of capital, and that that more than anything else is responsible for the industrial unrest of the present time, which has led to great reaction on the part of the other parties to industry, and they are seeking to wrest this single control and take into their own hands the single control.

Stop for a moment and think of the movements as we have them at the present time. Take, first of all, the drift towards the socialist state, or collectivism of industry which expresses socialism. What is the socialist state other than a demand on the part of the community as one of the parties to industry to get single control of the whole of industry?

Under the system of single control by capital, capital appoints the managers and the directing policy. Under the socialistic state the State would own the instruments of production, appoint the managers, and the State would have sole control in shaping the industrial policy.

Well, this war has shown that the State, while it may have an idealistic side, may also be one of the most autocratic and

bureaucratic things the world could conceive. Germany has given this object lesson to the world, and all countries have seen that the substitution of political for industrial masters is not always the best thing for labor, for capital or for the community in general. But, remember this, the attempt on the part of the State to monopolize control arose from this monopoly of control on the part of capital.

Take the other movements. Take the most extreme of all: what is revolutionary syndicalism, the Bolsheviks, the I. W. W.? They are great movements on the part of labor ignoring not only capital, but also the community, and in order to get this monopoly of control they substitute the Red Terror for reason.

Take the less extreme form, Guild Socialism, Industrial Unionism. That is also an attempt on the part of labor to gain the control of industry, the sole management of industry, and to dictate the policy under which industry is to be carried on. Under the Guild, or Industrial Unionism, instead of capital managing the business, labor would manage it, choose the managers. Labor would get a control over the forces of industry, rivalling the control of capital at the present time.

This, gentlemen, is simply looking at a phase of industry as we see it to-day, and describing it as the truth reveals it to be.

Socialism would set up a monopoly of control on the part of the State, substituting it for the monopoly of control on the part of capital. Under Industrial Unionism control on the part of labor is substituted for the monopoly of control on the part of capital. Socialism and Industrial Unionism are wrong in that they would oust the monopoly of control by capital, but would set up a monopoly of control of their own. Well, the cure of monopoly is not the substitution of one monopoly for another; it is the overthrow of monopoly altogether and the substitution, for a single control in the direction of Industry, of a joint control in which all parties contributory to the work of production will have a voice in determining the conditions under which their particular services are rendered.

Now, this single control on the part of capital, apart from being responsible for this great reaction, is not good even for capital itself. It is against capital and against management allied with capital that stones, to-day, are being blindly hurled at the moon. Men have witnessed the wanton extravagance of the

rich, and working-men are bewildered looking on at conditions making possible this amassing of enormous fortunes for a few people. They have lost sight altogether of the services which capital and management are rendering human society, in their thought of the debauchery which we witness where indolence is allied with riches, the unearned millions of the profiteers. The solution does not lie, as some think, in the ruination of capital and management; if capital and management are ruined, labor also will be ruined, and the welfare of the community lies rather in giving to capital and management their rightful place in the management of industry in a scheme to take into account the contributions by all the four parties.

Nor is this single control on the part of capital a good thing for management. It has been my privilege, of recent years, to talk pretty intimately with a large number of managers of some of the largest concerns on this continent, and I found in their minds a feeling that everything is to be gained and nothing to be lost by a separation in the minds of the public, and in the minds of those who have to do with industry, of the functions which capital renders, and the attention which management renders, and in putting management in a position where it will be able to make its views heard, not in reference only to the needs of Capital, but also to the needs of Labor and the Community. Not only that, but all know that there are many men holding positions of management, not because of any great constructive ability which they may possess, but rather because they, themselves, may happen to be possessors of certain capital of their own, or be in intimate or blood relationship to other possessors of capital. The other factors to industry, witnessing incompetence and extravagance on the part of management, feel that their interests are suffering, and part of the unrest of the world is due to the appreciation of that circumstance.

In the emancipation of management from the single control of capital to a position in which it may feel that it has the right, as it ought to have the right as one of the necessary parties to industry, to have its voice heard as a party to industry in relation to the needs of all the other parties—in the emancipation of management in this respect, we shall get the beginning of responsible executives in the Management of large Industries, which will lead to all the parties interested feeling that their interests are fully and adequately protected.

But take it in regard to labor. Is the single control on the part of capital right, fair or just? I like to bring this down to a question of truth and justice, as it is only on that basis that the solution is going to be found.

Capital invested in industry gets a reward in the form of interest—it ought to get that reward; labor employs all the highest qualities of manhood, and for that service it should be rewarded. Capital not only receives in virtue of this investment returns in the form of interest, but also receives a right in the control of industry. Well, if capital receives a right to a voice in the control of industry because of its investment, why is labor not also entitled to a voice?

Labor receives wages as a result of its effort, but labor is also investing in industry in skill, in life; our engineers are often called upon to risk their lives for the good of society. If labor invests its skill and its life and risks both—I wonder if we appreciate what labor risks—take the losses on the American railroads; take the workingmen in the armies of the Allies and their losses in the South African War;—is labor not equally entitled on account of Investment to a voice in the control of conditions under which its services are rendered? I say it should be. Of the two kinds of investment, the investment of dollars and the investment in human life, the latter, to my way of thinking, is much more precious.

Take it in regard to the community. Is the present single control of capital fair to the community? What is every investment of the Government, Provincial, National or International, but for the most part in the nature of an investment to make profitable the carrying on of industry? It is the community that provides all the resources and powers which are necessary and essential to industry. Individuals may acquire titles by one means or another, but it is from the community and with the consent of the community that the title is held. It is the community that preserves law and order without which industry could not be carried on. It is the community that maintains consular and diplomatic relations with the different countries of the world. It is the community that helps to provide education, fosters art and invention, and by concession or authorization helps to provide transportation, credit, banking and the like, which are the very life breath of industry.

More than that, it is the community that supplies the demand for the commodity, without which labor could receive no wages and capital no interest. The community helps in a thousand ways to provide investment for industry.

The community is entitled to a return just as much as the other parties, and the community is supposed to get its return in enhanced purchasing power, in securing the commodities at a cheaper rate or better quality. That is a reward analogous to the reward of labor and capital and management.

If those other parties are entitled to a voice in the control of industry, so too is the community. I am not saying that the community has not got it, but it is essential to realize that the community is entitled to be considered.

Time does not permit me to go into the methods by which the community's voice may be heard. Take the Railway Commission; it exercises the right of investigating rates and fixing rates.

Where we have gone astray in our thinking to-day is in not realizing that each of the parties has its place and finding where that place is, and how we can best bring to the party a feeling of justice.

If then our industrial system is to change from one of single control to one in the nature of a partnership, it will be by giving to each of the elements some voice in the control of the conditions under which their services are rendered. Partnership does not imply equality of service or identity of functions or equality of reward, but it does imply that all parties to the partnership shall have the right to a common knowledge in a common venture, and to the shaping of the policy in regard to matters on which they hold common interest.

This transition from a system of single control to one of general control will not be brought about in a single day. Let us be assured of this, that it will never be accomplished by revolutionary or extreme methods. Such movements only postpone the day on which we shall see general control.

If you get these thoughts into your mind you will have the solution for our industrial problems. The industrial problem is a question of the control of industry. This bringing about of a general control would frustrate monopoly of control.

The British Constitution may not be perfect in every direction

but it is the noblest and greatest instrument of man. In the story of the development of the British Constitution we have the solution of the problem of industry. The Magna Charta was the first wresting of power from autocratic control, and that change came through the instance of the nobility of that day. The next step was the change from autocratic executive to a system of representative government, whereby all parties came to have a voice in the government. That takes us back to 1265. Then we developed to what was the greatest contribution, whereby the executive became responsible to the parliament, and the parliament to the people. That is the ultimate development we have worked out.

What did William Lyon Mackenzie, what did Louis Papineau, fight for in the days preceding 1837? It was to make the executive responsible to the people, to bring about a system of responsible government, and to get rid of a system of autocratic control. There would have been no rebellion in 1837 if the voice of the people had been heeded. I say to you, if you wish to avoid revolution in the future, the true conservatism will be to listen to the voice of the people claiming the right to representation in matters in which their lives are bound up, and in which their daily bread is won.

Revolution has always been brought about by the extremists; always by autocratic authority unwilling to yield. Are we to witness a repetition of the revolutionary movements which have made democratic government possible, or will men in industry take to heart the lessons of history? Where concession is right and proper it is right to give concession. In industry, to-day, we stand where the reformers of the past stood, seeking to avert revolution, to keep back that tide of unreasoning unrest, and to substitute for it a system of general control which will let each party have a voice where it is entitled to have it.

How simple that development will be if you only heed it. The first step in bringing about general control is the acceptance of the fact that there are four parties. Are we all prepared to accept that? There is not a man in this room who will say that the four parties are not necessary to industry. If you admit that the four parties are essential to industry, do you not concede the right of conference between the four parties? That is the first step.

Conference has been brought about between the parties to industry, and it has been successful. It was found necessary in the winning of the war. It was not until the British Government called together the workers and capitalists in joint conference that they were able to work out those adjustments in industry which won the war. Well, what was necessary for winning the war is equally necessary for winning peace, for peace we have not so long as the war is succeeded by industrial unrest.

The second principle is the right of investigation. In accepting the principle of investigation lies another step towards the conservation of constitutional government. Investigation has been tried, and tried successfully. The Minister of Labor at Ottawa said that we had fewer strikes in Canada than anywhere else. This is true, because we have a law providing for the investigation of all industrial disputes, and all parties concerned have the right to representation on the Board making such investigations. At this very moment these principles are being advocated for the League of Nations. If war is to be ended it will only be by Investigation, so as to enable one to have an intelligent opinion of the matter in question.

The third principle is that of organization. What would capital do if the units of capital were prevented from organizing? Is there a manager or an employer who would not feel that he was robbed of some of his liberties if he was deprived of the right of belonging to some employers' organization? Then, what is necessary and right for capital, is it not equally necessary and right for the other parties to industry? What is right for capital and management is, to my way of thinking, equally right for labor. It is not against organization we should protest, but against the abuse of organization.

Let me remind you that so long as human nature is human nature, the abuse of power will not be confined to any one class.

Now there is the principle of representation. I believe in conceding to industry the right of representation. We shall then have the beginning of the real solution of our industrial problems.

Are the different parties to industry prepared to go that far? Just this in conclusion. Granting these different steps, the development from that into a system such as recommended in the Whitley Report, that all workers and employers unite

and help lay down rules of government for the whole industry,—that is one step which is likely to come very quickly. If that change is brought about something is needed, and with the presence of that one thing more, this world will rise out of the ashes into a more glorious civilization than ever known. That one thing more is the spirit of the men who crossed the seas and saved this world from Prussian greed, ambition and arrogance; the men who laid down their lives in Europe.

Mark you this, political autocracy and industrial autocracy may go hand in hand. They did in Germany, but industrial autocracy and political democracy will never walk together. The overthrow of political autocracy has been achieved, we believe. There remains now the great task of harmonizing our industrial organizations into harmony with our political organizations, and when this is achieved we shall have the new civilization for which so many men have died.

Think of industry no longer as merely a matter of revenue-producing processes for providing one group with profits and another with wages. Think of it as it really is, in the nature of essential services of the very highest order, since without it no other services to the community can be rendered. Then shall we give to capital its true dignity; then shall we give to labor its true dignity; then shall we have the community doing all it can to see that human society is run for the well-being of mankind.

May I conclude with words that I used in a book I have written: "Is it too much to believe that having witnessed humanity pass through its Gethsemane, having beheld its crucifixion on the cross of Militarism, labor and capital will, together, seek to bring peace to the broken, disconsolate world—that they will roll back the stone from the door of the world's sepulchre, and bring to humanity the promise of its resurrection to a more abundant life.

(March 24th, 1919)

THE CITIZEN'S PART IN REPATRIATION

By LIEUT.-COL. L.W. MULLOY

I WANT to thank you, Mr. President, for the very kind remarks which you have made regarding my last speech. I feel somewhat like the old lady who had established a small store on the corner of a street. A gentleman came and asked her for the change of a ten-dollar bill. Very eagerly she pulled out all the change in her till, then she went to the folds of her dress and said, "I may not be able to make the change, sir, but I thank you for the compliment just the same."

The close of the war has brought Canada face to face with a problem not less in magnitude, the greatest problem of the last four years. That problem is the repatriation or the re-establishment, the re-absorption into the national life, of her citizen army. The responsibility for that task, let me impress this point upon you, rests not alone upon the Governments, Dominion, Provincial or Municipal, but it rests uniformly and squarely upon the shoulders of every adult citizen.

That the task is worthy of our highest effort will be proven if you simply glance at the records of history in similar circumstances, and see how the soldiers of the past have been repatriated. You need not go back to the last of the Crusades, in 1272, which disrupted the whole of Europe, or so far as the Napoleonic era. You need only go back a little more than a generation, to the two wars engaged in by the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in England and the United States, the Crimean War and the Civil War. It has been said that seventy-five per cent. of the veterans of the Crimean War ended their lives in the workhouse. Turning to the American Civil War the picture, though less desperate, is hardly more attractive. The hobo and the tramp made his first appearance on this continent in the wake of the American

Civil War. Take even our South African War. If you look up the word "restore" you will find that it means to re-establish after interruption. How did Canada succeed in repatriating the veterans of the South African War? Call the roll of your memory or go to Ottawa and look up the roll, and no man from the Atlantic to the Pacific will contradict me when I say that fifty per cent. and more of the South African veterans failed to become repatriated.

It is because of that failure that I am inflicting myself on the Montreal Canadian Club, because I am determined to bring to the conscience of the people of Canada their duty. I have sufficient confidence to know that if this is done the rest is easy.

The other wars were not like this one. When you consider that the record of repatriation in these three wars is a replica, with but slightly varying detail, of the repatriation of the veterans of every war in history, it establishes one thing: that is that the man who serves his country in war comes back with a temporary handicap in adjusting himself to the conditions of civil life, and if not overcome, these conditions become permanent.

There is nothing so profound about it. You are all business men, and if you have been away on a holiday for three months, I ask you, did you have any difficulty in getting back and picking up where you left off? You will say, certainly, it took a week or ten days or more to adjust and to meet the contrast between your business life and your holiday. It is not a matter of forgotten skill or lack of physical strength. A business man away for a holiday of three months has difficulty the first few days back in readjusting his habits of thinking. He has had certain habits of thought while away, and these must be brought back and readjusted to meet the needs of his business life.

Now look at the soldier. If you want to understand the nature of his temporary difficulty you must see the vast gulf between the habits of thinking of the soldier, and the thoughts he had as a civilian. I am going to mention two or three. Take first the question of responsibility for one's own maintenance, which is normal to the race. The savage in the wilderness has to provide food and shelter for himself and his offspring, and we must do the same thing. Every young man of seventeen or thereabouts is looking forward to providing for his own maintenance.

When a boy goes into the Army it is not necessary for him to think these thoughts. The Government furnishes and supplies food, clothing, shelter, medical attention, support of those dependent upon him, so why worry. Take a boy who has been in the Army, say three years. Three years in which he has habituated himself to eliminating certain processes of thinking absolutely vital in civil life. Three years in which he has taken no thought for what he shall eat or drink or be clothed with. Three years in which he has not had to take the responsibility of his own maintenance.

You see it takes very close to eight months of hard training to get a man to the correct habits of thought from the soldier's standpoint, and it will take more than fifteen days to get him back.

The next thing, and akin to that, is self-interest. Self-interest is the basis of all human action; every human act is a way of expressing one's self-interest. All human acts, from the lowest to the highest, are based on self-interest.

The moment that a boy goes into the Army he has to obey. In civilian life he can refuse to obey merely on the ground that it is not to his interest to do a certain thing. He exercises the most enlightened self-interest in offering himself for the Army, but the moment he puts on the uniform he must learn that self-interest must not now be a factor in directing his actions. If he is told to drill in the mud, he drills in it; if told to march in the cold and rain with thirty to sixty pounds on his back, he marches; if told to stand in the slimy mud of the trenches for one or two days, he stands there; if told to stand on listening post in zero weather for so many hours, he does it. In fact, the essence of discipline is to act without regard to self-interest. As the lid of the eye habituated to protect the eyeball will come down when you have not will power to keep it up; in other words it acts correctly without regard to self-interest. That is the very acme of discipline.

One other point is the restricted use of the man's initiative. Power of the mind is like power of the body, as it is used it develops and strengthens. If you use your memory constantly you will have a splendid memory. If I don't close my fingers for three weeks I am going to have difficulty in lifting a glass of water. Initiative is the power of judging and deciding for one's self. In

civilian life he uses it all the time and is constantly developing it. He decides at what time to get up, what he will wear, whether he will walk or ride to his work, what to do with his money; judging and deciding—using judgment and decision hundreds of times a day. No matter of what station in life, laboring man or trust magnate, he is constantly using the power of initiative.

Take a boy in the Army. The first thing he learns is that he has nothing to do with the kind of clothes he will wear or the style, from his shoes to his head piece. Such little personal matters as the shaving of his face and the cutting of his hair he is not to decide; he has not even to decide whether his shoes will be polished. We don't let him judge or decide when he will go to bed; nor when he is in bed, what time he gets up. He has nothing to decide about the duties of the day. We don't let him decide which foot he starts to march with or with what hand he will salute. Well, you will say that in physical manoeuvres he has some opinion or judgment. No, we teach him how to stand on his feet; we teach him how to walk, how to turn around, how to put his rifle on the ground, and once we teach him we don't allow any use of his judgment. Self-power he has, but it is like the self-power of the locomotive. He must move along lines rigidly laid down before him.

Now considering that you carry that over a period of two or three years and then this man is suddenly projected into a life of self-effort, he is handicapped. In civilian life he gets his view of the State from the point of self-interest. He sees the State as something which exists to give him rights and liberty; he thinks that his duty is done by paying taxes and observing the laws. That is the individualistic view of the State. Look at a man in the Army six months and note the complete reversal. Instead of self-interest being the basis, common interest is the basis of all action. He lives, moves and has his being in a atmosphere of collective interest. The platoon is subservient to the battalion, the battalion to the division, and the division to the whole army, and the army to the nation at home. He knows that if the need arose he would be sacrificed, and he knows that he ought to be; that is war. He has even seen a whole battalion sacrificed to save the folks at home. He is trained to put community interest first. We say that a man who puts the interest of the community first is worthy of admiration. Well,

your four hundred thousand soldier boys have had training in nothing else. They have been trained to put community interest first.

You can take it from me, gentlemen, that the repatriated veteran is not only, once re-established, a better producer or employer, but he is the most valuable element in the entire citizen body.

A little over a hundred years ago there was a revolution in France—it enunciated an idea. Galileo once said that the earth revolves on its axis; some people put him in jail and threatened to burn him, or some other little pleasantries, and he recanted, but it did not stop the world going around. The French Revolution of over a hundred years ago enunciated clearly to the world that government must rest upon the consent of the governed. Never mind the delirious form of expression it took then, but the truth was enunciated, and what was the result? Civil war in every nation in the world except England. In the next few years, two in Spain, a revolution in Saxony, in Prussia, in Hungary, and a civil rebellion in the United States, and a little rebellion in Canada.

There is a revolution taking place in Europe to-day. What was the basic idea? The truth underlying that revolution is not for me to say. What is obvious is that it is the result of community interest. There are profound thinkers, to-day, who hold that the result of the present upheaval in Europe will be to test the permanence of every social order in the world.

I am convinced, gentlemen, that a thoroughly repatriated citizen army in Canada is the very sheet anchor of our stability in whatever storms the future may have.

But right here I would like to utter a distinct note of warning to the Canadian people. It is this: that if we follow the example of the war-weary generations of the past, and if, upon the signing of peace, we leave this, our highest duty, to Government—to impersonal government regulation and to rigid government machinery, we will fail just as signally as our fathers did in the past. This is a matter which, by its very nature, cannot be settled alone by the Government, but the responsibility rests squarely on the shoulders of the citizens.

I sat in a club in Toronto with a group of men who drew up the things necessary for the repatriation of our boys, and I will

enumerate them if I can, and then ask yourselves: Can any one of these things be done by government regulation? The first thing we decided was that the boys, whether they came home a year ago or last week, should in turn be given public receptions; they should have a public reception commensurate, in some degree, at least, with their services. The second thing was this: you must not give a man a reception of a banquet and pat him on the shoulder and then let him go. We must co-operate with the Dominion and Provincial Labor Bureaus in order to obtain employment for him. Some principle of selection must be exercised; that is, we do not want a big, able-bodied man running an elevator, and a man with a hand off hauling lumber.

Number three was this: To carry out a campaign of education with the relatives of the soldier and with the employer in order to let them understand that while, by all means, this man must be encouraged back to his hundred per cent. efficiency, yet during the weeks and months of transition he is under something of a handicap, and toleration must be exercised.

Number four was to carry on a campaign of education to keep public opinion at its present high level and to avoid the inevitable reaction, that is public opinion cooling off; and it is time to get busy.

Number five was to give what you might call the personal touch. In the Army, this man had a quick way of getting his grievances regulated, a solution of his difficulty. There is no possibility, through Government machinery, of finding a quick form for this man to get his difficulties arranged. Let me give you one case—a case of mistaken identity; a man who had been actually shot to pieces was mistaken for an unfortunate drunken fellow in hospital and he was discharged without a pension. You can imagine the sense of rankling injustice and the bitterness that caused; if this case had been spoken from the soap box it would rouse fifty thousand men to violence. So, the fifth point is the personal touch. Here is a case from Montreal. You had five hundred soldiers come in yesterday, or something like that, and some citizens said it would not be well to let the men go off like that with their discharge pay, three, four or five hundred dollars, and they got a bank established right in the barracks. That is a brotherly attitude to take towards returned men. One man said he had three hundred dollars—he was slightly intoxicated

—and he said he was going to have a three-hundred-dollar time. One of your good citizens followed him and finally convinced him that it would be just as well if he deposited two hundred and fifty dollars and contented himself with a fifty-dollar time.

The sixth point is that sixty thousand of our boys have laid down their lives over there, and their widows and dependents are with us. It is not possible for any rigid government provision to make sure there will not be some case of hardship. We had a case in Toronto where a woman with two little children came crying, and she had a bailiff's warrant to seize her furniture. Well, it took just fifteen minutes to straighten that out, and we took her away from her landlord and put her with a decent landlord.

There is not one of those six points that can be performed by the Government, no matter how wisely administered. Government regulation and machinery cannot perform this highly important duty. Let us organize ourselves behind and with and on behalf of those veterans, and see them through their period of transition. We must not say "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile"—God knows that man has smiled—he has smiled through dangers seen and unseen, and he has smiled and looked steadfastly into the pitiless eyes of death, and now he is home we don't want to say, "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag," but let us say, "You are citizens—let us see what your troubles are." We have a right to know his troubles and bear them with him, and the time to do it is now—not hereafter—now, ere the years go by.

(March 31st, 1919)

CANADIAN AND BRITISH TROOPS IN THE WAR

By MR. PHILIP GIBBS

IT is a great honor for me to be a guest, to-day, of the Canadian Club in Montreal, and the fellow-guest of all the Canadian officers who are now here. The only claim that I can put forward for this honor is that I was a chronicler of this war. I was not a fighting-man, but a writing-man, but I did see, from first to last, a very great deal of the heroism of the greatest of all our fighting men in France and Flanders, and among those fighting men who kept me most busy writing about their heroic deeds, were, in truth, the Canadian troops.

I saw their sacrifices and their great valor from the very early days, from the days of the second battle of Ypres, when they stood by the side of the Imperial troops on days when we were very severely menaced and when our line was very thin, and it was the valor of the Canadian troops in those days which helped that line to keep unbroken. And then, on the old Ypres salient which the Canadians helped to hold for many months, I saw again the grim tenacity of the men from this Dominion. Those were bad days; our artillery was very weak in comparison with the terrific power of the Germans, and the Canadians were asked to hold that old salient month after month, and stand under terrible fire, and they stood it.

I remember a dreadful day in June of 1916 when the enemy concentrated great masses of men and guns opposite the Canadians and one battalion of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and the Princess Patricias came out of that battle very thin; that battalion of the Cape Mounted Rifles amounted only to a hundred and fifty-two men, and another to a hundred and fifty. True, the Canadians made a great counter attack and won back the ground they lost, and gave a great hiding to the enemy.

Then, after that, I saw the Canadians in the Somme battles when they advanced against Courcelette and when the French Canadians came up and supported them and they captured that town with many thousands of prisoners.

Then, I remember one of the greatest days in Canadian history; a day when the snow was on the ground and it was blowing, when the Canadians advanced on Vimy Ridge through that snow and sleet, and captured the whole length of that old Ridge with the help of the Highland Troops, and after that battle the entire population of Vimy were down in the valley, prisoners in our hands.

After that, for many a day, I saw the Canadians around the city of Lens; for five or six months they were around that city. It was not a battle, but a siege against a big town in which every house was a machine-gun fortress, and a siege in which the men were under terrific fire every day for six months, and I used to go across Vimy Ridge, across the Bois de Rondelle or towards Hill 70 and see the Canadian troops guarding that city and holding their lines week after week and month after month, under bursting shells which sent the houses of Mons and the little cities around it up in rose-colored dust, and many a day I saw the Canadians come out of Lens to the suburbs caked with clay, and so tired that they could hardly struggle back, their very tongues swollen so that their voices were only whispers when they spoke, and once again, and for a long time the Canadians were the wonder and admiration of the whole British Army for the grim courage with which they held on to that town and advanced through its terrible ruins.

They did not capture the city of Lens, and that seemed to them, at the time, something of a tragedy, because they knew, after all their fighting, that Lens was a ripe fruit that was going to fall into their hand on the morning of another battle, but that battle was never fought; the Canadians were wanted elsewhere. They were wanted in those frightful fields of Flanders where great English Divisions had been cut to pieces—on those ridges around Ypres and the ridges towards Passchendaele. Division after division had been put into that slough of despond, and the English troops lost many hundred thousands of men in casualties in their advance, and the Australian troops lost many of their best in what, alas, was a vain attempt to take the great crest of Pas-

schendaele. Then it was that the Canadians were put in, and after a bloody and heroic fight it was the Canadians who had the honor of taking the very high crest of Passchendaele.

After that, England, and the Empire, and the world was threatened with the gravest menace that has arisen, and that was when the enemy brought all his divisions from Russia and nearly all on the western front, and by overwhelming odds broke through the British line, which was too thin after the frightful casualties in Flanders. As you know, the enemy broke through on our Fifth Army Front, and, what you probably did not know, on our Third Army Front, and there was a great retreat. The British troops do not like retreating, but I saw the retreat from first to last—from St. Quentin to Amiens, and after, in Flanders to Bailleul and back again to the outskirts of Ypres, and I want to say, what I believe you know to be true, that the English troops did not retreat without inflicting great losses on the enemy. It was a heroic fighting retreat, and if I had the time I could tell you a thousand stories of heroism that were done by the English troops over that ground.

Some men may have been panic-stricken—some men were—because it is not an easy thing to fight day after day and night after night against overwhelming odds, and the English soldiers, like Canadian soldiers, are human beings; but broadly and largely, the English Army fought with the greatest heroism, and when Sir Douglas Haig made the great call that they should fight with their backs to the wall, these men knew that it meant they would have no relief along the lines in Flanders and France until the enemy was checked or until they would die fighting, but by the grace of God the enemy was checked. The Canadians had the good luck not to be in that retreat, and they had the honor to be first, with the Australians on their left, to make the great counter attack which continued for several months after August the eighth of last year, and broke the spirit of the enemy, and broke his war machine to bits.

That was a great day, on August the eighth, when the Canadians attacked behind a cruiser squadron of tanks, but there were greater days that followed. In my opinion, one of the greatest in the history of the world from the time of civilization, and that is a big thing to say, was when the Canadians, with the English troops by their side, broke the Drocourt-Queant Line,

because on that day, when they broke that line, they smashed forever the hope of Germany, and that was the first day when I, personally, as an onlooker of war, felt that victory was not only going to be ours, but that victory was very near.

After that, I met the Canadians in many funny old places. I met them around about Cambrai where they had terrible and tragic fighting. The battle north of Cambrai was very costly to the Canadian Corps, and I believe that in those battles above that city the Canadians lost in casualties, in not many days, twenty thousand men, but the Canadians, with the help again of the English troops to the south of the city—and I think every Canadian will be sporty enough to acknowledge the valor of those English troops—the Canadians did enter Cambrai one fine morning, and I had the honor to enter it that same morning, and, by a strange and very pleasant coincidence, I met that morning, in his little headquarters on the outskirts of the town which was then on fire, Colonel Rose who is now sitting by my side.

They did not stay in Cambrai very long—the Canadians were always moving in those days, and the next time I met them was in another great city of France, and that was the city of Valenciennes, and there again the Canadians went in smashing through the German rearguard screens, and released the great population which, for four years and more, had been under the oppressive rule of the enemy.

So they went on, fighting day by day against an enemy becoming weaker, so that the Canadian troops, like all the troops of the British Army, knew that that was their journey home, and the end of the journey came for the Canadian troops—by a strange and almost miraculous coincidence, the end of the journey was in the little old city of Mons. On the tenth of November of last year they went in. When I went into the city that day, and saw the Canadian troops in the Grande Place of Mons, and heard the joy bells ringing, I thought of another army that had been there, too—I thought of the little old ghost army of the "Old Contemptibles," and I, as an Englishman, saluted in my soul the ghost army, that little Regular British Army, which, in that town, had first withstood the shock of German arms, and which had been wiped out of this world not many months after.

And so we came to the journey's end, and there was an armistice the next morning, and I give you my word of honor

that every Englishman, and every English soldier, has in his heart a great admiration and a great gratitude to the Canadian Corps for their share in the honor of the enormous defeat which we, as an Empire, inflicted on the enemy.

So we gained that victory, but we have not yet gained the fruits of that victory, and I personally believe that we have against us now, on this day, and shall have against us, for many days to come, a menace almost as great, if not greater, than that which threatened us when the enemy was in his line against us. Because there is sweeping over Europe this spirit of Bolshevism, and those enemies whom we fought with guns and bayonets are now fighting us with something else, something more difficult to strangle.

We see the whole Eastern map of Europe given over to anarchy, a spirit of deadly ideas from which we, on the Western side of the world, are by no means immune. What is now being done at the Peace Table in Paris, it seems to me, is the one subject in life worth looking to because on it depends the whole future of the world. It is up, now, to the statesmen of the world to deal with this problem, but it is not up to them alone.

In order to deal with that problem, they must find out what are the thoughts of the fighting men who are coming back from the fields of France and Flanders, and in order to deal with the state of Europe and the world, they must also try to find out the thoughts of those peoples like the French and Belgians who suffered the fullest agony of this war, and I believe that these people, and our fighting men—and I now only speak for the English soldiers—demand that the statesmen of the world formulate some new plan by means of which the horrors of those four and a half years shall not be soon repeated; and our men are not prepared, in my opinion, to go back into such a shambles again except for the direst need, and we think that the time has come when the politicians and statesmen of the world should invent some new system, a structure among nations which shall at least postpone that awful menace, and therefore I personally believe that the peoples of Europe and our fighting men are broadly behind the idea of the League of Nations.

But whether this is so or not, and it is difficult to know, one thing at least seems as clear as daylight, and that is that the League of Nations which already exists should continue with

closer and stronger bonds than before, and that is the League of Nations within the Empire. The English soldiers know what the Canadian troops did—none better—and they grasp the enormous honor they have won in this war by their valor and sacrifice, but we, in England, hope also that Canada will have a thought for a long time, and for all her history, of poor old Tommy Atkins.

From first to last, the British Army had sixty-eight per cent. of its men recruited from the English counties, and Tommy Atkins did not get much kudos out of it. Tommy Atkins fought rather under an anonymous name, but you Canadians know that the English troops also were stubborn and tenacious, that they made a great and terrible sacrifice of their life in France and Flanders, and we, in England, hope that Canada will recognize that generously and will bear us affection and esteem for all time.

And there is one more relationship which I think many people feel must be secured and must be made closer to us in brotherhood, and that is a friendly relationship with the American people over your frontiers. It is not going to be easy to dispel the little jealousies and frictions. Canadian troops don't like it when the Yankees say, "We won the war." Well, it is quite natural that an American soldier, speaking largely to his own folk, should say a thing like that, but I know, as a matter of fact, that those American soldiers who fought on the British front do not think so.

Over and over again I have met young American officers attached to our battalions and Army Staffs, and those men were very modest and said: "We have come here to learn, and we don't know a darn thing about it;" and they were keen to learn, and they gave us the fullest credit for those four years of sacrifice which we made before they came as the last straw which broke the camel's back.

With Russia gone bad, with Hungary gone bad, and with Germany going bad, it is very necessary, for the welfare of our civilization that there should be at least an alliance between the Americans and the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the British Empire. After all, they did render us enormous and heroic service, and we should be ungenerous if we tried to belittle that.

But now I go back again to the Canadian troops and, as an Englishman in this room, of no account whatever except that he was an eye-witness of your deeds, I want to say, personally and on behalf of old England, that we love you for what you have done, and we thank God that you were with us.

(Mr. Gibbs' address was preceded by a brief speech by Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Gault, D.S.O., in command of the P.P.C.L.I.)

LIEUT.-COL. HAMILTON GAULT, D.S.O.

I thank you for your welcome to us to-day, which I take is your welcome to all returned men from overseas. To-day will ever be one to be remembered by all of us fortunate to be your guests to-day, and we shall ever be grateful to you for your splendid reception to the units that are returning to your midst from time to time.

Our regimental connection with Montreal is one that we are justly proud of, for in the early days, in the very critical period of our history, it was from this city that our reinforcements came, and to McGill University and the Universities of Canada we shall ever owe a debt beyond possibility of repayment.

Our associations with Montreal do not end here. For four and a half years, there was built up between my unit and the splendid units which you sent forth for the Empire a very close association. We were fortunate in being brigaded with the Forty-Second Battalion commanded by Lieut.-Col. Royal Ewing, who so lately has returned.

During these past few years, we have all lost some of our dearest and best, but Montreal, in the last few months of the war, suffered irreparably in the loss of that gallant soldier and gentleman, Lieut.-Col. Bartlett McLennan. By these sacrifices, which I venture to believe have been gladly made, has the war been won, and the memory of our fallen comrades will ever be cherished with pride and affection.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the women of Canada for all they did for the troops overseas. They have continually sent forth from Canada comforts which have been of the greatest use and which have done much towards the material welfare and comfort of the troops. We shall all be very grateful for the material assistance we have received—I now speak from the point of view of the men in France—not only for the material assistance but for the sympathy and encouragement which we have always known was behind the fighting units of the Dominion of Canada.

(April 7th, 1919)

THE DELINQUENT BOY—TURNING LIABILITIES INTO ASSETS

By MR. J. N. BARSS

THIS room has been the scene of many memorable occasions during the last four years. Fervent appeal and eloquent eulogies have often been heard, and many of the men who come here have been sanctified by their offering to the cause of Liberty. From His Majesty, King George V., than whom no one in the Empire has proved himself more worthy of his trust, down to the street urchin, the Empire has made good that old slogan "Britons never, never shall be slaves."

Many of your sons and brothers, who placed themselves a living, bleeding sacrifice on the altar of Democracy, did not bleed and die for nothing. They died that unmolested we might work out that high destiny toward which a benevolent Creator now beckons us, and dying, they bequeathed to us a most sacred trust.

The work at Shawbridge, important as it may be and worthy as it is of commendation and support when well done, if it covered our horizon at present we would hardly feel worthy to be here; but Shawbridge is a simple, concrete illustration of national conditions, the handling of which at this time will have much to do with shaping the destiny of Canada, fifty or one hundred years from now.

If you would know how to change the delinquent boy from a liability to an asset, you must know more about him. I was entertained, some time ago, by the Chaplain of one of the States Prisons—a rugged Catholic priest who was devoting his time to ministering to these men there. I wondered at his wonderful popularity with the men, a popularity which carries with it esteem and respect, and I asked him how he did it. He said his power lay in knowing his men. A year or two previous, he said, the governing board of another institution of the kind came to see

him and to note his methods; they invited him to go and pay a visit to their institution. "I went," he said, "and I found a thousand men, angry, sullen and discontented. Imagine my dismay when the resident chaplain made a lengthy speech dealing with the question of the orthodoxy of the church. The chaplain spoke for twenty minutes, and at the end sixty-five per cent. of the men had their heads on the seats in front, and the rest showed signs of dissatisfaction. The chaplain then turned to me and said 'Proceed.' I went across that platform, and coming to the edge I said, 'Men, you have heard a little sermon preached by a little man from a little text; now I am going to give you a big sermon from a big text: Live every day from sunrise to sunset so that you can look every man in the eye and tell him to go to hell. When I got through,' he said, 'There were no sleepers.'"

Presumably you do not think of yourselves as a type or class, but your faces, your clothes and your atmosphere register a type, and you know that around you each day is a host of men you know who have not been able to do quite what you have done. You know there is another bunch of men, which may be considered the corner stone of democracy—the laboring man.

Perhaps you never have thought that the occasional drunk you meet on the street, the occasional incompetent who comes into your business, the occasional crook of whom you read in the morning paper (semi-occasional just now, I believe), the degenerate, the suicide, the mentally deficient, are all members of one class, properly known as the inefficient class, which has increased very fast during the last generation. In the United States this class has doubled in the last twenty or thirty years, and it is not confined to the United States, but is also found in England and the continental countries, and in countries like ours. Drunks, suicides, murders are all too frequent. The United States was surprised to learn, a few years ago, that while she was sending barrels of money to India to convert the heathen, she had, for the same population, ten murders for India's one.

The most alarming part of this is that these men are non-producers and negligible as consumers; they cannot or will not work, and, therefore, they must be supported and become parasites on society. A few years ago, Massachusetts statisticians said that out of a yearly budget of twelve millions it took three millions to care for this class. In Vermont, about that time, I found

that out of a budget of three millions it took about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I was much criticized when a newspaper article of mine announced that in five years it would rise to half a million. I have now, on my desk, the estimate for the fiscal year, July 1, 1918, to July 1, 1919, which, as nearly as I can figure it, sets aside much more than half a million.

The price of all construction and maintenance supplies, together with the addition of salaries, makes government fraternalism for, and private charity towards, this class a tremendous burden. Besides this we must add what they yearly destroy.

Naturally, you were shocked at the revelations of the doctors during the recruiting under the Military Service Act. England got her jolt at the time of the Boer War, and after that war, in the systematic way in which the Englishman does his work, she appointed a Royal Commission with power to make a thorough investigation of the facts with recommendations. The improvement in England between that time and the breaking out of the last war was very pleasing. England's example was followed by other nations, and for nearly two decades scientists and their fellow-workers have been filing in libraries the truth in regard to this.

We have, of late years, had two distinct classes of thinkers in this and other countries in regard to the matter of personal liberty, and the institutions which personal liberty has insisted upon maintaining—a part were reactionaries and a part progressives. The reactionary says that his opponents have let down the bars to conditions and influences which are inimical to the principles of national safety. The progressives say that these moss-back reactionaries are wrong, and have clogged the wheels of progress.

But when the clear, cold, statistical compilations of science are placed before us, both parties have to take off their hats to the truth, and sometimes the spectacle is ghastly.

The following are some of the reasons given for the growth of this undesirable class, and the consequently increasing financial burden.

1st. The scientists tell us that we are going through a period of racial degeneracy. By the addition of numberless hospitals and sanitariums we have lengthened out the miserable existence of our physically unfit and thus added to average life; but the

true test of longevity lies in the number of octogenarians and centenarians in our midst, and they are growing scarcer and scarcer.

2nd. It has been demonstrated that the Anglo-Saxon race can only stand three generations of shut-in life. It is notorious in our American cities that families rise from obscurity to great prominence in one generation, and pass into obscurity in the next, thus the very opulence of success seems to carry the germ of degeneracy.

3rd. Immigration from the country to the city. For seven decades on this continent there has been a continual tide flowing from the country to the city, and the city grist-mill has ground in its hopper the cream of the population. In time the stock becomes depleted, and eventually, partly at least, degenerate. In the country there is just one way for the poor to make a living—persistent hard work and rigid economy, but this depleted stock cannot meet the requirements, and the thousands of ways to make a living in the city without hard work are constantly inviting them. Montreal is a mecca for that class of immigration, and I suspect that the disturbances at the time of your police strike are thus largely accounted for.

4th. Poison. One of the greatest scientists in America, a man whose name is a household word all over the world because of his medical humanitarianism, stated, not long ago, that the stream of poison going through the American people was such that the American people's nervous stamina is fast breaking down. He stated that the *per diem* dose for every man, woman and child in the country amounted to 156 grains of alcohol, 6 grains of nicotine, 6 grains of caffein, 1-12 grain of opium.

5th. The disappearance of the old-fashioned home. It is a notorious fact to-day, that social workers are overwhelmed with appeals from those who cannot control their children; not only from the poorer homes, but the wealthiest families have come to me to ask that their children be put under my control without its appearing in the police records. In a nearby American city, not long ago, an evening collision between a lightning express and a joy-riding auto happened just in time to catch the last issue of the evening paper; before the issue was three hours old, the Chief of Police had calls from three hundred mothers asking if their daughters were among the killed.

6th. The rapid spread of syphilitic poison with its dire results. I have had them in my school go blind, become perfectly stiff in their joints and have the jaws set, causing them to live, thereafter, on liquid food, and often go into decline, because of the sins of the fathers.

7th. Loose immigration laws, with the consequent flood of undesirables.

8th. The all-too-frequent separation of man and wife among the poor. A few years ago, in a school of three hundred, I found seventy-five per cent. of the children were from homes which were broken up, their father and mother having separated.

9th. The maintenance of institutions in our society, improperly supervised, which lead the young to criminal lives, such as saloons, pool rooms and dance halls. You and I have a right to our private opinion as to the right or wrong of these things, but when social workers tell us that in the United States last year, three hundred and fifty thousand young women went down to worse than death through the licensed dance halls, it is no longer a matter of private opinion, but a big economic question having to do with the development of our most important national asset.

10th. The sex question, by far the greatest of all social questions to-day. We talk about sex commercialism as though it covered all of the question, but it is really only a very small part of it, and if this question does not have educated attention before long, some day someone will stand on Victoria Bridge and mourn the ruins of a once-proud city.

11th. Marriage of the mentally and physically unfit, with the consequent harvest of weakened humanity.

We need not go further than this. These conditions are all flourishing to-day in Canada, and at Shawbridge we have some of the results in condensed form.

Criminology may be divided into two parts: 1st, the legislative and social, or the passing of laws and establishment of customs which will eliminate the causes; 2nd, the clinical and therapeutic, or the examination and treatment of the individual.

The first of these has been briefly discussed, that is your affair. The other is ours. You will notice that I did not mention penalizing, because I believe that Solomon was as wise as our times. For a year I applied the rod most religiously in our school.

The next year I declared a day of forgiveness for everything passed, and I started to stimulate that school, and for twelve months I did not have occasion to apply the rod.

Now, for our part. The delinquent boy and his treatment. The emotional, irresponsible, sometimes depraved, anti-social, weak-willed child of fortune. Sometimes what he is by accident, but more by the endowment of nature and nurture.

In an examination, one of our boys was asked to state what were the two genders; he said, "the masculine zone and the feminine zone." When asked to state what the masculine zone was he said: "The masculine zone is either temperate or intemperate." We then asked him what the feminine zone was and he replied: "Either torrid or frigid."

You must get into sympathy with him and know the boy. When he comes to us he is generally a wreck physically. If he has no disease his constitution is run down, and after we have worked and built him up he averages very good in height, chest measurement and weight. When there is no mark of mental deficiency his facial outline is good, and if there is no taint of syphilis or other poisoning he is generally fairly sound; but, as a class, he lacks stamina or physical staying power. Perhaps you have the idea that the criminal is a great, husky bull of a man, but he is not; he lacks that huskiness, and is usually weak and small of stature.

The boy, we have found, when he comes to us, usually goes as far as the third grade of grammar school; often slow, backward and dull. He is often bright, quick and intensely interested up to the fifth or sixth grade, and then he loses interest and goes no further himself. Because of this he is said to lack reasoning power, but please write a question mark after this supposition. In the accuracy of his eye and the dexterity of his hand, he excels the ordinary moral children, and often flashes into genius of a very high order.

Spiritually he may be a Baptist, a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Protestant, a Catholic, an Anglican or a Hebrew. He may surprise you tremendously in discussing the dogma of his parents. He generally admits the existence of God and Heaven and Hell. He ignores the first and has no interest in the latter. If you are good to him he loves you; if you oppose him he hates you. He is a loyal friend and a loyal enemy. There

is only one discriminating requirement for his friendship, namely, loyalty to the accomplishment of his desires.

He is impulsive. When moved he will give you the shirt off his back; at other times he is absolutely without feeling. He is emotional. God gave us women to civilize the normal man. He gave the unfortunates their emotions as their only hope. In our religion we pander and cater to cold, calculating reason, but if there were no reformatory agency in the world except reason, we would all have been in hell so long ago that they would have removed our names from the voting lists, and you have to be away from some parts of Canada for a long time before they do that.

Now what can we do for him? What should we do for him? We can do much, and we should do all we can. Regular hours, plenty of plain, simple food, plenty of sleep, enough work to develop his manliness, enough play to keep up his spirits and teach him team work in life, and careful supervision of his habits will, in a few years, largely restore him to being a rugged man, a right of which nature cheated him.

We used to say that every psychosis had its neurosis, and this caused the popularity of the saw and axe in the treatment of the criminal, but we are getting away from that. A few years ago, after examining carefully about four hundred cases of boys and girls, my neurologist and I held council. He said: "Physically, with the removal of a few adenoids, tonsils, a little attention to his flat feet, and a rejuvenated constitution he is all right. Mentally, attention to the above details and to his eyes and ears and teeth will brighten him, but he lacks brains.

I said: "I don't believe it." I asked for volunteers from the children of that school to go to school seven hours a day during the hot summer days, and to add to that several hours' work out of school each day. Forty-two volunteered to do it, and at the end of eight weeks, thirty-two were in grades 5, 6 and 7, still in the race, and most of them had covered a year's work, as laid down in the common school. It is all humbug that this class has no brains; they have brains, but they lack will power.

Two expert teachers, with a large experience in the schools of the United States, who were helping me, declared at the end of the experiment that they had never seen so much evidence of brains in one school.

This was the cue. We then began a campaign to create an educational atmosphere. We preached and thought and sang and read education, with the result that in an institution which had been in existence for forty-seven years, and in that time had never graduated a child into High School, in less than five years we had fourteen boys and girls walking a mile each morning to the city to attend the upper year in High School. We had so impressed the Government that they freely made allowance for the extra expense in the way of clothing, etc. The Educational Commissioners of the State agreed to pay the tuition. We had twenty-four during the first year in High School, at the Institution we had twenty in the last grade in Grammar School preparing for High School, and six in institutions of more advanced learning.

I am glad to tell you that the principal of my school told me within a few days, that she never saw as good ability and as fine a response as she is having from her 5th, 6th and 7th grades this winter at Shawbridge.

Bred of a line of stock where, for generations, their minds have not been trained, and where there has been no ambition along that line; trained in his earlier years to discount this phase of life; he is like the chicken in the shell; he must break through his mental coma, and often must have help while he is doing so.

Mental exercise brings mental stimulation, and day by day he grows stronger until he becomes able to think clearly and conclusively. This mental training, coupled with his natural dexterity of hand and eye, often makes him permanently fit for life.

Spiritually.—We often get mixed in our thinking of morals and religion. Individually, morals are really the sum total of our actions. Our religion is what we believe of God and his teachings, our duty to Him and our fellow-men. Outside influences being largely the same with all men in a community, their morals are differentiated by inherited tendencies and their fundamental religious beliefs.

Our lad has no religious beliefs. He has, in the constitutional case, always inherited from a small to a very great amount of degenerating tendencies, and his morals amply prove this contention.

What shall we do for him? It would seem that his greatest

need is something to believe. All approach to his religious nature must be made through the avenue of friendship; he will believe what you tell him if he likes you. But for him to be religious means the elimination from his life of much that has been counted among his dearest possessions; his right to get what he wants without regard to the method employed; his right to do as he pleases with side-stepping the law as his only proviso; himself as the centre of his universe, and self-indulgence the chief object of life.

To be religious he must employ heroic treatment, and here is where his emotions come in. His lack of will-power makes his capacity for resistance small. In many cases the actually inherited tendencies to wrong make a long-sustained effort upward impossible, but the implanted image of the divine in every soul awakes to the right appeal made in the right way at the right time.

Now, if handled by those who understand him and watched closely, he can, as it were, be charged as you charge your electric runabout every day, and with a new inspiration every day or two he makes heroic and repeated efforts; he unconsciously grows stronger, and by and by, as if by a miracle, you behold the rejuvenated lad. Do they ever fail? Surely; so do you and I fail.

Nothing could be more touching than, knowing the inside history of weakness and sin, to watch the effort of self-establishment, and it is not always without humor. Some time ago, a boy who had inherited many detrimental inclinations and a weak will, said to Mr. Dawson: "Mr. Dawson, I have been having an awful time with the devil lately; he has been getting me at every turn, but by golly, when I get to Heaven I'll choke the son-of-a-gun." You will notice right in that statement one of the peculiar things we have to handle. That boy has not quite got far enough yet. He assumes, without a doubt, that he will get to Heaven, and the first gentleman he expects to meet there is His Satanic Majesty.

From a personal experience, if there is no mental deficiency or inherited disease or poison, we can, in two or three years, if they are sent to us at the right age, return 70 to 80 per cent of these boys with robust physique, and the fact that the fight for life is yearly growing harder and harder is the warrant for your spending money on these boys to fit them out physically.

If no disease or mental deficiency, we can, at the right age, give at least 60% of them a desire and a determination to have at least a common school education.

Some years ago, it was my privilege to be at the head of an institution built and supported by a Massachusetts millionaire, who made his money when money was made more slowly than in later years. As he was spending his money at that institution for the purpose of training boys to become what we know as the better-class of laboring men, I said to him one day: "What will be the conditions under which men will work twenty years from now?" That was in 1906, and here is the answer he gave: "The drift of men and women from country to city means that ere long the great part of our population must become industrial workers. This will vastly increase our manufactured production, for which markets must be found. As these markets must mostly be across the sea or across continents, it will, in most cases, demand large merchant marines, and then navies to protect them. There will be a mad scramble to secure and monopolize foreign markets. Industry and commerce will expand beyond all present conception, nations will become drunk with wealth and ambition which will lead to dreams of world monopoly and power, which will mean world war. In the world war the deciding factor will be manpower, and before the end of the war the common man will come into his own; and when he does, the British monarchy, which is really now a republic in all its privileges, will be the only one left. It will be a terrible war, and the period following it will be worse. Then democracy will pervade everything, and the working man will demand a large share of the profits of labor and a share in the control of industry, and, more than that, he will get it—if not by peaceable means, then by bloody effort. Twenty years from now, for the national safety, the working man must have education enough to think—to think clearly and to appreciate reason."

Gentlemen, you may do what you wish with that grand old man's prophecy, but enough of it has already come true to provide for me all the warrant I need in insisting that our country must educate the poor, for its own safety if nothing more.

Spiritually.—When mentally sound and well we can send away 75 per cent of those who come to us with ingrained determination to live clean and strong, with altruism as the measure of their

duty to the world. And what is our warrant? First, their eternal welfare, and second, the menace which they constitute to the nation with minds and hearts untrained.

How long should it take? It has been interesting to us to watch the commitments which have, these many years, come to us from the courts; to notice how wise and just and human some courts were, and how machine-made were others. Just the other day, I had occasion to go carefully over many of the cases in my school with much of the history and surrounding circumstances. I am only too glad to say, to-day, that the cases speak to me very plainly of the knowledge and the wisdom in applying that knowledge, of the justice tempered with mercy, and the deep-seated human kindness of the man who presides over your Juvenile Court, as well as the thoroughness of those who investigate the cases. But, gentlemen, if you should ask him to-day, he, in unison with many another judge would, I assure you, say he always feels that he cannot intelligently tell what the case needs—one, two, three, four or five years—for its rehabilitation.

Under the definite sentence, the boy or man says to himself: "So many years and I get out," and day by day he counts his time in years, months and days. Under the indefinite sentence, he could ask the judge: "How long, judge?" and the judge could answer: "When you become a real citizen you can return." It is then up to him, and immediately he starts his reformation. It is true, at first his object is release, but while he is struggling for that objective, unconsciously he changes and becomes attracted to the new life for its own sake, and if my judgment is correct, the penal institutions in the province under the indeterminate sentence can save thousands of dollars each year in remitted sentences. I have cured a boy in nine months who was sent to the penitentiary for attempting to kill a man. I took another lad from a good family, worked on him for four years, and then left him in States prison.

Is it worth while? I got a letter from the chaplain of an American regiment in France. He had there a boy who had been sent to me a few years ago for forging his father's name, and for four burglaries. I worked for a long time with him. That lad would steal everything he could from the little boys. It took us a long time to get him, but finally we got him, and when

America awoke to the fact that there was a war on, this boy went forward. The chaplain wrote me that he was six feet tall, broad of shoulder, and he considered him the finest type of manhood in his regiment.

On my desk now is a letter from a little girl who had been caught in the beginning of the white slave traffic and was sent to my school. We worked with her for years, and then she went home to help her mother; she earned three dollars and a half a week and gave two dollars to her mother, keeping the rest for clothes. She worked at night and went to High School, and she is now a graduated nurse earning twenty-five dollars a week. She wrote: "You know what I was and what I was likely to become. I could do nothing more to show my gratitude to my country for what was done for me than to go across now and see what I can do to make the world easier for the men fighting to save our women."

If you could see a boy with four burglaries hanging over him say: "Mr. Barss, when my time is up, can you find someone who will pay something towards my staying here, and give me a chance to earn the rest so that I may get a start in life?" If you could see them go to the schoolroom at night, after they have been there all day, and take extra lessons, and then take away long consignments of work to be done between times; if you could see seventy lads in chapel stand up on a Sunday night, when they are able to talk, and tell of the fight they were making to rehabilitate themselves; if you could see lad after lad, who cannot as yet explain himself, stand mutely by to show us that we can count on him—you would think it worth while.

You have the inefficient class with you; they yearly make up a larger and larger percentage of the total population. They toil not, neither do they spin, and as a consuming unit of the community they are negligible. They destroy much, and the cost of caring for them is yearly a greater and greater burden. And what is worse at this time, they form the unit of society most susceptible to Bolshevism and other insidious influences.

The sacred trust handed down to you by those who died for Canada, makes imperative that you demand the passing of such legislation as will make impossible the coming of the undesirable foreigner; prevent the marriage of the mentally unfit and the physically unclean; that you set your faces to establish the belief

in this land that your fair daughters, of worthy wives, shall not be sold to a cheque-book with a rake attached, but that they may go to men fit to perpetuate the souls that shine through their eyes; that our social status be changed, and that there be visited on the sexual errors of men, the same social anathema which, up to now, has been borne alone by the weaker sex.

There is one thing in this world that we have never given its rightful place, and that is, the force of example. Some years ago a banker said to me: "It would make you weep to see the number of mortgages we hold on the homes in our city, placed there by men in order that they might buy an automobile." All of this is the force of example. Their next door neighbor had one—they must have one.

A few years ago I had a big fellow in my school, and he came to me one day and said: "Do you know, I feel like a mutt going out with this little cap on; can I not have a hard hat?" The next Sunday he had a man's hard hat, and before the next day one half the class had made application for hard hats.

You men of big brains, of quick perception and quick decision, you are the leaders of society. You may not wish it—you may shrink from it, but the very qualities which place you where you are, fasten this responsibility upon you. It is up to you to demand this legislation; it is up to you to establish the habits of thought and customs of life, which will carry the Canadian ship safely through the breakers of the next two decades. Great power is yours, but I believe the Eternal God mixes the allotments of life in equal parts—one half power and one half responsibility.

(April 16th, 1919)

THE FIRST DIVISION

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRUS W. PECK, V.C., D.S.O., M.P.

I WANT to say that a couple of days ago only I was asked by an old friend if I would speak to the members of the Canadian Club of Montreal. As you know, we politicians are very busy people—working always for the interests of our constituents—so I was worried, but because he was a true, old friend I said I would consent to address you under such difficult circumstances. I don't think I ever feared the Germans very much, but I have more worry in addressing an assembly such as this, than I ever had overseas.

I take it as the greatest of honors to address the Canadian Club of this great city of Montreal. The soldiers from Montreal are those with whom I have been peculiarly associated, and there are around this table, and in this room, many distinguished officers. Here, on my left, is my dear old friend, Col. Clark-Kennedy, who not only has the honors of war but the affection and loyalty of his men who served under him. There is also here another officer of the Third Brigade, Lieut.-Col. Gault McCombe.

Gentlemen, you don't know how many fond associations crowd upon my mind as I speak of these men. The Third Brigade—and I am sure every man here from other brigades and divisions will not object to my speaking about them—the Third Brigade is one peculiarly associated with the city of Montreal. We had two battalions in our Brigade, the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, from your city, and it is no disparagement to anybody to say that no finer battalions ever fought in this war. I know, because I saw their operations for four years and worked in close co-operation with these gallant gentlemen, and I know the feelings that exist in respect to the two famous battalions from your city; and therefore I want to say that I hope when these two battalions come back to Montreal you will give them a reception worthy of the great fame they won in this war.

It is very much more pleasant to say the nice and complimentary things in life than the unpleasant, harsh and critical, and I regret to say that many things have been said against gallant officers who served their country well and truly—no man will ever know how well—but it is a bitter thing now to have these things flung at them when they should be receiving the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen. No one is probably as well prepared as I am to say the nice things about the two battalions from your city—the Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

I want to say, from my heart, that you people of Montreal have given a grand and hearty welcome to the Forty-Second Battalion and the Fifth C.M.R., the only battalions returned to Montreal so far. I have known both of these battalions for a long time, and I am glad to know you have given them a hearty reception, but I do feel a little bitter about some of these receptions—I don't mean you people of Montreal, but I speak of the outside public—and I think they might have gone a little further giving a reception to these gallant men who have made the name of Canada glorious among the nations.

I want to ask you this one thing. When your Thirteenth and Fourteenth Battalions come back to Montreal I hope you will give them a reception that will be second to none—let them own the whole damn town. There is no one more capable to do this than you; I am sure this is one of the very few places left in this country where you can receive, not only the plaudits of your fellow countrymen, but also that stimulant which encourages generosity.

Now, gentlemen, I had not prepared anything at all to say at this luncheon, but I thought I would just say a few words about the war of 1918. We fought through the terrible tragic year of 1917—you know the great battle of Vimy when your famous troops wrested this from the finest troops in the German army.

Then we come to the story of August, 1917, when we tore away Hill 70. Then on the south flank of Lens we had the Fourth Division, and the Third Division gradually eating a place where we were to make an assault to take that famous coal city, but unfortunately the armies on the north were held up.

And then there occurred the great, ghastly battle of Passchendaele. I had the honor of holding the trenches there on two

occasions with my battalions, and one of them came from your own town—the Forty-Second. They had participated in the capture of the Belnord Spur, and we can never say too much for that feat of the Third Division, the capture of Belnord Spur. I remember it well, because I went to relieve the Forty-Second; Col. Norsworthy was in command, and I walked around that terrible field and I saw thousands of your citizens, many from Montreal, stretched out on that field.

So, therefore, we pass on from the state of things in 1917 to the last year. At the end of March, the First Division and the Second Division were rushed down from their position in front of Lens to the neighborhood of Arras. You can perhaps appreciate the name and reputation of your soldiers in the field when you know that for a great number of months they were holding the long salient of the coal fields of France until they came to Vimy Ridge.

The British Army attacked Loos, the Tenth French Army attacking Lorette Spur and capturing almost the crest of the Vimy Ridge. The British Army attacked at Loos and captured it, but, unfortunately, they did not have enough reinforcements to hold the position, so they put in the Canadian Corps. The whole life of France was in that—the great coal mines upon which France relied for her fuel to carry on those great munition works which were needed, and, therefore, you can realize the reputation that your soldiers had when they put the Canadian Corps to defend that great Lens Salient.

Well, we held it until some time in May—that is, as far as my Division was concerned.

I want to say something about the time we were rushed down to protect the flank of the British Army at Arras. Unfortunately, there was a great retreat on the south where the Germans had three or four divisions to our one. They rushed the First and Second Divisions to protect that flank. I want to tell you something of the experiences we had in the ancient town of Arras. There was confusion with the transports, and we became badly mixed up; I don't know where the Third Brigade landed, but my battalion was badly split up, but we collected them, and in the morning the First and Second Divisions had orders to proceed through the town of Arras and take up our positions. I said to my second-in-command—now, I regret to

say, gathered to that place where all great soldiers go—I said to him, “You can go up with the first of the battalion, and I will stay and gather the rest.” So I did not have the advantage of seeing the most remarkable spectacle of the march through the town of Arras. That flank of the British Army had been compelled to retreat, and they wished to throw in troops on whom they could rely, with the result that orders came in the night, and we had to march off very hastily, but I am told, by men who were on that march, that it was one of the most remarkable and dramatic spectacles of the war. Here was old Arras, one of the most ancient towns in France; it was grim and silent, the silence only broken by an occasional salvo of German artillery, and in the grey dawn of the early morning the old brigade marched up. There was not a word said; the steady tread of the soldiers, the swing of their kilts, but I have heard it very favorably spoken of, that march of the brigade, steady and strong, marching along, the boys of the old Third Brigade, to protect that flank of the British Army.

Then we come to the Caves of Ronville just in front. Those caves are centuries old; the chalk from there was used in building the town of Arras. We lay there for six long days, five or six thousand of us, in these caves of Arras. There was not one thing between the Germans and that thin line of British troops, but the old gallant Third Brigade hidden in the caves. It was a very grim time; the situation was desperate and there was only one cheerful thing, and that was the great spirit of the British Army—particularly our own Army. This is the one thing about the English-speaking people; the worse the situation is the more cheerful they are. We never were afraid. We used to go over to England on our leave to have a little party—and they were some parties too—but everybody there was very gloomy; they did not know what was going to happen; and then we would go back to the front to cheer up.

Just a few words more to say that in June—May or June—they took the whole Second Division of the Canadian Corps out into Foch’s great Shock Army. That is another great compliment to you people of this great city; they don’t take out the poor divisions or corps; they take out those on whom they can rely to the greatest possible extent, and we lay there nearly two months in that reserve. Things were not so good as you might

think. In a few days peace will be signed, and we can tell you something of the desperate plight that the Allied Armies were in.

They took the Canadian corps and that reserve up as a last resort, if the enemy got to Paris, to be used as part of that great attack which was to take place when Foch (the greatest military genius of the age) had chosen his time.

I just want to say another word or two in my rather rambling remarks. I could talk along for weeks about the glories of our Canadian troops, God bless them—I cannot speak of them without emotion. Finally, by a wonderful stroke, the whole Canadian Corps was moved from the northeast to a few miles on the south-east of Amiens, and on the morning of the eighth of August they struck a great blow. That was wonderful, that battle of Amiens—it was a gentleman's battle all through. I participated in that assault. I had on my left the Thirteenth, and on my left again, the Fourteenth, and we participated in that fine battle. I jumped off with my men at something about five-twenty in the morning. It seems to me now a wonderful dream. I remember, we had gone to relieve the Australians. I went up to the reserve trench to take up my position prior to the assault, and it was a very little trench; it was just a little hole—not very clean—and I could not turn about much (I am a pretty big man); there was only room for one other man.

Just before an assault there are always a lot of artillery people and others come up and ask about your preparations, and that worries you, but I remember one gallant citizen of this Province, than whom there was no grander figure in the war; I refer to Lt-Col. Canon Scott C.M.G., D.S.O., who was the padre of the First Division during the whole war. Some time I hope I will be able to tell the people of this country the great story of that noble man's life as I saw it in this war, and it is a story which you will all be proud, as citizens of Quebec, to read and to know he was associated with the citizenship of your Province. I saw the old Canon and he said he had just been up the line to see the boys. That was the great thing about that remarkable divine; wherever the danger was he was there. If there was ever one man who never feared—and I never saw many people who had no fear except that one man—I think he had no fear. I said: "Well, get out of here, I will see you in a minute." We waited a while and then we heard a tremendous noise; it was the

tanks coming up—that was an hour and a half before we jumped off.

I remember coming out of my dug-out, and finally I said: "I have not much time, I will have to look over the line"; and when I came up, here was Canon Scott seated on the top of the trenches in a very unchristian mood. He wanted to go into the battle—he wanted to come with us, but I told him that I was the senior, and I said: "I will do the fighting if you do the praying."

I remember the noise the tanks made in coming up and I said to an officer. "They will catch on to this and will come down with a barrage," and here we were in this dim fog and every minute seemed a week. Then the word passed "She is away." That is when you hear the first few breaks of artillery. And so we went through there, but I will not delay you with this tale. We had some hard fighting and I went within some few hundred yards of the front line as the gallant old First passed. Then I went back and was lying on my bed drinking coffee at half-past eight. As I said this was a gentleman's battle. Within that time my battalion alone had captured eighteen pieces of heavy ordnance—heavy guns—seventeen trench mortars, thirty machine guns and nine hundred prisoners.

They captured the German Brigade Headquarters and brought in the regimental commander and his whole staff to my dug-out where I was drinking coffee. I offered him some coffee. One of my men was then going by and I noticed his hand slip down, and he took off the Iron Cross the commander was wearing. It is a wonderful spirit our fellows had. I hope they will never become light-fingered after the war, but if they ever did start in as pickpockets they would be adepts; the way they can strip the enemy prisoners is wonderful. I noticed this fellow and I said: "What did you take?" and he said: "His Iron Cross." I made him hand it back, but it did not do him much good—Mike O'Leary was around—we knew Mike as the Souvenir King. He met this German on the way and when he arrived at Headquarters he did not have the Iron Cross.

I must apologize for such a rambling speech. I am sorry I did not have some time to prepare when I came to address you, but I know you will forgive me, and when you see your great old Thirteenth and Fourteenth Battalions come in next week, I hope you will throw your hats in the air and just open up this grand

old town and give them all that is coming. God bless the grand old First Division.

What did the Germans say of it? They said it was one of the finest divisions in the war. They are all grand divisions; I saw them, I fought with them. What about it? Going over there on the battle fields of Flanders where the great battles of the war were fought, they met the flower of the German Army time and time again and swept them away like chaff before the storm.

And now I must say that I am proud to be here to-day, and the next time I will do more credit than on this occasion. I have the greatest possible affection for you and for all those gallant soldiers from Montreal, and I hope this will be only one of many times that I will have the advantage—not of speaking—but of enjoying your sociability.

(April 21st, 1919)

THE AMERICAN RAILWAYS UNDER GOVERNMENT OPERATION AND THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By Mr C. E. MITCHELL,
President of the National City Company, New York.

IT is indeed an honor to be invited to come to address this body, and it is with some delicacy that I find myself speaking of the railroad question before such a master of that art as the "King" of your railroads in Canada, Lord Shaughnessy. Also, I may add, before that man whose youth in his high position is accepted as a spur to ambition among the youth of America—that man whose election to the head of the Canadian Pacific System was acclaimed throughout the United States as it was in Canada and showed him to be as popular there as he is here—Mr. Beatty.

Fearing that some of you, hurried with the business of the day, perhaps hurried by the desire to get on the golf links, feel that you must leave this audience before I have fairly covered my subject, I will give you a glimpse of the last page, as it were. I am going to fling my colors to the breeze at the beginning and say that I am unalterably opposed to Government ownership or operation of railroads.

Were I to detail the reasons for such a stand to an audience of Canadian business men, you would feel that I was "bringing coals to Newcastle," because one who has studied the history of Government ownership and maintenance of railroads in your country cannot help but conclude that in the adjacent country where railroads operate under much the same conditions and where institutions are quite as democratic, the results of Government ownership would be equally disastrous and the figures tell a sad but convincing story; a story such as developed by those who have analyzed the figures of such a line as your Intercolonial

Railway and have measured the losses sustained, when you deduct the interest and taxes which the public would have collected had these roads been privately owned.

The experience with Government-owned roads in Canada is the experience the world over; most of them do not pay interest on the investment; practically none earn the taxes, to say nothing of showing any profits. The operation of the railroads in the United States has proven that we cannot expect our case to be an exception to the rule.

The results have been that while a year ago the great majority of the American people were in favor of Government ownership, to-day the number has dwindled to the vanishing point, and now only includes that unthinking portion of the great body of railroad labor which has benefited by the free and easy disposition of other people's money and does not realize that their interest ultimately will not best be served by their development as a cog in the political machine.

There is no subject to-day that is demanding—or for that matter receiving—more attention from the American business man and banker than the railroad topic, because it is realized that our railroads are a most important factor in the economic and business life of the nation. Our railroad system aggregated nearly 260,000 miles—a mileage equivalent to more than one-third of the mileage of all the roads of the world; our railroad credits in the hands of the public were in excess of \$17,000,000,000—a sum approximating our national debt and equivalent to about twenty per cent of the total securities issued; railroad employees number over two million, a number which is equivalent to eight per cent of the total male voting population and equivalent to about five per cent of the total workers of the country. The railroad system of the United States is our largest industry, excepting agriculture. The rate of railway purchase is enormous, absorbing from forty to fifty per cent of the iron and steel production, and the railroads have always been found a fairly accurate barometer of business prosperity.

The railroad problem is not a subject to be treated with other than deep respect. The American railroad history, which began with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in 1826, presents three different stages. First, the stage of construction and development; second, the stage of Government regulation; third, the

stage of Government operation. In each stage abuse of power has produced and enforced the following stage.

In the first stage, under ownership by private capital the lines extended into every corner of our country, enabling each State to attach itself and to become part of the general political and economic life. Railroads were sought by every community and were offered subsidies, land grants, freedom from taxation, etc., as inducements, to such an extent as to lead to over-building, which by the transfer of liquid capital to permanent investment brought about the panics of 1873 and 1893.

Railroad owners and managers were permitted to control politics in the territories in which they were interested, and thus the railroad interests became such extended powers in political life that in many States it was impossible to elect a candidate who had not their approval. This political control developed an anti-railroad attitude among the people, which was fostered by political leaders. This, combined with the high finance methods so madly practiced in many speculative railroad enterprises, brought to an end the construction or development stage and ushered in the state of government regulation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized by Congress in 1887. It rapidly developed in power and was augmented by regulating bodies and commissions and so forth, coming to a point where all these seemed to vie with one another as to which would most completely tie the transportation companies hand and foot. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law precluded combinations and prevented the possibility of the stronger roads taking over the weaker ones. The railroads were subject to conflicting legislation; in some States they were ordered to do things which they were forbidden to do in another: one State would order them to compete and another would forbid them competing.

From the beginning of the war to the time of the entrance of the United States the railroads manfully tried to bear their share of the burden. Their application for a fifteen per cent increase in rates was refused in its entirety by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and railroad securities fell at an alarming pace, but private ownership did not break down. I want every man to realize that private operation did not break down, but the system under which it was forced to exist—the system of Government super-regulation—completely collapsed, and the

Government then took possession of all the railroads in the United States.

Through a proclamation of the President in December, 1917, with one slash of the knife the cords that had cut deep into the flesh of the railroads were severed and railroad credit was restored by the guarantee of rental made by the Government for railroad property. Assurance was given by the President to the railroad credit owners that their interest would be paid, and the railroads were amalgamated in a comprehensive system for service during the war. Thus began the third stage, Government operation.

In the fifteen months which have passed since the beginning of this stage the railroads have well served their war mission. The President's plan was simple and effective. He appointed as Director General of Railroads, the Secretary of the Treasury, who in turn appointed a number of conspicuously able railroad executives. Rates were advanced 25 per cent; passenger rates 50 per cent. The spirit of the people was high and they showed their willingness to co-operate in every possible way; they accepted the rate increase and were charitable in their view of the services rendered. There was never a time when the railroads were operated with greater co-operation of the people.

The country was divided into seven great traffic regions: regional directors, the presidents of leading trunk lines, were appointed.

On paper the scheme was sound, but the fact is that these operators, working at the height of their efficiency and power, were unable to produce satisfactory results. The service deteriorated and the morale suffered under Government operation. The roads were free from all hampering restrictions, but the earnings fell off \$285,000,000. The railroads only earned 75 per cent of the amount guaranteed by the Government as rental, notwithstanding the increase in rates which produced greater revenues of \$865,000,000. The people of our country, suffering from inferior service, were called upon to advance \$210,000,000, the amount by which the earnings failed to equal the Government guaranteed rental. In other words, the American people paid \$865,000,000 more in rates for inferior service, and were taxed \$210,000,000 in addition; so that the true cost to the people of one year federal operation amounts to \$1,075,000,000.

With these figures before you, I need not repeat that the popular passion for Government ownership or operation has enormously cooled during the past year.

The Railroad administration, through appreciation of war conditions, increased the wage bill of our railroads in one year \$965,000,000, which followed an increase made by the companies themselves in the preceding year; so that the total advance in the wage bill since our entry into the war is not less than \$1,260,000,000. The annual wages paid to-day aggregate \$3,000,000,000, an amount equivalent to the gross earnings of all our roads in 1915.

Considering that war-time conditions increased the price of our materials, it has added to the operating cost from five hundred to six hundred millions annually, and with an increased wage scale of \$1,260,000,000, while the entire advance in rates is only \$1,000,000,000, it will be readily seen that the railway financial situation is far worse than ever.

Much as we dislike it, a further increase in rates to compensate for this increase is inevitable. While there may be some hope that the cost of handling, rails, etc., may come down, and the increased volume of traffic may compensate for such an increase as remains, it is difficult, in view of the political aspect, to believe that railroad wages will lend themselves to reduction. It is, my belief that a rate increase, equivalent to the wage increase, should be made forthwith.

It would seem unfair in the presence of the financial results of Government operation not to mention the savings and benefits as presented by the Administration itself. The Administration has extended joint use of terminal facilities and consolidated the several ticket offices throughout the United States; such unification saving \$20,000,000 annually. It has discontinued the maintenance of off-the-line traffic soliciting, with a saving of \$13,000,000, and advertising expenses therewith \$7,000,000 annually. It has materially reduced passenger service at an estimated saving of \$80,000,000, which, I may add, represents a war economy which the American public has distinctly accepted as a loss.

The Administration has effected a saving in car mileage, through the routing of cars by the shortest route, which in the eastern and north-western sections has been estimated at as

high as two-tenths of one per cent of the total car mileage. It has succeeded in handling 2 per cent more freight ton mileage and 9 per cent more passengers per mile than in the last year by private operation.

These savings and advantages, however, are infinitesimal. The deterioration of the service and the effect on railroad finance is so alarming, that were the roads to be returned under present conditions, the majority of the companies would be faced with bankruptcy.

The time has come to solve the problem of the future of the railroads. The Administration has suggested that Government Operation continue for a further period of five years in order to test it more thoroughly. The suggestion met with marked opposition and, apparently, it has been dropped. While it is in the power of the Administration to turn the roads back at any time, and an immediate return has been threatened, assurances have been given that the railroads will not be returned in a way to bring disaster, which means they will not be abruptly returned before the date fixed as twenty-one months after the declaration of the ratification of the terms of peace, but to me this would be the height of folly. The railroads should be returned when a sound and sane plan for their return has been devised.

Suggestions for their return and subsequent operation have been many. Plans have been submitted by railroad executives and agents of railroad security owners, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Director General, railroad presidents, and bankers. The Railroad Brotherhoods have produced for consideration a more socialistic plan.

Many of the views expressed in these plans are admirable, though they involve the laying of the railroad structure on the operating table and performing a major surgical operation. They propose such physical and financial readjustment of the railroad situation as, in my opinion, would leave the patient weak and disfigured, unable to bear the burden that will fall to him.

Most plans propose that the Government guarantee minimum profits and maximum profit return beyond which the Government will not permit the railroads to go. Personally, I am opposed to a minimum, because it is a definite step towards Government ownership. It will take from private initiative the fear of failure, which is a spur to achievement. I do believe in a fair

division of profits above a specified maximum, but I do not believe in fixing a point of profit above which all goes to others. This is a matter that should be determined by the expense of operation of all roads.

By operating on a fixed rate the poorly located or poorly managed road would have the same rate as the well located and highly finished road and will find such a rate extravagantly profitable; such profits should be divided with the Government and others, as seems proper, but the spur to achievement in operation should never be taken away by placing a fixed maximum return on any road.

An attempt is made to arrive at a method of levying equitable rates. Some suggest regional combination of rates. This is not the time to figure out a theoretical rate formula or what combination of rates should be made. Given a properly constituted Commission, such as the Interstate, under the control of representative men charged with the study, experimentation and adaptation combined with a local delegate with responsibility to see that such rates be commensurate with operating expenses—a federal commission working in harmony with representatives of the roads—is as far as we can go in rate fixing.

The thought which I would contribute to a discussion leading to a solution of the railroad problem may be of interest. It is based on the conclusion that Government ownership and operation is not practical; that private ownership and operation freed from Government regulation has been shown by history to have its dangers and is not feasible. The constitution must be worked out under private ownership and operation, and a solution be found with as little disturbance as possible.

Three things are essential to be done before consideration is given to the return of these railroads. *First*: re-construction of the Interstate Commerce Commission with rate-fixing authority, and responsibility definitely established. *Second*: an immediate rate increase sufficient to take up the burden of the wage increase granted during Government operation. *Third*: passage of such legislation as will provide for division of profits based on what shall be determined a reasonable return on invested capital. With these three things accomplished we should be ready for private operation.

That complete severance from Government responsibility

should be made for every road at the same hour seems to me a preposterous suggestion; the corner to be turned must not be turned too quickly; it must be gradual in method and time. The Government should continue the guarantee of standard rental return for two or three years to enable private management to get back a fair hold on their affairs. Under such continuance let the Government turn back the property with reasonable working assets, leaving final settlement for a later date, but for as early adjustment as may be possible, with the requirement that they pay over to the Government any excess over the guaranteed rental return, and with the right to call on the Government, during the guarantee period, for any deficit from this guarantee rental. And let there be provision that at any time during these two or three years any railroad may, if it so elect, release the Government from its guarantee and receive the full net return subject to the division of the excess profits.

I am of the belief that under this plan owners of the majority of our large companies would release the Government from its guarantee within the first year, and the roads continuing to work under the guarantee, the weakest of the companies, would be comparatively few. The condition of such remaining companies will doubtless be such that drastic regulation will be necessary when the Government guarantee ceases. I think it would be wise for the Government to give permission for the absorption and consolidation of such roads by the stronger systems.

I realize that this plan of adjustment involves many complications which will demand co-operative effort to solve, but it will be met by efficient treatment.

The railroad problem is only one of the problems of the readjustment period we are passing through, but it is entwined with most other problems, with labor, inflation, merchant marine, export trade. The railroad rates for delivery at seaboard with us in the United States are greater than in any other country, with the possible exception of Canada. The minds of American business men are distinctly upon these many problems, and with that thought alone we may be optimistic that they will be solved.

Conditions in our country on the whole are exceptionally good. Wages are everywhere good and there is no unemployment to any marked degree. Bolshevism is being trampled down

wherever it shows its head. Merchants are doing a large and profitable business. Manufacturing establishments that were busy with the war industries are idle in many places, but plans are developing for their activity in lines of peace industry. The war has opened up our natural resources and our power of producing has increased apace.

Financial conditions are exceptionally good. We have inflation, to be sure, but less than in any other part of the world. Our Victory Loan which opens to-day gives promise of being a huge success. By and large the fundamental conditions of the United States are sound. We have, to be sure, many questions for which we have yet to find answers, such as where are we to find markets for our goods? The development from a debtor to a creditor has brought its difficulties as well as responsibilities, and among the difficulties is the sharp advance in dollar exchange, which imposes upon us the opening of foreign markets for our products. Agricultural conditions are so abnormally good that we hope the farming interests will be exceptionally heavy buyers. Winter wheat is reported as 100 per cent condition as compared with an average of 82-3/10 per cent during the past ten years. The ground conditions everywhere are good and a bumper year is expected. The favorable conditions would appear to offset the unfavorable, and while I will not predict a year of wonderful activity, I feel that we will have a year of at least moderate prosperity.

The change in the position of the United States to-day to a creditor nation forces us to look for foreign investments. I am satisfied that our people are only awaiting an opportunity to invest their capital on this side of the border. The Investment and Banking Company which I represent has recently established offices in your Canadian cities, and with investment bankers we hope to be of assistance to you and to our own country in the development of commerce and by bringing the American dollar for investment, thus adjusting the rate of exchange so as to have a free and easy movement across the imaginary line which separates your people and mine, who, after all, are one in blood, in method of thought, and in purpose.

LORD SHAUGHNESSY

I WILL say a very few words in appreciation—and I am sure I am expressing your appreciation as well as my own—of the most thoughtful, scholarly and logical address which Mr. Mitchell has delivered to us to-day.

The railroad situation in our country is somewhat different from that in the United States. Our unfortunate—indeed our stupid—national transportation policy involved the country in such financial measures that it was necessary—or at any rate Parliament seemed to think it was necessary—for the Government to assume possession of a very large mileage indeed to be added to the existing Intercolonial, Government-controlled, Railroad.

The theory is that these railroads, although owned by the Government, can be operated by such independent commissions as would keep them aloof from politics. You know as well as I do how impossible that is. You know as well as I do that almost every detail of operation will be controlled from the Capital and that the men who are engaged in the operation of these lines, however anxious they may be to keep their work aloof from political control, will find they cannot do so. The railroad-operating officer under such a system as we have becomes a politician, and he cannot be otherwise. I must confess that the transportation outlook in Canada is far from reassuring, by reason of Government ownership and control of this huge mileage.

There is one thing Mr. Mitchell overlooked. In the United States the cabinet officers are not members of the House; they cannot control the sentiment of the House; they have not therefore got the influence that our cabinet ministers have in Parliament.

There is another feature which he has overlooked, and to which, probably, his attention might properly be called; and that is, that cabinet ministers in our country, brought up in our atmosphere, and having the surroundings which they have in Canada, become most capable men in a very short time. Indeed, I have known cabinet ministers who graduated from a law office in the Far West or from a country store in the East, who after three months could instruct any railroad man in the country. In my experience covering a great many years, I have known but few occasions on which the men directing the policy of the country found it necessary to consult with anyone knowing the situation.

I have said that Mr. Mitchell's address was most interesting and instructive. I agree to the letter with his conclusions expressed in the early part of his address. I am a bitter opponent of Government ownership and operation of railroads. If there were no other cause or reason for my objection it would be that it tends to destroy individual initiative effort, and our national situation and our national life would certainly not be improved by any such result.

(April 28th, 1919)

THE CANADIAN NORTH

By Mr. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

YOUR president has called attention to the fact that before I began exploring I was a university instructor. That was nearly thirteen years ago, and I have spent eleven years out of these thirteen north of the Arctic Circle.

I am not going to speak to you primarily as an explorer, but I am going to present myself as an anthropologist or statistical geologist.

The world is now beginning to realize that mankind as such has been in Europe for over two hundred thousand years, and some say as high as one million three hundred thousand years. I am not going to take you quite that far back, but I would call your attention to a well-known archaeological fact: the great civilizations of the world ten and five thousand years ago were in the vicinity of the Equator.

Two or three thousand years before Christ the centre of civilization may have been on the Nile, the Ganges or the Euphrates. If you were to imagine a gathering corresponding to this meeting to-day at Memphis, Thebes or Babylon, they would have agreed that the remarkable civilization of that time was founded squarely on the economic resources of the soil, mines, irrigation systems and salubrious climate of their respective countries. Babylon, Thessalonica and Italy were prosperous because conditions did not allow of anything else.

Now, we do know when we come to Rome in the flower of their civilization they were convinced that their greater standing was based on their native resources, and they could not conceive that countries further north would ever amount to anything. Tacitus was well informed about the country to the north, and he demonstrated to the satisfaction of his contemporaries that the country beyond the Alps could not be of value. He said:

"Who could conceive that anyone would ever leave the fertile shores of Africa for the country beyond the Alps, where nature is sterile and the natives are brutal?"

I need not call your attention to the fact that now many people reside, by choice, north of the Alps, in France—say Paris, for instance. There is a saying that first appears in a poem written by Bishop Buckley one or two hundred years ago: "Westward the star of Empire takes its way." He was arguing that civilization might some time cross the Atlantic. Kingsley popularized this saying, and I would call your attention now to the fact that "Northward the course of Empire has taken its way."

When Columbus was going on his little voyage, the civilization of Spain was such, Draper tells us, that the stables of Spain were better than the palaces of the Kings of England. If you look at the literature of that time, the Moors were certain that they had geographical reasons for their prominence. They said that England could never be of any great importance, but now the people in Europe are willing to concede that the centre of civilization in Europe has spread as far north as Paris and London, and in America they will concede that it has spread as far as New York.

On Armistice Day I was addressing such a gathering as this, the Empire Club in Toronto, and Sir Edmund Walker, speaking at that meeting, said that he thought that Canada could feel a certain amount of satisfaction in the fact that during this war we on this side of the line showed a certain sanity and stability that compared favorably with the conditions to the south; he was willing to concede that the centre of civilization extended as far as Toronto and Montreal.

In 1783 the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain and France met to settle a little trouble. It was a meeting such as is now held in Paris, and the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, feeling that they had things their own way, said: "Gentlemen of France, we would like to have from you the Island of Guadeloupe." The French said they did not want to give it up, but they said they would rather give Canada. The British said: "Of course Canada is bigger, but it is only good for codfish and a few furs." It was Benjamin Franklin as an unofficial representative, who pointed out to them that Guadeloupe was more valuable, but

Guadeloupe was distant while Canada was at our door, and if they allowed France to grow so near there would be continual friction, and he advised taking Canada.

I am calling your attention to the persistent undervaluation of the country to the north. As Tacitus undervalued France just so the British and French undervalued Canada.

In 1866 or 1867 there had just finished the Rebellion in the United States. Russia had sided with Lincoln, probably the only European power to do so, and they were ready to take a little reward, and it was necessary to send them a little coin; so the Americans bought Alaska for \$7,200,000 to reward Russia. You know how Secretary Seward was attacked for throwing away \$7,200,000 for a "lump of ice," but a little later, people began to realize the value of Alaska.

In 1902 or 1903 a gentleman who had been a member of the Swedish Parliament, and later an Ambassador at Washington, told me that when he was a member of the Swedish Parliament he called attention to the fact that Spitzbergen was valuable and asked them to take possession. I will sketch the history of Spitzbergen. It was discovered by the Dutch, explored by the Russians, Germans, Austrians, French, English and Swedes, and anyone could have claimed it. Only Great Britain claimed it because it was very important as a source of oil for lighting purposes—those were the days before the Standard Oil was known. When Gladstone was prime minister he renounced Spitzbergen; he pointed out that no one could ever want Spitzbergen and said it would simplify matters a great deal to relinquish claim to it.

By 1900 it came to seem possible that Spitzbergen might be a valuable place, and a bill was introduced in Parliament to that effect. About that time an American manufacturer of patent medicines, named Ayer, went to Spitzbergen on a Hamburg-American cruise, and walking around there he saw some coal and indications of iron ore, and he and some others made up their minds that Spitzbergen was one of the coming iron and coal countries of the world. Just about the same time as the Americans started to appreciate it, the British started and in one year the world awoke to the value of Spitzbergen. Holland claimed it for having discovered it, and Russia for exploring it. The matter would have gone to the Hague had

not the war come on. When I went to England in 1913 I had a letter of introduction to a coal man of Wales, and I found he was already convinced that Spitzbergen was the great coming coal country of Europe, and it was already a competitor of Wales, and it is now looked upon as one of the most valuable countries of the world. The engineer in charge for the Ayer enterprise told me that in another ten years Spitzbergen would overthrow Newcastle as the great coal country.

Now, why is it that people undervalue the north? I think one reason is the common estimate of climate. I find how continually and constantly Canadians apologize for their climate. You know there are fashions in climate. I will call your attention to the changes in fashions of beauty. The change in fashion of human beauty has been remarkable in two thousand years, but beauty of scenery has changed completely. In the old literature of Italy no one ever referred to the beauty of mountains, but it was all about the beauty of the level plain, etc., but never the mountains as such. When it came to the real mountains, and the Alps, the adjectives were "gruesome," "treacherous" and "forbidding." The first reference to the beauty of mountains appears in the literature of Europe at the Renaissance. Then the fashion came in, and now when we begin to write we write of the beauty of the mountains. That fashion is as strong upon us now as is the fashion of Shakespeare. Shakespeare may be a great poet but we cannot determine for ourselves, because the fashion has been impressed upon us since our infancy.

Just as truly as there is a change in the fashion of beauty, so is there a change in the fashion of climate. In 1783 when the American thirteen colonies secured a decision over Great Britain in the war, there were many Loyalists there; they were people of high mind; they found it irksome to reside under the American Government, so some went to the Maritime Provinces and some to the Bahama Islands. Many think the Bahama Islands a better climate, but during these 125 years the descendants of the Loyalists who migrated to the Maritime Provinces have been statesmen, railroad builders, bankers and big men of Canada. The descendants of the people who went to the Bahama Islands are, many of them, "poor white trash."

Among people, the most important thing is intellectual energy. Mr. Huntingdon is devoting his entire time to a discus-

sion of the effect of climate on intellectual energy. The highest intellectual energy is found in the vicinity of the boundary line. So far as the present map is concerned Montreal and its vicinity is the region of the greatest intellectual activity, but we may yet find that it is maintained far North of here.

I happened to visit this winter a man in Pennsylvania who has wealth and who made ten millions or so in addition during this war. He went to seek rest at various times to the Riviera, Florida, Southern California, and sometimes he came to Montreal to rest. He says that he rests in Florida and California, and enjoys it, and when he has rested three months he wants more rest, but when he rests in Montreal in mid-winter he feels like getting into harness again. Canadians should advertise this climate which promotes energy. This is a country where in the future the chances are great that intellectual activity will continue, and as long as the strong prevail over the weak, the climate of greatest value is that which will produce the best and most energetic men.

Another thing is that we have undervalued the resources of the north. When Columbus discovered America his discovery was announced as a failure because he did not find the road to Cathay. What people thought would be of value in America was gold and silver only, but it has always been the experience that the mineral values are the least of the values. No one denies that a great deal of gold was discovered in Colorado and California. People formerly did not know of the potato, but yet the potato is worth a hundred times as much as gold.

When people realized that Alaska had value, the first thing they started after was minerals; then came the forests, and the fisheries last. It has been said that there are a dozen kinds of commercial fish now being caught and many more still to be caught. Out of these waters there are caught several kinds of sock-eye salmon. The value of the sock-eye salmon caught last year was two million dollars in excess of the copper, gold and silver of Alaska put together. Furthermore, that one fish last year was worth over two million dollars in excess of the purchase price of Alaska—last year it was worth ten million dollars, while the purchase price of Alaska was seven million two hundred thousand dollars. So that these unsuspected resources are the greatest in a country. Although there is copper and gold in the

north, such resources will be inferior to some others, as was the case in Alaska.

I am sorry that since I engaged to give this talk I have agreed with the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa that I shall lay before Parliament a formal statement of my idea of the value of Northern Canada, and so I cannot go into the matter fully. They are to have a joint meeting of the two Houses of Parliament, where I will have a hearing to tell them about the grazing resources of the country.

I will just give you a hint of the matter. Alaska is as far north as Canada on the south coast; further north on the north coast. On the northwest corner of Alaska the American Government introduced 1,280 reindeer—"they builded better than they knew."—They thought they were establishing an industry to keep the Eskimo economically independent. Five years after they started, Gilbert Grosvenor wrote an article. He comes of a family that see things before they happen; he is a member of the famous Bell family, one of whom invented the telephone. Grosvenor wrote an article fifteen years ago in which he said that in fifteen years from that time the reindeer in Alaska would number one hundred thousand, and in twenty-five years reindeer meat would be on every market in the United States. He was deluged with letters saying that he was making himself ridiculous. One of the letters was from the Chief of the United States Geological Survey, who said that no such a thing would happen, it was a day dream. Well, the fifteen years are over and instead of the reindeer being one hundred thousand they are now one hundred and seventy thousand, and instead of the meat appearing on the market ten years since, it appeared two years ago in Seattle.

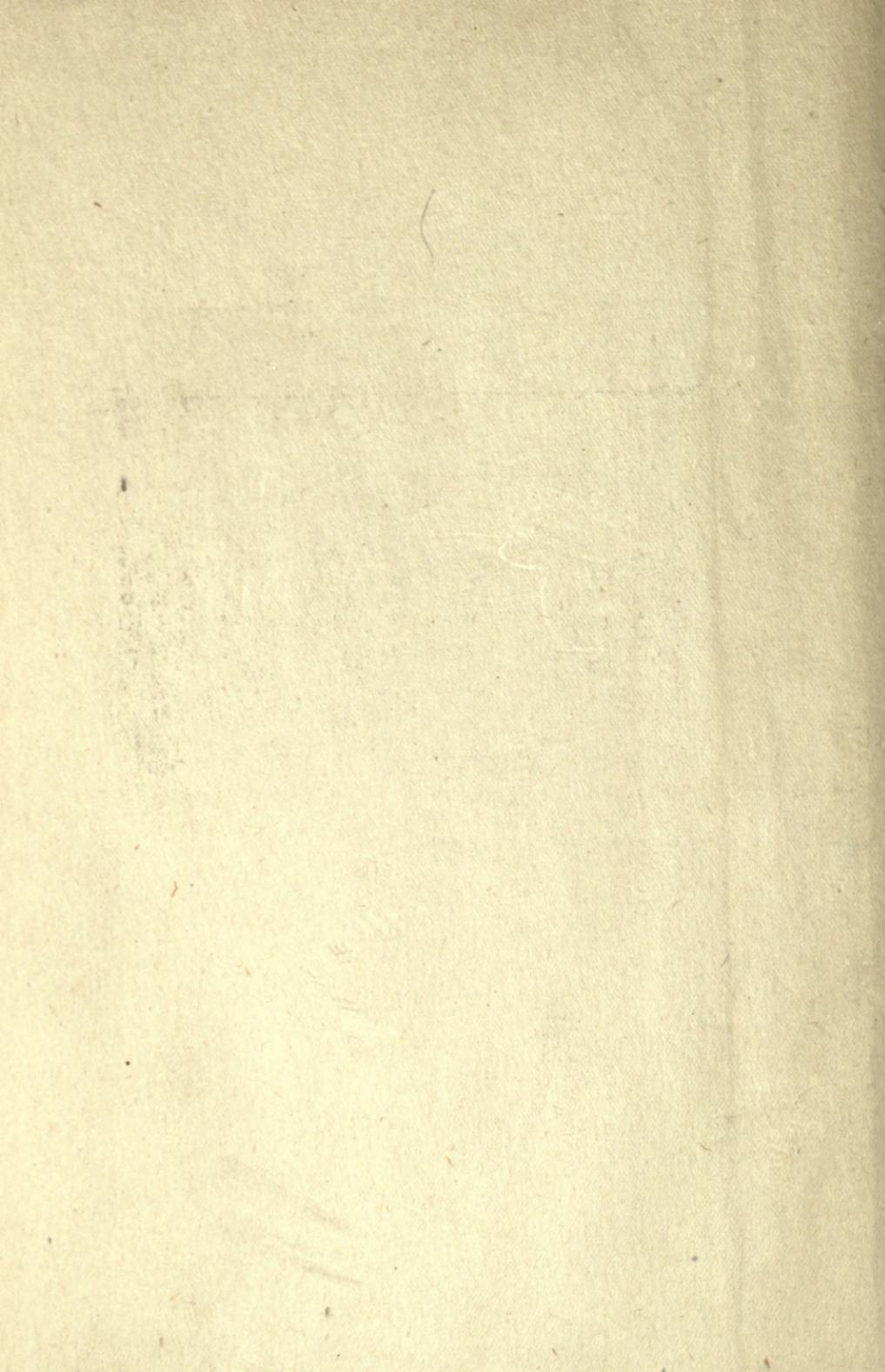
The man who introduced it owns banks, hotels, steamship lines, etc. He owns all the reindeer that are private property in Alaska now. He advertised the meat in this way: "There is a great war on; people are on meat rations in Europe; we are on rations, and if the war continues these rations will be smaller; it is a duty to economise. I can sell this meat cheaper much than beef; I will sell it ten cents a pound cheaper than beef, and you can use this saving to buy Government bonds". This would not take. They don't want to eat something just as good as something else and they don't want to eat something that is cheaper. So the meat fell flat; he was able to sell it only to second-rate hotels who passed it off as beef.

This year in introducing the meat in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, he had representatives call on the chefs of the best hotels and say: "Alaska is at the antipodes of the earth from New York, and we are raising there a wonderful kind of meat; we have brought here at great expense; there is no meat like it, and we will let you have it for fifteen cents a pound more than beef." The meat sold extensively in every market in the States except in St. Paul, where a good many people knew about his failure in Seattle when he tried to sell it cheap, so they would not buy any. But in every other State it succeeded, and one Englishman telegraphed all over the States to see if he could get some, and he bought all that was not sold in St. Paul and sent it to London. Now there is an English market that will take all the output at one-half to three-quarters of a shilling more than beef.

Reindeer meat will find its level. They have increased from 1,280 to 170,000 in the last twenty years and at the same rate they will increase to ten million in twenty years. In other words, twenty years from now Alaska will produce as much meat as all of Canada is producing to-day, and you will be as familiar with reindeer as you are with mutton, and it will be a staple meat on all our markets.

In Canada the grazing area is unlimited in the north; they can raise fifty reindeer to the square mile. There are one million square miles of grazing land—really there are three million or more miles, but this includes forests, but at one-third we have one million square miles to keep fifty reindeer to the square mile, viz., five times as much as Canada is producing to-day.

If you take my word for this and look into it, you will see that instead of Canada being a grain country with a vast hinterland of no value, it is really a great land with a southern fringe of orchard land and a vast hinterland of valuable grazing country.



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